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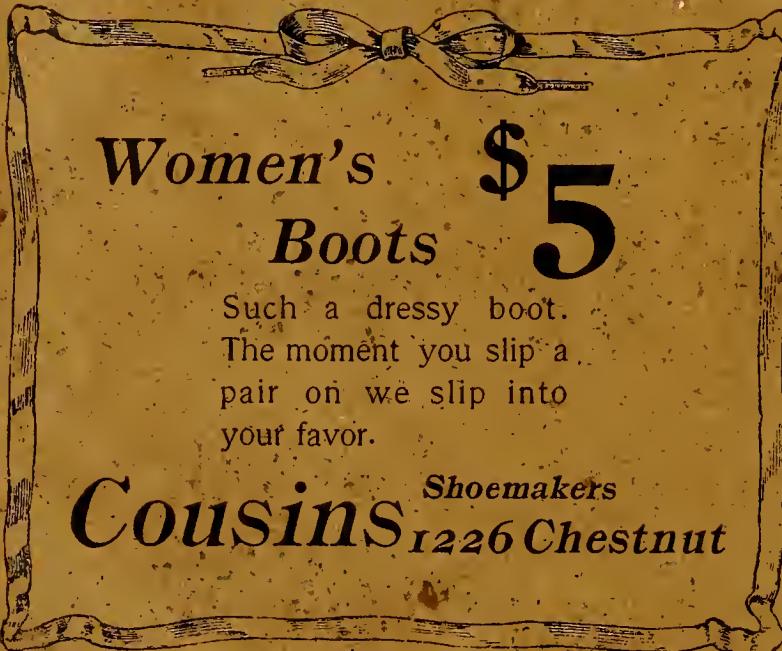
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THE REPORT OF THE PHILISTINE

DON EQUENTO CANITLES ABESEU MOROS

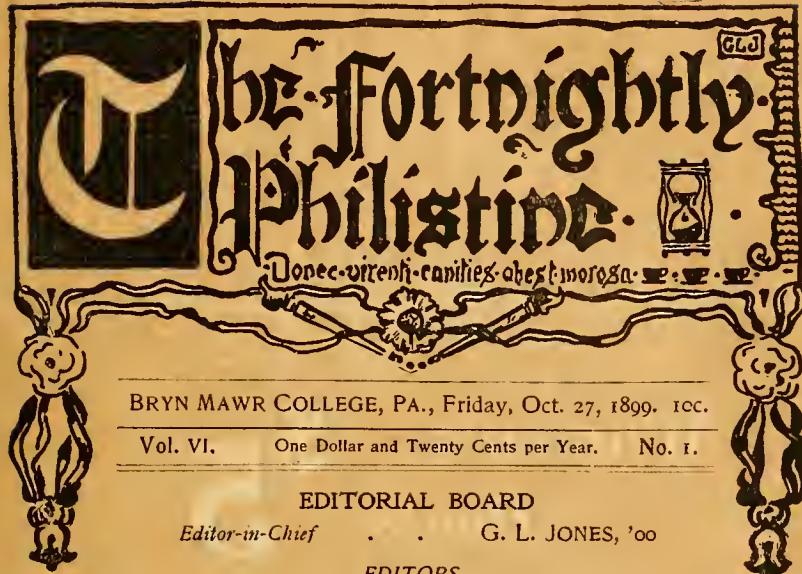


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Boots 5

Such a dressy boot.
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pair on we slip into
your favor.

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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Oct. 27, 1899. 100.

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The "Philistine" extends a hearty greeting to his new friends, as well as to those who have supported and loved him in the past. Fellows, graduates, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen—all are here once more, and yet all are different. After a summer of freedom and outdoor life, we are hard at work (or supposed to be) amongst the old duties and the old associations. We miss proud old Ninety-Nine, and the regret that she has indeed "gone into the wide, wide world" is thrust upon us with even greater force

than when last June she gave up her place of honor and dignity on Taylor steps to Nineteen Hundred. But the old wounds will heal, and new classes—sad as it is to think of—must slowly but surely creep into the place of those who are gone. And so let us welcome '03.

In a serious, almost a pathetic way, the upper classman looks at the entering class. She knows so well the delicate mechanism of Bryn Mawr social and academic order, and she fears lest the Freshmen will fail to discover its deepest and broadest

purpose and significance. Very soon these Freshmen are to "replace us in every phase of our present lives, to be us, in fact," and we long to instil into them more than a sentimental interest and love for our Alma Mater.

Those who listened to President Thomas' welcoming address can not fail to realize the ideals that should inspire every Bryn Mawr student. She put before us the highest aim of college life—the desire not only to know, but also to be. Education means more than the principal parts of Greek or German verbs, than mathematical formulæ or chemical reactions. There is a soul-culture, a science of living that is quite as needful to the perfect man or woman; and this finer, more subtle side of our education is brought about largely by association—especially by the closer college association which is made possible by the deep common interest of working to make the name of Bryn Mawr stand for all that is noblest and best. In his essay on "Manners," Emerson defines this soul-culture as that element in our lives "which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise that it is at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign;" the "average result of the character and faculties universally found in men."

Let the upper classes seek to grasp the highest ideals of college life and then seek to inspire

the same in the minds of the younger in our student community. And let them thus attain to a higher ideal of life as a whole. They can take no better standard of character than that set forth in Stevenson's lines to his wife, the poem with which Miss Thomas concluded her address:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,

Steel true and blade straight,
The Great Artificer
Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire;
A love that life can never tire,
Death quell or evil stir,
The Mighty Master
Gave to her.

"Teacher, tender, comrade,
wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free,
The August Father
Gave to me."

The prospects for basketball ought to be unusually bright this year. The fact that the Senior Class holds the championship takes away all necessity of saying anything about the excellence of 'oo's game; 'oi has had a glowing reputation ever since she won the championship her freshman year; 'o2 has shown latent power and 'o3 has numbers at least. If 'oo began her college career with a class team, a sub-team and a scrub team, and 'oi had a class team,

a sub-class team, a scrub team and a sub-scrub team, what are we to expect from '03, with her ridiculous size? Do not let this burden you—it is no more than a temporary arrangement, for "there be many called, but few chosen."

The Bryn Mawr heart is the great enemy to the basketball world. It has many kinds and species—anxious hearts, nervous hearts, murmuring hearts, anaemic hearts, quick hearts, slow hearts, weak hearts, irregular hearts and an occasional broken heart. For Pascal's advice, "Develop the heart as well as the head," is well hearkened to in Bryn Mawr. But an enthusiastic athlete can often live down this weakness. So take courage '03. Vive la basketball!

College Settlement.

To the Editor of the "Philistine:"

Among the various interests and activities which fill the first weeks of the college year, I want to call your readers' attention to the especial need this year of a closer relation between the Social Chapter of the College Settlement Association and the Philadelphia Settlement. As Bryn Mawr is the only woman's college near Philadelphia, the Settlement there has come to be our immediate interest and care, and the time has now come to show we are friends indeed.

During the past summer the

Settlement has had to move from their comfortable quarters in Rodman street to a much smaller house on Christian street. The Settlement, however, forced this change itself—by obtaining from the city a grant which converted the square on which the building stood into the Starr Garden Park. This is an immense advantage to the over-populated part of the city, but at the same time deprived the Settlement of a home. The knowledge that the change was to be made somewhat upset the work of the Settlement last year, so that in starting afresh this year they need all the assistance from the College Chapter that can be given.

In the new house there is great need felt for interior decorations, for one of the characteristics of the Social Settlement theory is that the Ideal Home which is made among the poor should be as artistically beautiful as possible. The most pressing need at present, both for comfort and beauty, is a fireplace. There is none in the building, and this the Settlement has asked the Bryn Mawr Chapter to give. It will cost one hundred and fifty dollars at most, which will have to be raised by private subscription and the profits from entertainments. If this can be done this winter, as we earnestly desire, it will be a permanent benefit to the Settlement and a lasting memorial to the College Chapter.

Miss Davis also makes a special plea that the students go

in Friday evenings and give entertainments as often as possible this winter. These are generally given for the older boys and girls and for those who are working all day and have no other time for amusement. There are many entertainments which with short preparation could be given at the Settlement House, and it is sincerely hoped that the Glee and Mandolin Clubs will co-operate with the Chapter in this respect.

Almost the only other way in which the students can assist the Settlement work is by going to the House on Saturday mornings to play with, and read to, the children. It has been found by experience that though a great deal of good is done in this way, a greater and more lasting benefit comes with more organized work. Therefore it is recommended that as much class-work be done this year as possible. Two or three students are advised to take a class of children together, as in that way a definite end is gained and a continued interest kept up. The work done in the classes is simple, hardly more than reading to the children and telling them stories, but the systematic method is found to be much more helpful in the end.

We need hardly say that the Chapter expects much help and interest from the incoming class. It is to them that the work of the Settlement is eventually to fall, and so it is greatly desired that all students, even if they

have no time to go in to the Settlement permanently, will go in at least one Saturday morning and see for themselves what we are trying to aid.

Marion Parris '01.



The Sophomore Play.

The class of Nineteen Hundred and Two certainly deserves great congratulation. Their performance of last Friday evening was distinctly first-rate throughout, and furnished an adequate proof that even the most difficult of plays may be successfully staged at Bryn Mawr. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" is by no means an easy piece to act; nevertheless its many difficulties were successfully met and overcome by this ambitious class. The masterly way in which the problems of the gymnasium stage

were solved won the admiration of all who have ever been concerned in college theatricals, for it can truly be said that the whole performance was artistic and complete to the minutest detail.

The occasions are certainly rare where a play has been given in which the parts have been so felicitously assigned. Miss Clinton as "Lady Ursula" made a very winsome heroine. She looked her part to perfection and her impersonation was throughout charming and naive. Miss Rotan's graceful and finished rendering of the hero's role was an unqualified triumph. In a long and difficult part she sustained a high level of acting, and unlike most amateurs, was able to cut an important figure without ranting and overacting. Her costumes, too, showed the best of taste, and were both artistic and appropriate.

In the humorous parts of the piece Miss Yeatts as "Mr. Dent" made a decided hit, and Miss Spencer as "the Rev. Mr. Blimboe" fairly brought down the house. In fact, there was not a name on the program that does not deserve mention and praise, and the greatest credit of all is, perhaps, due to Miss Douglas, whose excellent management made the play go off smoothly from beginning to end, without hitch or pause.

It is greatly to be hoped that the success of Nineteen Hundred and Two will be an encouragement to them and to others to

try for the very highest and give the college that which it wants so much, another Shakespearean play.



CASTE

The Earl of Hassenden

Joanna Hartshorn

Sir George Sylvester Anne Rotan

The Rev. Mr. Blimboe . Harriet Spencer

Mr. Dent May Yeatts

Mr. Castleton Elizabeth Lyon

Sir Robert Clifford . Caroline McManus

Mr. Devereux Ward . . . Elise Gignoux

Quilton Elizabeth Congdon

Mills Helen Stuart

Servant Cornelia Campbell

Miss Dorothy Fenton . . . Edith Totten

Mrs. Fenton Edith Orlady

The Lady Ursula Barrington Ethel Clinton

Stage Manager . . . Grace Douglas

**The Deeds of a Freshman.
A Bryn Mawr Epic of the
Nineteenth Century.**

Then did the Freshman set forth upon her wanderings in quest of signatures, chiefest of spoils, hardest to obtain at time of sorest need. Frightened was she, lacking quite in experience—that was a timid maiden.

There smote upon her ears a mighty sound, as of rolling thunder, fire-bolts of the gods, and afar off she beheld a surging multitude. Hard they pushed and struggled, most like unto luckless wights tossed upon the whale-home, striving to avert the near-approaching moment of life-parting. But the maiden, emboldened by despair, unrelenting master, and she by desire of early winning praise and great renown, flung herself valorously into that tempest-tossed whirlpool, daring infant, reckless of life-day. Straight she prepared herself to plough her undaunted way through to that small platform, most honored seat of sages, towards which all that vast company tended. But there turned upon her a stately maiden, on whose shoulders hung the black gown, sign of learning, symbol of experience. The Sohomore, she who knoweth all things, uttered speech: "Turn thee back. Darest thou then presume to push aside in manner thus unhallowed those who should precede thee. Wait thy turn, in meekness and in patience, as becometh a novice."

Then did the maiden perceive that, did she heed the Sohomore, chiefest advice-giver, not ere the sky-traveler reached his goal would she attain her wish. Nathless she dared not disobey the mighty one—so in sorrow sore turned she and retraced her passage.

Next the maiden hied her toward a square-set massy building 'gainst whose mighty portal she must e'en push with all her puny strength ere she obtained therein entrance. Through long labyrinths she wandered; frightfullest of sights her eyes encountered, horridest of smells greeted her nostrils. Monsters saw she, glaring upon her from their weird abiding-places, rounded, water-clear vessels filled with strange-colored liquids. Loathsome worms and many various forms of horror saw she. Able not at all to bear these sights, fear-inspiring, fled the maiden from that gruesome dwelling. Then, lamenting sore her lack of signatures, and with mind heavily burthened, wandered she a-down the campus, loveliest of all the fair world over. Eft-soon did she reach a low, flat-roofed building; crimson were its stones, crimson reeking with the gore of slaughtered innocents who while here had striven vainly if perchance they might enter by that portal the place of learning. Within the fearsome abode figures flitted wild-arrayed, shouts and eerie laughter smote upon her ears. Soon she entrance found into a

mighty apartment, loftily-galleried. And there her eyes, terror-bewildered, lit upon many implements of torture, iron-bound, fearsome, painful far more to feel than the torments of Niffelheim, home of offenders. For a moment stood she, doubting much in her mind whether she could venture further, evil seemed the place, full of fear-causing sounds and visions. Then turned she and fled, swift-footed, out to the campus, beautifully shining in the beams of the life-giver. Never paused she nor ceased, horror-pursued, from her fleeing, until she gained her abode, for wearied from haste and heart-shaking terror. Thus did the maiden strive, wandering over the campus and through the seats of learning, seeking to acquire signatures, thus was she abashed and backward turned by the never - before - met strangeness, the mildest and gentlest of Freshmen, most unassuming of maidens.

Canon Rawnsley's Lecture.

It is certainly impossible to regret that the class of '02 delighted the college with the Adventure of Lady Ursula on the evening of the twentieth, but is equally impossible not to regret that it was on the afternoon of this day only on which the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle could give his charming talk on Wordsworth and the Lake

country. For something like an hour Canon Rawnsley, after his introduction by Dr. Neilson, talked of the southern part of the Lake district, where every river and wood, every cottage and house, every valley and pleasure is full of the memories of the English poets of our century. He described the life of Kit Wilson, the love of the countryside for Hartley Coleridge, the place where Charlotte Bronte came seeking for beauty, the paths where Faber walked, the house where Mrs. Hemans lived, the river "Mat" Arnold loved, the room Charles Lamb slept in, the banks where Southey loved to wander, and, beyond and above all these, the inseparable connection with Wordsworth of every thought of every place. Besides the lines from the prelude which he read to illustrate his theme, Mr. Rawnsley gave several most attractive and entertaining bits of Cumberland dialect, presenting the ideas of the dwellers of the neighborhood as to their more renowned fellow townsmen. Canon Rawnsley ended with a brief account of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, of which he is secretary. Much interest was aroused in the society which is attempting to preserve for posterity the monuments, often made without hands, of literary and historic association. A local secretary for Bryn Mawr for the National Trust has been appointed,

When the prolonged applause after Canon Rawnsley's speech had stopped, Mr. Ellis Yarnall rose and, after a few remarks as to Canon Rawnsley's own associations with poetry, challenged the latter to read the sonnet inspired by Bryn Mawr. Canon Rawnsley did so, and also consented to its publication in the pages of the "Philistine." I. E. L.

A Freshman Letter.

Dear Lulu—I have been so terribly busy that I haven't had a single minute to write to you. College life is perfectly lovely. We haven't very many lessons to do and I haven't even gotten all of my lesson-books yet. My dear, my room-mate is too sweet for anything. Wasn't I lucky to get such a nice one? She comes from Goldbug, Iowa, and I am going to take her home with me at Thanksgiving and Christmas and perhaps at Easter. I haven't asked mamma yet, but I know she won't care, because Billy is so nice. It's so funny! Lots of the girls here have boys' nicknames. I wanted awfully to be called Dick or Jack, but there are so many Sophs and Juniors called that that I had to take Henry.

One of the things I am taking is English. I think I will like it, because I always did enjoy writing compositions. What do you think! One of the girls on the college magazine asked me if I would write something. Wasn't it grand? Don't say anything

about it, because she mightn't like me to tell. I missed an English lecture on Wednesday.

Wasn't it frightful? I don't know what I ought to do about it. When I got there the door was closed, and when I knocked, nobody answered, so I didn't dare go in.

We are awfully scared of the Sophs. Why, dear, they are such perfectly terrible things sometimes when a girl is fresh. They have taken Elsie Smith's matches (she lives next door to us), and of course she doesn't like to say anything about it, because that would be awfully fresh, so the poor thing has to go to bed in the dark every night. She can't take any of ours, because they won't light without the box, and the proctors won't let you carry lighted matches through the hall.

The Sophs gave us a play last Friday. It was the grandest thing. A girl named Hope somebody wrote it. She must be awfully smart. I'm afraid ours won't be half as good. Billy and I wrote a play, but it wasn't accepted. There were four chief girl characters representing the four classes. It was read at the class meeting and the girls all thought the idea was a good one.

The Juniors are perfectly lovely to us, but we don't know very many Seniors. I'm scared still of them. They don't look so very old, but I suppose they must be.

I am so afraid the Sophs will

take my gown when it comes. I have thought of a great scheme, but I am not going to tell anybody. I am going to hide it under my bed.

Do you know, we are allowed to keep all sorts of things to eat in our rooms. I didn't know about it, because Miss Twamley used to be so strict about it at school. So I used to keep my door shut for fear a teacher or some one of the Faculty or a proctor might come along.

We have got the nicest girl for chairman in our class. Every body says she has a great deal of executive ability.

Do write soon and tell me all about school. Are the new girls nice? Give my love to Miss Twambly and the girls.

With heaps of love,

May.

P. S.—Arthur Briggs sent me a dandy Cornell flag. It's a beaut. Billy has a Yale one over her door. I wish we knew some one in Harvard.

Autumn—Summer.

Like a backward flame from the retreating summer, one of those rare warm October days was steeping the earth in its mellow light. It was mid-day, almost warm enough for August, and everywhere was that inexplicable sense of pause, of cessation from the busy stir of life, that a summer noon so often has. It was as though one had caught the day asleep for a moment.

A long line of maples marked the course of the road, and wan-

dered over the brow of the hill to mingle with the pines and chestnuts of the hollow below, their colors flung out on the motionless air—every branch green within and tipped with warm radiance at the edge, where the frost had worked all night. Here and there was a tree glowing with perfect yellow or flame color, but drowsy like the rest. The slope of a hill beyond the little clump of woods showed a soft brown field ready for autumn wheat, like a deeper tone of the yellow hedge rows surrounding it. And all the color would have been as nothing but for the sunlight, penetrating to the heart of every tint, yet itself softened by the Indian summer haze. The spicy smell of the fallen leaves was filtered through the air, and mingled strangely with that of freshly-cut grass, making one wonder whether summer or autumn had the upper hand. It seemed that summer had, when one became aware of a sound unheard at first (so much a part of the drowsy quiet was it)—the continuous singing note of the crickets. Perhaps they were singing in their sleep, for it was a very droning little song saved from utter monotony by a clearer note now and then, close at hand. But the noontime pause was a brief one, and as it drifted into afternoon the world woke up again and began its work, as though no drowsy moment should again break the current of its busy life.

E. C. C., 'oo.

Junior Entertainment.

Like everything that 'o1 gives, the entertainment for the Freshmen on Friday the thirteenth was clever, entertaining and well managed.

When 'o3 entered the gymnasium it was to find not a gymnasium but a music hall set out with little tables to which dainty maids in red and white or butlers in costume brought little cakes and cider in souvenir steins.

The stage was arranged with attendants and placards at the sides announcing each number of the excellent "High-Class Vaudeville." Miss Archbald was a soubrette of the most approved type. The "Poses Plastiques" looked so like their originals that the audience was at once transported to the typical double suite in any of the college halls. The songs of the "Bangor Banjo Family" were only equaled by their instrumental performance, and we feel sure that could "Pat Malone" have heard their pathetic rendering of his tragic history he would indeed forget "that he was dead" and be lost in admiration. The "Pumpkin Pickaninnies" did a splendid cake-walk and were unrecognizable by their dearest friends. The farce "Phlorine," written by Miss Daly, was the crowning event of the entertainment, and all the actors deserve especial credit.

At the end of the evening, 'o3 received their class flag, and the applause which they gave 'o1 was truly admirable.

The usual singing, cheering and dancing followed the performance.

E. C., 'o2.

Pamela.

What a picture she was as she sat there in her red and yellow poster-gown made by Mammy out of bandanas, her odd little head poised on one side, a shock of dark hair drooping over her low forehead almost to her eyebrows, her turn-up nose high in the air, her exquisitely sensitive mouth pursed as if for a kiss, but guarded by a fine little pointed chin! At least so Henry thought. He was sitting behind her watching every movement of her paint-brush and occasionally catching a glimpse of her face in a mirror across. He had to be very cautious or Pamela would discover the reflection and move out of range again. The play of expression on her face was delightful and he wished he were not obliged to be content with the reflection.

"There, dear, you shall have purple flowers on your gown, so!"

"Why won't you let me sit by you, Pamela, so I can see, too?"

"No, no, Tommy. You shall not sit by Nancy. She can not work half so well when you are looking on. Play your marbles, naughty boy, and let the little girl alone."

"Good advice, but hard to follow, Mistress Artistic; you

might be a bit kind to a fellow once in a while."

"Such a stubborn little fellow as you are, Tommy. I don't seem to be able to draw you in at all. Little boys can't always have what they want, and you can see that Nancy doesn't care half so much for you as for her cat. She is having a good time all alone and she doesn't want you."

"Poor Tommy!" sighed Henry.

"Wait till some other day, Tommy, and then Nancy will have time to play with you."

Henry was silent and the lines of Tommy's jacket began to appear on the other side opposite to Nancy, who was meekly sewing with her cat at her side.

Then Pamela dropped her brush and began to search for some pigment in one of the numerous pockets of her ruffled artist apron.

"What is Nancy going to do when she has finished her work?" asked Henry, chuckling to himself.

"You'd better ask her," snapped out the little lady. "Going into that blimsey house that you see nearby, probably."

Pamela jumped up and stood a moment by Henry's chair surveying her work.

"There," she cried, "it's all quite out of drawing. I shall have to get them."

She ran out of the room and came back with two dolls, which she arranged on a table nearby. They were the precise counterparts of the children in the

sketch before her and in other pictures strewn over the table or pinned on the wall.

"Tommy is an idle fellow," she sighed. "He has never done one thing. See how very industrious Nancy is."

She returned to her sketch.

"If Nancy were half as fond of Tommy as she is of her cat—" began Henry.

"She is a good cat, and Tommy is an idle boy—"

"How happy Tommy would be."

"How does he know she isn't?" laughed the minx.

"Nancy is such a haughty lady he doesn't dare to think so nor to come near her."

A soft laugh.

"Do you think they would look well sitting side by side on the bench?"

"Nancy never does her work well when she feels she is being watched," answered Pamela.

"But Tommy would promise not to interrupt her and you can not deny that the composition would be better."

Pamela hesitated.

"Wouldn't it, now?"

Pamela bent over her work and in a moment held over her shoulder a sketch with Tommy and Nancy seated side by side on the bench with the cat at their feet. In a second Henry had drawn up his chair.

"No, no," cried the little artist, already in the doorway. "Remember, Mr. Henry, we were speaking of Nancy and Tommy." And she disappeared.

Family Receipts.

BY A. ROARER.

To Make a Freshman Play.—Take a number of pretty girls, as fresh and green as can be obtained, and dress with picturesque costumes of a bygone type. Interlaid with a series of songs and dances, the number and quality of which should depend entirely upon the taste. Flavor with a few well-seasoned jokes (no fresh ones, as this entirely changes the character of the dish to be made). Stir the whole mixture carefully, and keep in suspense for a short time. Then garnish with as many flowers as can be procured, and serve in a hot room in the evening. This is a very popular dish, as it is simply made and always meets with hearty applause.

C. H. S., 'oo.

Alumni Notes.

'93.

On Friday, October 6, Madeline Vaughn Abbott was married at her home in Cambridge, Mass., to Mr. Charles Elmer Bushnell, of Philadelphia.

'96.

Mary H. Ritchie is secretary of Bryn Mawr College.

Emma S. Wines will continue her school at Scranton this winter.

Mary D. Hopkins is acting as Reader in English at Bryn Mawr.

'97

Corinna H. Putnam was married in September to Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, of Boston. Of the Bryn Mawr students, May M. Campbell, Frances Arnold and Florence Wardwell were present. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will spend the next ten months in Constantinople, where Mr. Smith will be engaged in work for the Boston Public Library.

Susan D. Follansbee has announced her engagement to Mr. William Hibbard, of Chicago.

Mary A. Levering spent July at Northfield.

Mrs. Harry Hibbard Wiest (Alice Cilley) is visiting relatives in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Mary Peckham spent July and August at Schenley, the Pittsburgh Social Settlement's summer home. She expects to divide her time this winter among the different college settlements of the large cities. She is now visiting Denison House in Boston.

May M. Campbell and Frances Arnold are teaching at the Brierly School again this year.

M. Gertrude Frost will act as private tutor this winter.

Frances A. Fincke and Elizabeth B. Higginson are still abroad.

'98.

Charly T. Mitchell has returned from Japan.

Martha Tracy is studying medicine in Philadelphia.

Josephine Goldmark and Elizabeth Nields have been visiting

Mrs. Vernon Ames Wright
(Grace T. Clarke).

'99.

Mary T. Thurber has gone abroad for six months.

Madeline Palmer has announced her engagement to Dr. Charles M. Bakewell, Professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College.

Christine Orrick has gone abroad.

Dorothy Hahn holds the Chair of Chemistry at the Pennsylvania College for Women at Pittsburg. This position was held last year by Mary Breed, '94.

Cora Hardy, European Fellow, has gone abroad to study.

Mary R. Towle, Content Nichols, Sarah Stites and Agnes de Schwennitz are doing graduate work at Bryn Mawr.

Laura Peckham is acting as private secretary to her father.

M. Dorothy Fronheiser spent six weeks in Norway this summer.

Jean B. Clark and Katherine L. I. Middendorf have returned from Europe.

May C. Schoneman expects to study under Professor Giddings at Barnard this winter.

Frances A. Keay is studying at the Harvard Law School.

The engagement of Elizabeth Halstein and Dr. Edgar Buckingham, Associate Professor of Physics at Bryn Mawr, '94-'99, is announced.

Carolyn Trowbridge Brown was married on October eleventh to Mr. H. Radnor Lewis, of Philadelphia. The ceremony

was performed by Dr. Lyon and took place at the First Parish Unitarian Church at Brookline. Jean Butler Clark and M. Dorothy Fronheiser were among the bridesmaids. The church was decorated with the Bryn Mawr colors in chrysanthemums. A breakfast was served at the Vendome, and Mrs. Lewis' classmates remained to see her off after the rest of the guests had left. The Bryn Mawr girls who were at the wedding were Margaret Hall, Margaret W. Gage, Ellen P. Kilpatrick, Laura Peckham, Mary G. Churchill, Bertha P. Chase, Jean B. Clark, M. Dorothy Fronheiser, Ethel Levering, '99, and Mary Peckham, '97. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will live in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Lewis will take courses at college this semester.

Graduate Club.

The inaugural meeting of the Graduate Club was held in the club room Thursday evening, October 12, to which all the graduate students were invited.

The president, after welcoming the guests, introduced President Thomas, who gave an informal address. Besides interesting facts in regard to graduate work and the graduate school at Bryn Mawr, President Thomas spoke of the government of the students in the early days of the college, and of the origin and development of self-government. A reception followed the address, and the new graduates were given an opportunity to join the club.

At Bryn Mawr.

(To the students with the writer's kind regards.)

The falling leaf, the chestnut patterning down,

These make the silence sweeter, and I hear

The rippling laughter and the sunny cheer

Of maiden students clad in cap and gown—

Fortunate girls who here may make their own

The calm of nature, learn her wisdom here.

How blest is he who did your palace rear

Far from the noise and turmoil of the town.

For never sure to girlhood's day was given

More gentle largess of soft lawn and lea,

More rich bestowal of all surroundings fair.

And when days darken, and the chains of care

Shall hold those bound who now are fancy free,

Bryn Mawr shall make earth's saddest place seem Heaven.

H. D. Rawnsley.

Bryn Mawr Counsel.

Said a Soph to some Freshies, "In truth,

Near Phila. such haste is uncouth,

When you come down the stair,

Pray use caution and care,
And restrain your wild impulse of youth."

October.

Upon her face a little smile
Of pity, or perhaps regret;

She knows full well how short a while

May pass e'er we forget.

We love her now—for she has cast

Beneath our feet her fading gold;

But when her restless steps have passed,

There's nothing left but cold.

The winds will shatter her abode

And tear her gifts from tree and stone;

While down the barren wintry road

She hastens on, alone.

No hope delights her lover's hearts,

No passing gentleness deceives;

She smiles upon us and departs
Among the falling leaves.

E. T. D., '01.

A Child's Waking in May.

The morning on my window knocked

And called me out to play;

This morning when it first was light,

And still in bed I lay.

I saw it, though my eyes were tight;

It sent the stream of sunshine bright

That falls upon the wall,

And part just touched my hand to say

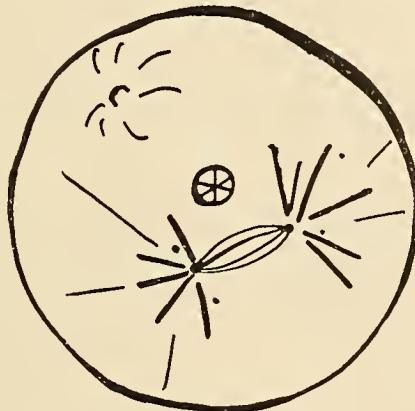
"Come out and see us all."

I think it knew I could not stay,

As if it still were night,
 When all outside was breaking
 day
 And branches were in sight;
 So morning on my window
 knocked
 To call me out to play.
 C. S. N., '99.

A Paradox.

The Freshmen think that they're
 commenced
 To tread the weary way
 Through college; but commence-
 ment still
 Is four long years away!

**Biological.**

These are not stars, my little
 dears,
 A-falling quite to pieces;
 Oh, no! this is a diagram
 Of ka-ry-o-ki-ne-sis.
 C. H. S., 'oo.



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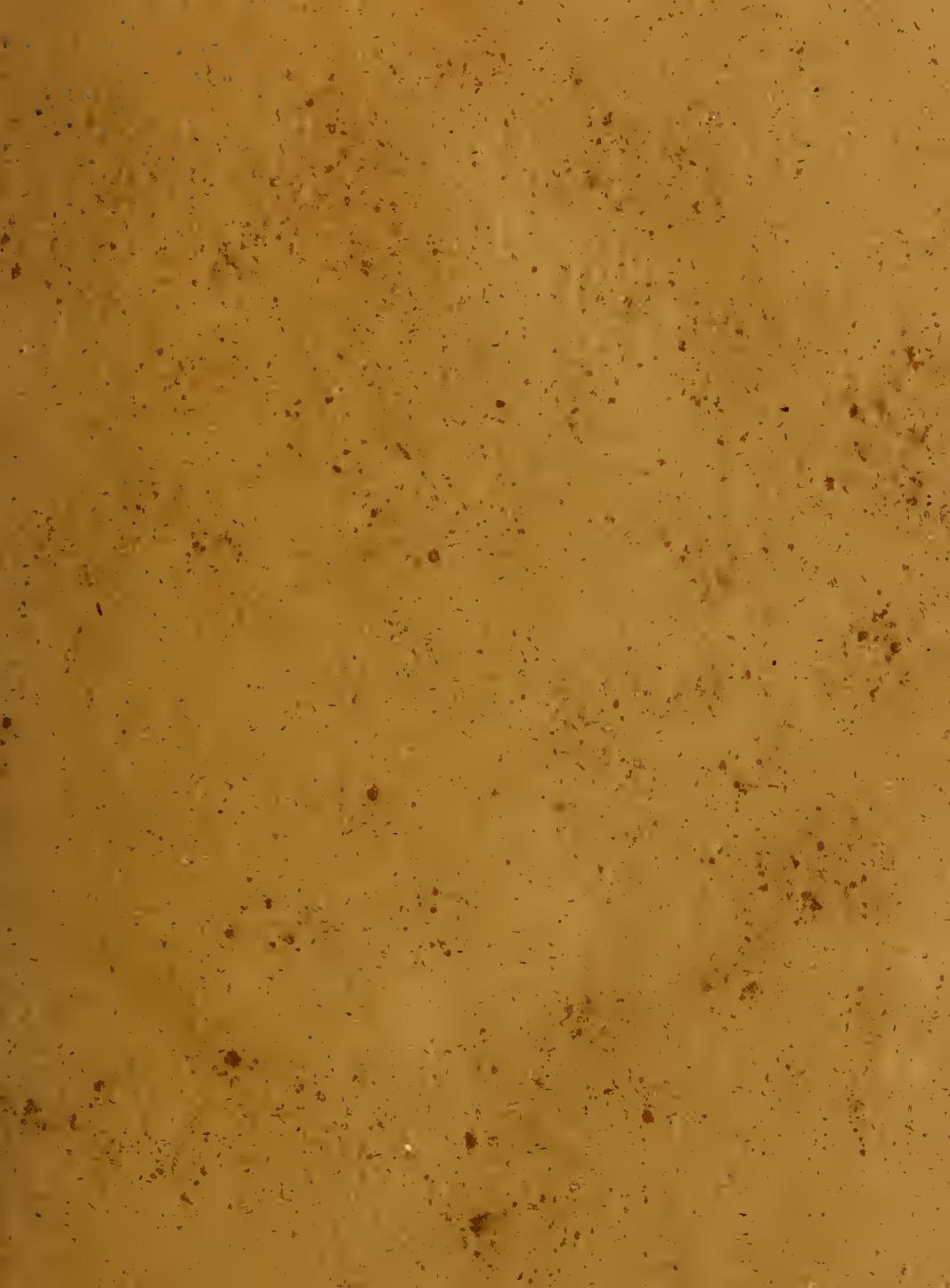
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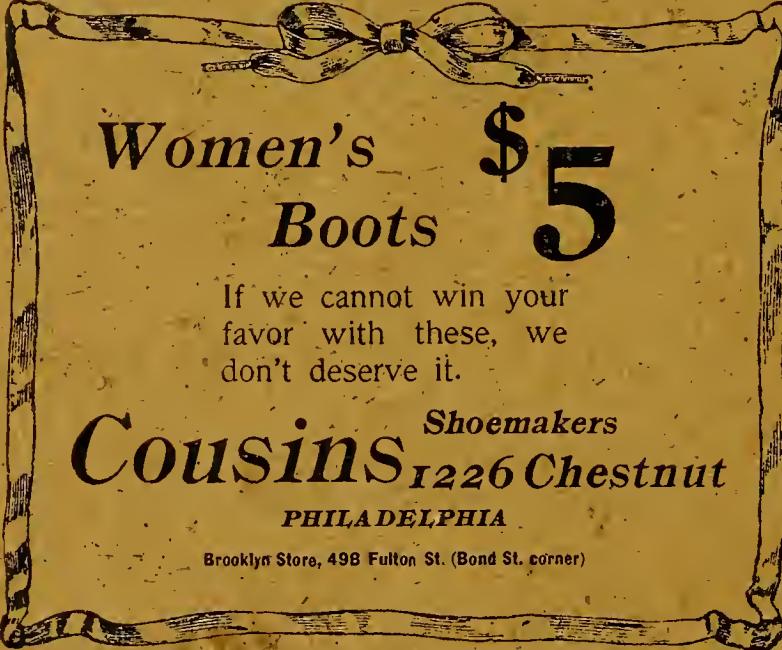


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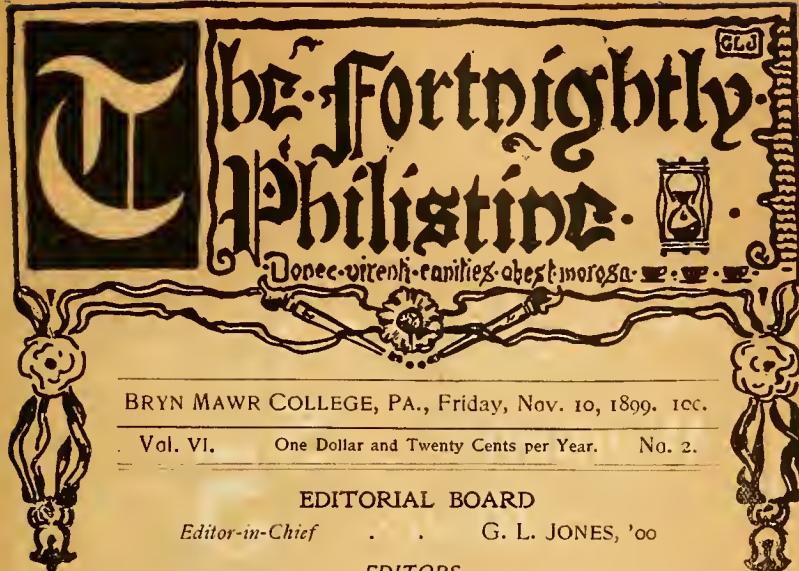
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The "Philistine" extends most hearty congratulations to the Music Committee for its courage in persevering in the good cause. With the burden of a large debt upon them—and a debt which is the result of nothing but the lack of interest in music among the students—the "Valiant Three" are at work again this fall. Their efforts have already resulted in an excellent concert by the Kneisel Quartette on Monday, November 6.

It seems very strange, and certainly deplorable, that while people generally are glad to get

seats at almost any price for a Kneisel performance, the students miss the opportunity of going to hear one, at a cost which is within the means of nearly every one of them. Is this what higher education does for us? Let us hope that college may not be the cause of any lack of appreciation on our parts; for what good will Greek and Latin and Science and Philosophy do us if they do not make our minds more and more open to all beautiful things? Time and opportunity are small, it is true, for any practice in musical performance—and we

ought not and do not judge of the taste of the college from the sounds that frequently issue from the Pembroke music rooms—but a love of good music is a matter entirely apart from that. Music is certainly not in the atmosphere in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and in a statistical map in which the regions of prevalent æsthetic appreciation were done in white, the City of Brotherly Love, we fear, would be black as Egypt's night. However, we have an atmosphere all our own at Bryn Mawr, and if our neighbors are Philistines—the name may sound ill-chosen—there is certainly no reason why we should be so.

Etiquette for the Elite.

Social Butterfly—Yes, it is always polite to return a visit as soon as possible after it has been made. The only exception to this rule is when a professor calls on you in class.

Ignoramus—There are many differences of opinion about the use of visiting cards. As a general rule, I do not think it is necessary to send in a card before you go to a class. It is certainly not sufficient to send a card in reply to the Bursars' notes.

Athlete—No; well-bred girls never exhibit their affection for each other in public. Hugging is particularly out of place on the basketball field.

Timid Freshman—In punctuating the sentence you give, "I saw a young man yesterday

crossing the campus," I think I should make a dash after the young man.

Inquirer—It is always polite to bow to professors when you met them outside the campus. It does not, however, follow that the same is true for them, and it is perfectly permissible for any one of them to give you a cut. So do not be grieved when it happens next time.

C. H. S., 'oo.



Through Fire and Water.

Evelyn rushed into the cosy red study like a miniature whirlwind, threw down her books,

slammed the door and made a dive for the tea-kettle. Then she suddenly stood stock still in the middle of the floor.

"Well, Elizabeth, you are a freak. To sit there star-gazing in broad daylight, when everybody's having a gorgeous time, and the Freshmen are coming to the tea in shoals! Do hurry up and help us chat with them. Why, you haven't even changed your dress yet!"

"No, I'm not coming."

"What? not coming!" Then in a gentler tone: "Oh, I didn't see you had a letter—I hope—tell me, dearest, is it any bad news from home?"

"Not exactly" — smiling. "It's not from home, and I don't suppose you would call it bad news, either. Jack Harrison is coming down and will arrive on the 4.45 this afternoon. Evelyn, you must help me, I've got to give a tea for him."

"Don't, Liz, the men hate them so. And for Jack, too. You've always known him so well, and haven't seen him now for two years. Why don't you take him out to walk or into the students' parlor, or—something. And then you can talk over everything comfortably."

"If we talked at all, it would be very uncomfortably, and I must have the girls about to prevent it" — blushing. "I—I don't want to see him alone—for particular reasons."

"Oh, that's the way the land lies! Well, I suppose the dire necessity of a room-mate must

take precedence over Freshmen affairs. We haven't much time before he comes. I'll go hunt up some pretty girls and a chaperone while you dress and fix up the room a bit."

And with that she whirled out again leaving a blank empty silence behind her. Half an hour later a card bearing the name of Mr. J. Hartley Harrison was lying on the study table and the mirror reflected a delicate oval face, made even prettier than usual by its slightly conscious expression and a red rose in the soft dark hair. Elizabeth felt she must apologize to herself for this last weakness.

"One might think I really cared for him, and of course I would refuse him if—well, if he had a chance, which I shall take pains that he does not have. But even so, he is a man at any rate—and it's so becoming.

In the meantime Mr. Harrison was sitting perched on the edge of a chair in the Pembroke drawing-room, keeping his eyes fixed on the door, and at the same time painfully conscious of the windows behind him, past which was streaming to and fro, what seemed to him an endless procession of light swishing gowns, dotted here and there with a sombre academic costume. At other times he might have enjoyed this sight, and would undoubtedly have stood by that same fatal window facing the foe gallantly and bravely. But now his mind was filled with other thoughts that left no room for

general feminine charms, and his experience of the last ten minutes had completely unnerved him. Though he was a man accustomed to cope with difficult social situations, his courage had for once failed him, when, going to the wrong side of the archway, he had found himself suddenly in the midst of a fluttering, buzzing babel. How he had escaped, he knew not. He had only a confused remembrance of the odor of American Beauty roses, a kaleidoscopic mass of color, some cups of chocolate carried hither and thither high above the crowd, and a pleasant voice—yes, it was a pleasant voice, though he had not noticed it at the time—directing him to the drawing-room on the other side. He wondered now, vaguely and indifferently, whether the voice belonged to an attractive-looking girl.

Before he could decide, Elizabeth was before him, and his thoughts returned quickly to the purpose of his visit.

"You know I come here to see you on a special errand to-day," he said as soon as the preliminary greetings were over. (His visit must be brief, and he would come to the point at once.)

"So you said in your letter, but I should have hoped that old friends would hardly need that pretext for a call. You have come from the house party where my sister has been, have you not? Do tell me all about it. (Oh, why doesn't that chaperone come!)"

"Yes, I have just left your sister and have come directly from her to you—"

"Ah, here comes Miss Storm. I'm sure you'll like her. She's a fellow. Awfully clever, you know, but not a bit queer. I've asked some of the girls to my study to meet you, and she is going to chaperone us. Miss Storm, may I present my friend, Mr. Harrison? I think our guests must be waiting for us. Shall we not go upstairs?"

Thus suddenly and roughly was our hero dragged from his world of dreams, and found himself mechanically talking about the weather to a girl of quiet and gentle manner, much shorter than Elizabeth, and with deep, serious blue eyes, which, nevertheless, seemed sometimes to catch a bit of sparkle from the mass of golden hair above them. As they approached the study door, he could hear a hum of voices, unpleasantly suggestive of his late experience. Then a moment of solemn hush as they entered, a moment ages long, during which a thousand details impressed themselves upon his mind—the flickering candle light, throwing weird reflectious on the sea of faces turned toward him, a subtle, persuasive odor of incense, and a rich glow of color over everything, that seemed to come partly from the fire in the grate, and partly from the red walls and hangings. Introductions followed fast on one another, and then he felt that everyone was waiting for him to

make a brilliant remark. Fortunately he was accustomed to making conversation, and his small-talk flowed easily and merrily. Gradually by those subtle, indefinite signs that show so unmistakably the effect we are producing on others, he became conscious that he was making himself very agreeable. He really hadn't intended to do so, but he had been thrust unwillingly into the position of being the centre of interest of a bevy of girls, and his life-long habit asserted itself in spite of him. Then he was furious with himself, and still more furious with Elizabeth for having so successfully outplayed him. And a desire to show himself her equal at the games strengthened his determination to carry out his purpose in coming. His sentences became less fluent as he devised schemes for eluding these innocent interlopers. And to an admiring maiden's timorous enquiry as to whether he played golf very much, he replied somewhat incoherently, "Oh, yes, awfully fond of sweets, particularly girls."

Soon, his plans formed, he rose hastily, regretted that urgent business forced him to cut short his enjoyable visit, and fled. But only as far as the archway. There he turned, rang the bell, and without giving his name, sent the maid up to tell Elizabeth that someone desired to see her. A moment of uncertainty followed, during which he wavered between a firm conviction that

Elizabeth would suspect his ruse and refuse to come and an exultant feeling of having conquered her at last. Her steps on the stairs soon reassured him. And almost before she was in the room, taking her hand in sudden fear that she might even yet run away from him, he blurted out his story all in one breath:

"Here is a letter from your sister. I was coming through Philadelphia before she would be able to see you, and so she wanted me to come without waiting for her, and tell you of our engagement."

M. M., 'oo.

A Sophomore Letter.

Dear Josie.

You can't imagine what fun college is this year! It is much more fun being a Sophomore than a Freshman. We are really quite superior beings. We have been so busy hazing and calling on Freshmen that I scarcely have time to breathe.

A Freshman call isn't much fun for us, though I suppose they enjoy it. Most of them are awfully afraid of us when we appear, and we have to lead off with "What a pretty room! How did you manage to get settled so soon?"

You can't imagine anything more ignorant than the little 1903's! It really is nice to feel that you know something. I am sure there are several Freshmen who have crushes on me,

It's so silly of them, and one of them sent me a huge bunch of chrysanthemums; you really ought to see them, the chrysanthemums I mean, they are lovely and have already lasted ever since the night of our dance.

Yesterday I had an anonymous poem from one of them. Jean said she thought one of our class must have written it for a joke, but I'm sure she must be wrong, it didn't sound a bit forced, and at any rate I don't see the point, do you?

The freshmen are crazy to get their [gowns, and we do feel so above all that nonsense, why I hardly ever wear mine now, just to show that I'm used to it and not at all proud. But when I do wear it I feel as though I had been to college all my life.

Do write me soon and tell me what you are doing. Your last letter was splendid. Oh! I nearly forgot, the freshman who sent me the flowers was the one I took to the dance.

Your loving
HATTY.

P. S.—What do you think? Papa and Ted came down here the other day and they said I had grown conceited. But that is only their nonsense.

R. A. E., '03.

A Fable.

Once there were two little girls who played together all day long. They were very nice little girls and very well behaved, and they had round, rosy faces and blue eyes. To look at them you

would never guess that they were not perfectly happy, but they had one great sorrow and it was this: They both had short, straight, brown hair and they knew that they could never be princesses or even beautiful ladies. For princesses and beautiful ladies always had long, golden hair and it was always curly. They knew this because they had seen it in the colored prints of their German picture books when they were little, and had read it in Hans Andersen when they got older. Even their dolls that Papa had brought home from abroad, had hair that was as yellow as Dick, the canary bird's, feathers. Sometimes the little girls would forget their sorrow, for whenever they played house one would say:

"I'll be the mamma, and let's pretend I've got yellow hair," and the other would answer: "And I'll be the little girl, and let's pretend my hair is yellow too."

But they could not always pretend, and people seemed always to be reminding them of their little shorn brown heads. One day when they were hunting in the wood-shed to find a square piece of wood for a doll's table, they happened upon a heap of beautiful, long, yellow shavings. What a find this was! They selected the longest and curliest of them and stuck them up under their big straw hats, and then you would have been surprised to see how gracefully the shavings hung down and how like princesses the little girls looked. The road ran very near

the wood-shed, and the little girls thought what a pity it was that no one should see how beautiful they were. So they pushed open the gate—although nurse had told them never to go out without her—and walked slowly and proudly up and down the sidewalk. And oh what fun it was! And how exciting! For everyone who passed turned to look back at them, and they said to each other, "Oh see, they are saying 'What beautiful hair those little girls have got.'"

II.

Once there was a grown-up girl who went to college. She was a very attractive girl and she was very fortunate, for she had many friends who loved her dearly and you would never have thought, to look at her, that she was ever unhappy. But she had one great sorrow, because she was not clever. She knew that a girl was nobody, nowadays, if she was not clever, and that it was frightfully commonplace and uninteresting to be just like all the other girls. She had read this in a great many books, and clever young men who had gone to Harvard had told her so. Sometimes she would sit dreaming by herself, and pretend that she was clever, and make up wonderful and original conversations. But when she went among people she found that she was just as she had always been, and that the other people always said the witty things, so she could not go on pretending forever.

One day she discovered that there were certain things called "poses," which people could wear and seem quite intellectual and odd. So she selected one, and wore it continually, so that her best friends hardly recognized her. And she was greatly elated, for people turned to look back at her as she passed, and she would say to herself, "They are thinking what an interesting girl I am."

L. A. K., 1900.

"Freshie" (With Apologies to R. K.).

I went into the library, and called a girl I knew.

"You Freshman'd better hush," said one. My! she was in a stew.

The girls that sat around all smirked, and scorned me with a look.

I went right out of Taylor Hall and counsel thus I took—

Oh! it's "Freshie this, and Freshie that, and Freshie, go away."

Wait till it comes to basketball, and see how I can play;

Just see how I can play, oh, wait, and see how I can play;

And you that smirk will have to cheer, when basketball's the day.

You talk of giving plays for us receptions, teas and such;

We wouldn't mind the eating, if you wouldn't squelch so much.

Don't give us so much fudge,
and don't make us feel so
small.

A Freshman has some feelings,
if she doesn't know it all.
For it's Freshie this, and Freshie
that, and "Look at her!
What fun!"

We shake within our little shoes
and wonder what we've
done.

And it's Freshie this, and
Freshie that—but we shall
learn some day.

And then—we'll take a Fresh-
man and -we'll do her just
that way.

C. I. C., '02.

The Gymnasium Games.

Persons of the Dialogue:
Socrates--a senior philosopher.
Glemcon—a junior disciple.
Thrasymachus—a sophist.
Ademiantes—a novice.

(The scene is laid in the Li-
brarium of Bryn Mawrens; and
the dialogue is occasionally
interrupted by the warning cry
of the Proctorian Guard).

"So we have clearly proved,
Glemcon," I said, "that even in
old age the mind inclines
naturally toward relaxation."

"We have, Socrates."

"And that in the fourth year
of the study of Philosophy and
of other branches of learning, the
seeker after knowledge desires
(very justly) lighter pleasures
than those found in these
seminaries and this librarium."

"Certainly."

"And who is to provide such
pleasures?"

"Take time, Glemcon. We
have the future before us."

"Not behind us, truly,
Socrates."

"Why, joking friend, I should
be sorry to extinguish your con-
versational fireworks, but the
question does not seem to call for
them."

"True, it does not."

"Tell me, then, O learned
argumentator, famed in debate of
the most exclusive kind, from
whom do we expect entertain-
ment of the lighter sort? From
the senior philosophers?"

"To be sure."

"Truly, I cannot deny that
games are often conducted in the
gymnasium by these sanctified
ones. Have you not yourself
capered most ignominiously in
the garb of a rustic maiden, with
me clad as an artisan, not so
very long ago?"

"I believe so."

"Yet these games are scarcely
compatible, my clever friend,
with the studies and social
duties of the philosophers."

"That is true."

"To whom, then, would you
attribute the right of conducting
the games?"

"To the junior disciples,
Socrates."

"Indeed, Glemcon, these
disciples do translate themselves
on occasions into grotesque and
foolish mimics, for the delecta-
tion of the younger citizens."

"They do."

"Yet I have heard that most

of them spend their days and nights over the science of elementary mathematics, having neglected this study in their youth. I grieve to omit that sincere right, Socrates. So that the games must of necessity conflict with the graver pursuits of our fellows."

"To be sure."

"And what have the Sophs and Novices to do but make themselves agreeable to their fellow-citizens, Glemcon?"

"Nothing."

Here Adeimantes rudely interrupted with the exclamation, "Pooh-bah!" which I disregarded.

"Then the games, principally consisting of the drama and the dance, are mostly to be conducted by Sophists and Novices?"

"Precisely."

"But let us consider this point, Glemcon. In our youth we conducted many games, imploring the attendance of the Senior Philosophers and Junior Disciples. And now we are careful to do the same for the Sophists and Novices, whenever we gambol in the gymnasium."

"Most true," he said.

"Now, I hope my auditors will not be angry. I wish to ask a delicate question."

"Proceed."

"I will do so. Do the Sophs and Novices return our politeness with similar courtesy? Or are we in the games of the younger citizens anything but unwelcome intruders?"

"It would seem that you have

touched the point, Socrates."

"Are we asked to come, in fact? Are we cherished when we arrive?"

"Anything but."

"Do we not have recourse to private rites and revels which cannot but result in caste distinctions?"

"We do."

"Do we not look forward in dull resignation to the day when at the dramas we shall be consigned with the preps to the gallery?"

"I am sure of it."

Here Thrasymachus cried out: "The gymnasium is small!"

"True," I continued, "Brynmawrensis has outgrown the gym. Yet it would seem that as an audience the Sophs and Novices outnumber the Philosophers and Disciples. Eh, Glemcon."

Glemcon smiled at me with subtle appreciation, and we moved away along the Appian Boards, deep in thought.

E. T. D.

Why Not?

I think that William Armitage,
Like those his so-called bet-
ters,
Ought to be made professor here,
For he's a man of letters.

C. H. S., 'oo.

The Professor.

There was a professor whose ties
Gave his classes a daily surprise.
They dated each lecture
By color and texture,
A method I cannot advise.

THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE.

The Orals.

I.

Hast du Bryn Mawr gesehen,
 Bryn Mawr, der Schonste Ort?
 Dort ist das Madchen glück-
 lich,
 Ja, glücklich ist sie dort.

II.

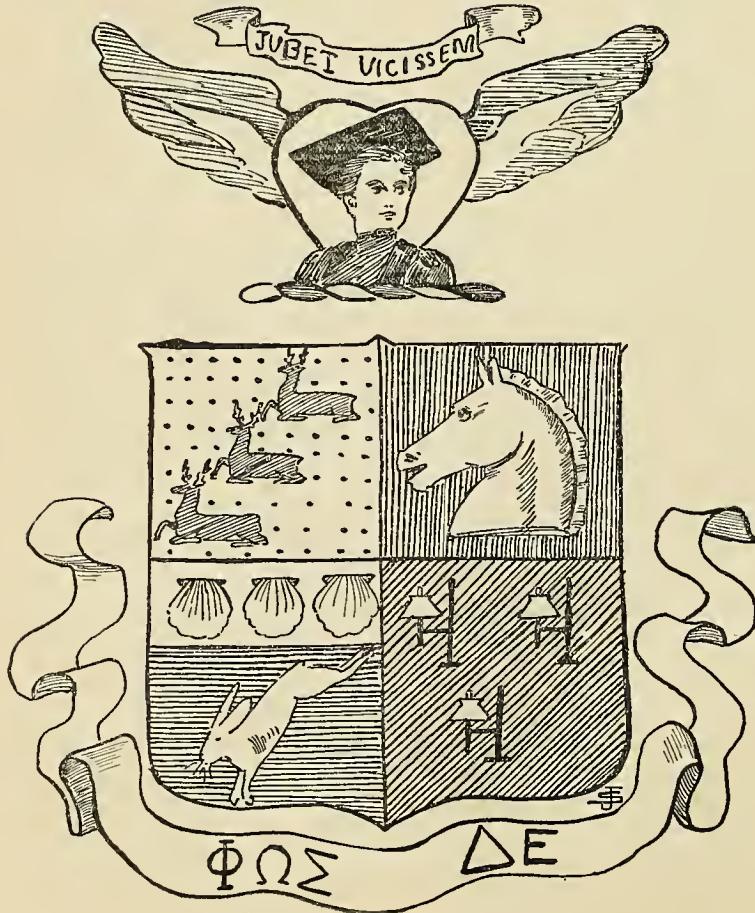
Dann kommt des Herbstes Ende,
 December kommt zurück,

Dann geht ihr Glück zu Grunde,
 Ja, zu Grunde geht ihr Glück.

III.

Fragst du nach der Uersache,
 Der Traurigkeit im Herz?
 Es kommt die zeit der "Orals,"
 Und "Orals" sind kein Scherz.

E. D., '01.



The College Seal.

A friend of the college has kindly submitted the above suggestion for a college seal:

- Quarterly: I. Or.—Three deer lodged vert.
(These little deers will be seen to be particularly appropriate.)
- II. Azure.—A horse's head couped argent.
(The emblem "pony" or "trot" is used in heraldry to represent learning.)
- III. 1. Argent.—Three mussel shells in chief quarterly.
(Basket balls rampant might well be used instead of mussels, if so desired.)
2. Gules.—Hare salient.
(The appropriateness of this emblem will strike any student who has been some years in the college.)
- IV. Vert.—Three lamps of learning sable, shades of argent.

Crest: A demi-student embowed in gown resting upon a soaring heart.

Alumnae Notes.

The Conference Committee of the Alumnae and students will hold its first meeting this autumn on the eighth in Pembroke East. One of the objects of the committee is to keep the Alumnae in touch with the college life, and also to give the students in college official information of the work of the Alumnae Association. The committee consists of five alumnae, five undergraduates and three graduate students. At least two meetings are held each academic year, but it is probable that informal, social meetings will be held more frequently this winter.

The committee of alumnae and students having charge of the portrait of President Thomas met on Saturday, the twenty-eighth, and discussed plans for the presentation of the portrait to the Board of Trustees. The portrait was painted by Mr. Sargent last summer, in London, and the fact that he wishes to have it exhib-

ited in Philadelphia and in New York or Boston strengthens his opinion, already expressed, that he considers the portrait one of the best things he has done for a long time. The committee hopes to have the presentation take place in a few weeks.

Martha G. Thomas, '89,
 Ida Wood, Ph. D.,
 Susan Walker, '93,
 Ethel Parrish, '91,
 Edith Sampson Westcott, '90,
 Elizabeth Kirkbride, '96,
 Mary Thurber, '99,
 Grace Campbell, 1900,
 Committee.

The Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association met on Wednesday the first. The next annual meeting of the Alumnae Association has been fixed for Saturday, the tenth of February.

M. G. Thomas, '89,
 Jane B. Haines, '91,
 Nellie Wilson, '93,
 Dora Keen, '96,
 A. C. Diman, '96,
 (not present).

'89.

Emily G. Balch is still instructor in Economics at Wellesley.

Lina Lawrence is spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, in London.

'93.

Henrietta Palmer has been appointed librarian of the New Jersey Historical Society. She is living in Newark.

Margaret Hill Hilles has succeeded Miss Sophia Kirk as Mistress of Merion.

'94.

Jane L. Brownell and Edith Hamilton, '94, were in Bryn Mawr the twenty-ninth.

'95.

Elizabeth Bents is visiting Edith Pettit in Low Buildings.

'96.

Virginia Ragsdale is teaching at the Bryn Mawr School again this winter.

Elizabeth Kirkbride came to the Sophomore play, spending the night with Ida Ogilvie.

'97.

Susan D. Follansbee was married on November eighth to Mr. William G. Hibbard, Jr.

The engagement of Grace A. Elder to Mr. Saunders, a professor at Haverford, is announced.

Clara Vail was back for the Sophomore play.

Alice Jones was visiting for a few days at Bryn Mawr. She sailed for Europe on Wednesday, November eighth.

'98.

Edith Schoff and Mary Bright came to Bryn Mawr for the Sophomore play.

'99.

Frances Keay, although qualified to enter the Harvard Law School, is studying at the Pennsylvania Law School until a decision is reached at Harvard as to whether women shall be admitted.

Rosalie Morice, Dorothy Fronheiser, Jean Clark, Katherine Middendorf, Ethel Levering and Laura Peckham returned for the Sophomore play.

Novelists on the Novel.

The first departmental meeting of the graduate class was held in the club rooms Saturday evening, November 8. Dr. Neilson, of the English department, read a very entertaining paper on "Novelists on the Novel." He quoted as far as possible the statements of the novelists themselves in regard to the ideal aimed at in the novel, reasons for writing, the point of view of the realist and idealist, methods of construction and choice of subjects.

Dr. Neilson gave first the four important reasons for writing which authors have acknowledged: Money, fame, love of writing for its own sake and the desire to do good. Of the four motives, money, though so important, is mentioned by only a few. Sir Walter Scott and George Eliot both speak of the pleasure in compensation. Of writing for fame modern novelists again have little to say, but that fame is somewhat of an incentive is shown by the jealousies of authors and in their private correspondence. Concerning the love of writing for its own sake, the lecturer quoted from Scott, Jane Austin, Dickens and many others, asserting that it was doubtless a far more important motive than authors realized. The fourth reason, desire to do good, nearly all writers claim as the mainspring of their activity. Particularly interesting were the quotations from the early English novelists, Richardson and Fielding, the latter being quoted as saying of "Tom Jones," "To recommend goodness and innocence has been my sincere endeavor in this history."

Modern writers are less free in stating motives in writing, being guided more by loyalty to art than the purpose of doing good. It is this ideal in novel writing that the novel is meant to be, which the modern writer tries to work out, and it is in the working out of this ideal that we have the realists ranged against the idealists.

The lecturer quoted the views of many writers of fiction in re-

gard to truth to nature, beginning with Richardson, an idealist, though with a bit of realism, making his Clarissa "as perfect as is consistent with human frailty." Fielding, who "confines himself strictly to nature." Jane Austin, who represents nothing but the truth, George Eliot, Dickens and Thackeray, all consciously endeavoring to express the real. Stevenson was quoted as striving for idealism against the extreme realism of Zola and his followers. He would have sincerity and truth of idea rather than truth of detail.

After discussing the authors' views of what the novel is meant to be, the representation of life as the writer sees it, quotations were given showing what the novel is meant to do, namely to enlarge one's experience, broaden one's sympathies and give enjoyment.

The methods of construction and selection of detail employed by different authors were commented on, showing Scott's utter lack of method and Stevenson's insistence on a strong plot. De Maupassant insisted on objective methods in fiction, letting the facts of existence speak for themselves as opposed to the analyst who lays bare every motive.

In conclusion, Dr. Neilson said that the chief motive for writing seemed to be the artist's passion to express himself, and the ideal of the novelist to picture life as it appeared to him, in a truthful, sincere manner. The great artist must be both realist and idealist, for the best qualities of each are essential.

The Drama, B. M. C.

Oh, the night of the play, when you've labored all day hauling
towers and walls for the staging!
You retire at last insulting the cast, whose members are sulking and
raging.
The hiring of swords and the creaking of boards unite, your poor
efforts to break up;
And you feel you could creep to the corner and weep, if it weren't
for spoiling your make-up.

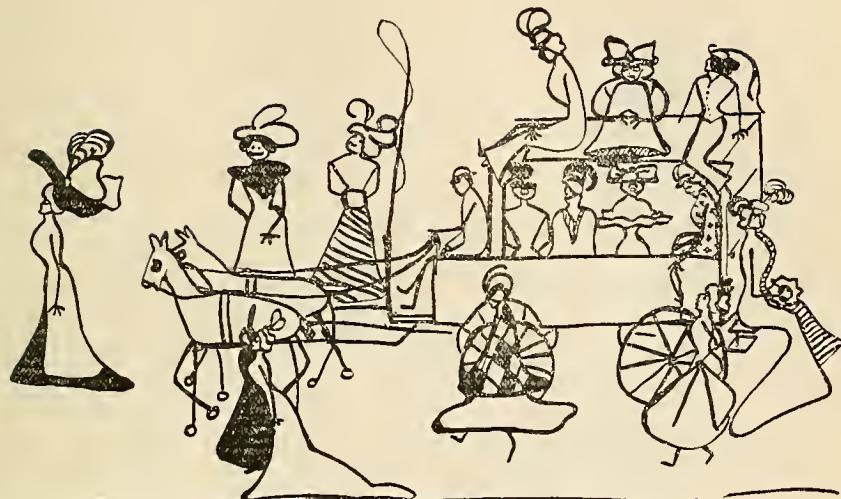
(For many a case

I believe, has been known,
When a very calm face
Much distress would have shown
If it weren't for spoiling the make-up.)

With catchwords and oaths you climb into clothes enshrined by
dramatic tradition;
Through darkness and damp to the gym you decamp, where things
are in trying condition.
The actors confuse themselves learning their cues, while you rate
them with maddened temerity;
The curtain won't work, so you give it a jerk,—it descends with
unwonted celerity.

In its meshes you choke
And the actors exclaim,
"What a beautiful joke!"
As they stand and make game
Of the curtain's unwonted celerity.

When the play does commence the spectators seem dense, and their
actions are truly mysterious,
While they don't seem to laugh at your jests and your chaff, while
they roar at the parts that are serious.
The actors skip pages, the poor prompter rages, and flounders
behind them despairingly;
But you really don't mind if the gallery's kind, and applauds you
and cheers for you daringly.
For no one's distressed,
No one minds in the least;
You have all done your best,
You retire to feast,
Since the gallery yells for you daringly.



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 We'd all be kidnapped soon I fear

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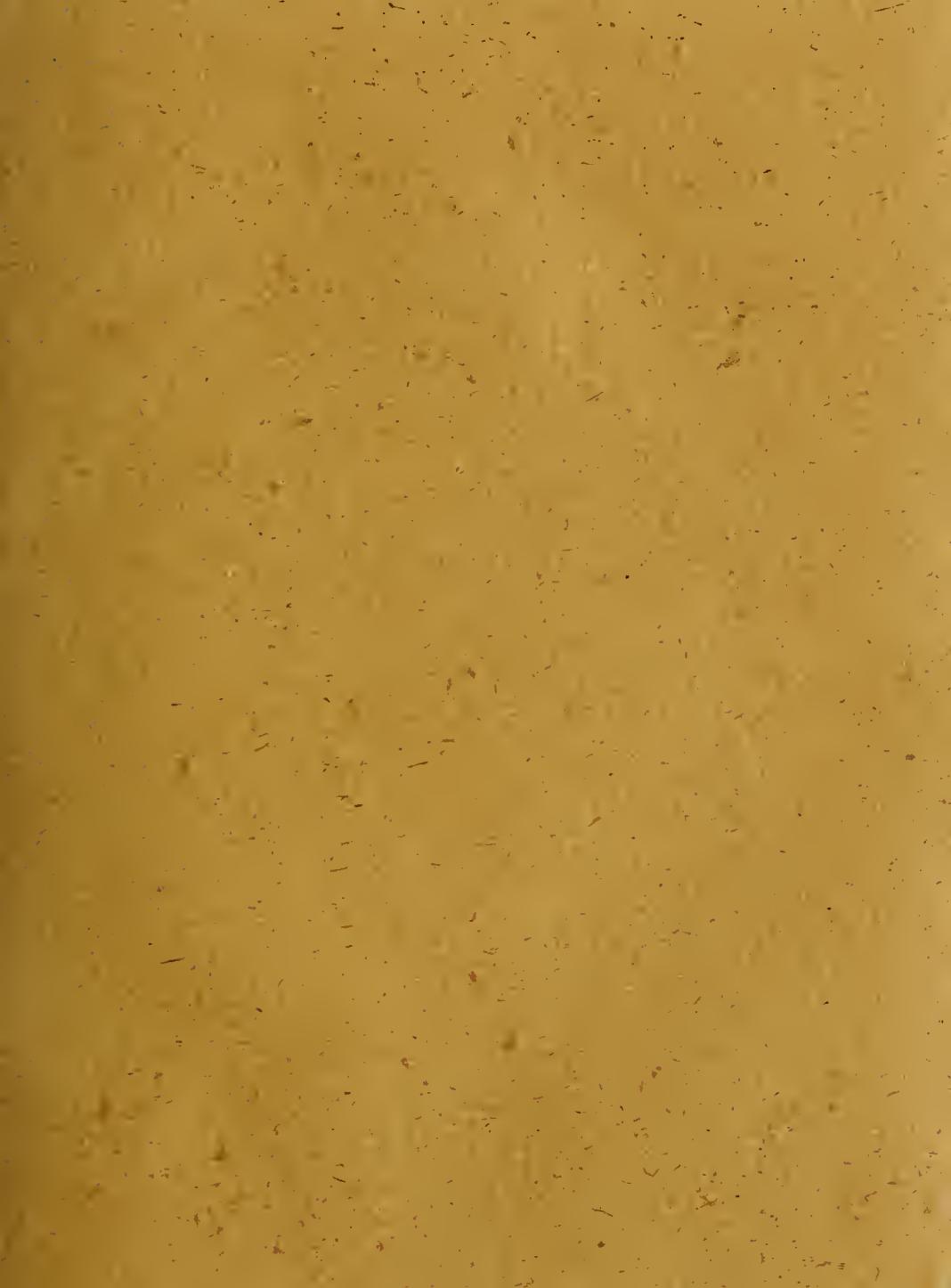
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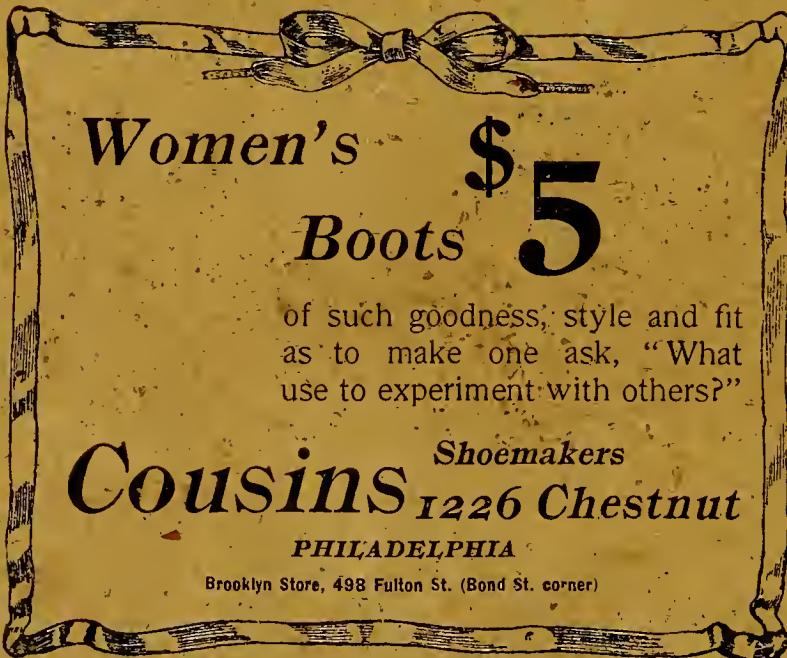


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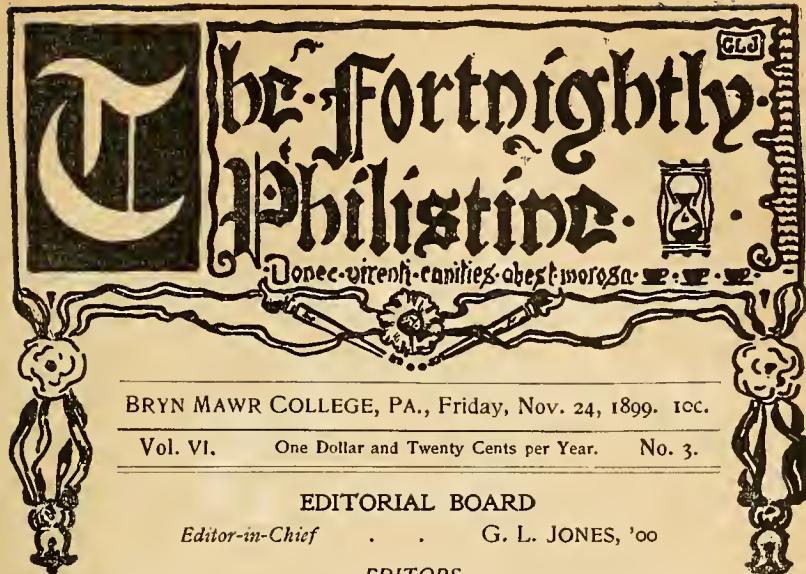
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as to make one ask, "What
use to experiment with others?"

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Now the Thanksgiving season is coming around once more, and everybody is trying to discover his blessings—or if he has none, to invent them. The "Philistine" advises all those who seem to seek in vain, to remember that sorrows as well as joys are blessings, if we are to believe the good old orthodox adage that it is well to mortify the flesh. If one follows out this plan he finds that the number of his blessings becomes so great that Thanksgiving Day is not long enough to permit him to enumerate them.

And so one may begin by

being thankful that it is not written that man must go through the whole list of benefits that are forced upon him, but if he has begun early enough in the day he may cease his praises at dinner-time with some convenient little phrase such as "and the rest of it," remembering that judicial omission is sometimes more telling and effectual than too great precision in the matter of details.

And then, the "Philistine" is glad that he has lived to his sixth year to have insults piled upon his head.

He is thankful that the plays are over.

He is thankful that the Senior Class takes so much interest in gymnasium work.

He is thankful that whatever else may be lacking around Bryn Mawr, there are always plenty of eggs for breakfast.

He is thankful that the college has a 'bus and that the students are so well protected coming home from evening entertainments.

He is thankful that the meteors did not appear, so that one did not have to get up to see them.

He is thankful that everybody in college is so enthusiastic about him that the editors are overwhelmed with excellent manuscripts and that the desk in the office of Pembroke East will soon be unable to hold the contributions.

He is thankful that the college authorities have put stout iron chains across the gateway opposite the Vaux woods to prevent tramps from entering the grounds in carriages.

He is thankful that the only requirements for membership to the Philosophical Club are an intense interest in philosophy and one thesis on a philosophical subject which has been read and approved by the Executive Committee at the club.

He is thankful that Caroline Fuller decided to write a story about Smith College and not about Bryn Mawr.

He is thankful that Bryn Mawr

has a course in Biblical Literature.

He is thankful that on Thanksgiving Day fowls are not confined exclusively to the basketball field.

He is thankful that he and "The Lantern" have settled their differences and now dwell in peace in one room.

He is thankful that he never printed anything that was not protested against by some one in the next issue.

The friends of the Mandolin Club, who knew him in the days when he abode in the gymnasium will be pleased to hear that he is not dead yet, but is improving rapidly in the infirmary.

A new subject is now presenting itself to the minds of the students, a practice which by its very nature demands immediate attention. The matter is being discussed from Senior to Freshman. Only the graduates are spared from the difficulties of solving the question, "What shall we wear in gym?"

The inventive genius of the Senior class became very evident on one Tuesday's drill. If this curious complex of fact be studied with a scientific spirit with the doctrine of evolution ever clearly in mind, some interesting data came to light. There has been in all history no better example of variety in unity, of diversity predominated by the spirit of homogeneity than was presented

in the perfectly "dressed" line that formed at 5.40 p. m. What are the conditions and antecedents that called forth these peculiar variations?

The Senior class in its Freshman days had the brain molecules which are the concomitants of the ideas of pink silk neckties and gymnasium costumes so firmly bound together by associating links, that, without a flowing effect at the neck, no gym suit can ever for them possess an ideal perfection. 1900, as a class, is far too much "up-to-date" to even consider the wearing of a black hose on the red-letter days of the calendar (Tuesdays). And none of them is oblivious to the fact that hair dressed à la Psyche has not only classic beauty but also the sanction of the most educated and refined English ladies. The silk sash is a revival of the Lord Fauntleroy craze, and we would consider the streamers from the hair a peculiar adaptation of the present fad for poke bonnets.

The peculiar variations that are being discussed for the gymnasium costumes of 1903, are utterly inexplicable both from an historical and a theological point of view. What would be 1902's feelings if she should ever behold 1903 going through her drill in blue? A truly Scotch effect would be produced by the bright touch of green, and 1903 would show great loyalty in adopting this Celtic combination, for the Scots are first cousins of the world.

We regret that this plan was not suggested two years ago.

What a burst of enthusiasm would have come from the gallery spectators had 1901 appeared in Pennsylvania colors!

But this is a thing of the future which no class now doing honor to the name of Bryn Mawr—unless perchance 1903—can ever see realized. The problem which remains is—can evolution ever take such a turn?

The PHILISTINE prints the following letter written in reply to a statement in the editorial of the last number. Though such a lively response to a question initiated in the pages of the PHILISTINE shows a very encouraging growth of interest in their paper among the students, we must regret that on account of the great difference in standards, this article in no way answers the point made in the original statement. The "Philadelphian" unfortunately measured the æsthetic appreciation of her city by that of "some small western town," while the writer of the editorial rather compared Philadelphia with European cities and those in America in which "the arrival of Sousa's band" is *not* the musical event of the season.

To the Editor of the "Philistine":

To a Philadelphian who has always blessed the Fates which were good enough to choose that city for her birthplace rather than some Western town where Sousa's Band once a year is the event of local musical interest,

last week's editorial proved such a shock that she must make sure her eyes did not deceive her. "Music is certainly not in the atmosphere in the neighborhood of Philadelphia," said the "Philistine." What did he mean? Not a reflection on Philadelphia's grand opera, surely; nor upon the Boston Symphony Concerts, which even now are endeavoring to exist in this unæsthetic atmosphere. Hardy indeed must these concerts be, for they can flourish in this barren spot. Last year every seat in the house was taken for the whole series before the concerts had begun. This year the management decided that it was necessary to give two series of them instead of one. In fact, Philadelphia the unmusical has completed the arrangements for a symphony orchestra of her own.

Then there is the Orpheus—but perchance the "Philistine," not knowing many Philadelphians well, never heard it mentioned before. If so, one can only hope he may some day hear it speak for itself.

Moreover, what of the innumerable private musical clubs supported by Philadelphia society? Although, since admission to these is complimentary, it is scarcely fair to expect other college girls than Philadelphians to be acquainted with their merits.

There seems but one other possible explanation of the "Philistine's" attitude—which is that he feels that the spirit of

our Quaker forefathers still exercises a restraining influence over the indulgence of any incipient artistic tastes. Yet it seems unlikely that the literary organ of Bryn Mawr College meant to take up arms against Quakerism—especially when one considers the delightful recital given last year by Mr. David Bispham. He is incontestably both a Quaker and a Philadelphian, and therefore necessarily one of "our neighbors the Philistines—the name may sound ill-chosen—whose place on a statistical map in which the regions of prevalent æsthetic appreciation were done in white, would be black as Egypt's night."

Although this refutal of the "Philistine's" expressed opinion is very inadequate, still it is to be hoped that the "Philistine's" well-known fairness in giving both sides of an argument will lead him to print this letter.

E. C., 'or.

November 13, 1899.

The Freshman Play.

"And there is no new thing under the sun." So said the Freshmen, in a spirit of graceful and cheerful depreciation which won the hearts of their audience, even before the curtain rose, and the Quest of the Lantern began. But when the curtain did rise, it became very clear indeed to the spectators that there *was* something new, if not under the sun, at least under the pallid Wellsbachs of the gymnasium. New



spirit, for instance ; new music, new dancers, new—yes, upon our honor,—new jokes !

The most striking feature of this charming play was the dash and vigor with which it was conducted; a dash that never flagged, a vigor that seemed, and doubtless was the result of genuine enjoyment and good will. There was life, motion, merriment, and the interest was sustained from first to last, without effort on the part of either actors or auditors.

The authors are to be congratulated, especially Miss Cheney, whose struggles in behalf of her class were so great and so successful. Miss Phillips' Mephistopheles was one of the gracefulest bits of acting and singing that we have seen at Bryn Mawr; the choruses were excellently trained, and the stage effects really won-

derful. We never thought we should live to see such completeness and picturesqueness of scenic arrangement upon that wedge-shaped atrocity known as the Bryn Mawr stage.

We are a little dubious as to the ethical accuracy of parts of the play; for instance, we are inclined to smile whenever we recollect the expression of 1901's face when that honorable body beheld itself represented as a very guileless angel. We felt our brains rotate dizzily during our attempt to follow the flight of the Bryn Mawr Freshmen through Hades and ancient Greece, and under the depths of the sheeted sea. But perish the critic ! We loved the play; and we thank its authors, actors, and managers, and the jovial class of 1903.

De Rebus Club.

Mrs. Enid Stacy Widdrington, a member of the Fabian Society of London, addressed the De Rebus Club Thursday evening, November 16. Her subject was "The Moral Issues of the Transvaal," and the whole argument was an extenuation of the course taken by the Boers. Although Mrs. Widdrington's point of view was strictly in accordance with the anti-expansionist doctrines of socialism, yet it was not due to a misunderstanding of the principles underlying imperialism. A very clear and concise account was given of the repeated efforts of the Dutch in South Africa to free themselves from English control, and of the final establishment of an independent republic in the Transvaal. In regard to the present trouble Mrs. Widdrington showed forcibly that the position of the Boers is only natural, and that their resentment of legislative interference by gold-seeking Uitlanders is justifiable. She admitted herself that the Anglo-Saxon form of civilization is the highest that has yet been produced, and her desire for its extension by other means than those of force and Jingoism. Her severe criticism of the present policy of England in South Africa brought to light the weak points of imperialism, yet she failed to show whether the advance of a more civilized people can ever be made with the desire of the less civilized, and not at their expense. Mrs. Widdrington herself referred to the fact that the Boers established

themselves in the Transvaal only at the sacrifice of the native tribes, and excused their conduct on the ground that the savage must always fall before the white man. To be consistent, ought she not to defend the Bushmen in their struggle against the inroads of the alien Dutch?

The Presentation of Miss Thomas' Portrait.

After all, there are some ways in which we who are in college now are more fortunate than those honored predecessors to whom we have felt ourselves of late so closely drawn. They had, doubtless, the advantage, lost to us in the growth of the community, of closer intimacy with the head of the college, the faculty, and the illustrious leaders in any direction; but it is something for us to remember that our college course has seen a lasting gift to Bryn Mawr, and a recognition, prompted by sincerest gratitude, of the debt we owe our president.

There was something in the air on Saturday last akin to the spirit so absorbing and so contagious in the last week of college; and indeed there were actual reminders of Commencement Day in the unusual decoration of the chapel, the rows of trustees on the platform, the marshaled array of professors, officers and friends of the college, and last of all, the throng of returned alumnae. It was their day—theirs and ours; and

we were glad to join them in paying honor to "our president, their dean," as Marian MacIntosh named Miss Thomas in her short opening speech, dwelling on the title endeared by association. Miss MacIntosh was followed in the presentation by May Campbell, '97, representative of the more recent classes, and Edna Fischel for the students now in college.

And finally the things that we were still waiting to hear and the things that everyone had been vaguely thinking, Louise Brownell said. She reviewed the principles, the steadfast observance of which through any hindrance has made Miss Thomas the person living who has done most for women's education; exemplified them in the history of Bryn Mawr, and showed their effect on the secondary schools. Miss Brownell's closing words referred to that personal indebtedness for which words are inadequate, as they must be the expression of all the deeper human relations, but of which a portrait is perhaps the most fitting memorial.

Here was the climax, and Miss Martha Thomas, with a few words of presentation, unveiled the portrait. Of the merits of the picture it is no time to speak, until we have learned to know it by daylight; and even so, if one may judge by the universal discussion, everything has been said already. The careful and delicate study of the subject must have come with some sur-

prise to such as know Sargent only from the bold strokes of characterization and the opposed masses of light and shadow of the "Prophets," but those who from an acquaintance with his "Stevenson" and some of the later portraits, expected a more subtle apprehension and suggestion of the personality of the subject, were, I think, not disappointed. The attitude is simple and natural. Miss Thomas, dressed in gown and hood, looks out almost directly from the large dark canvas; her hands, one holding the cap, rest in her lap; the only color is given by the blue sweep of the hood, falling low over the left arm.

In receiving the portrait, Mr. Scull spoke very briefly for the trustees, and was followed by Mr. James Wood. Mr. Wood, in his address of thanks, spoke of the three great names of the college—Dr. Taylor, the founder; Dr. Rhoads, whom we who did not know him have been taught to love, and Miss Thomas, whose fortune it was that afternoon to hear more words of admiration, of gratitude, and of personal devotion than fall to the lot of most mortals in the space of years.

So the great event was over, except for those who had the pleasure of completing it in the hospitality of the Deanery: the portrait—our portrait—belongs to the college and to the future. But that future, past and present of Bryn Mawr are one, I think we cannot doubt, as authorities

and student-body, faculty and students, graduates and undergraduates, upper-classmen and lower-classmen, are one, in standing for the idea of women's education, for which it is our pride that Miss Thomas pre-eminently stands.

C. S. N., '99.

Verses.

I.

Would that I were Archimedes,
Who found wonders in a
sphere,
Or were Euclid, who could lead
his
Proofs to endings that are
clear,
Or that I had Poncelet's power,
Which one often overlooks,
I would not, like some dried
flower,
Press it in the leaves of books.
As Wilson, Taylor, Drew and
Wentworth
Store theirs for some stolid
proof,
I should use my every cent's
worth
Working Trig. and Solid. off.

II.

The bell of Taylor rings the
evening's knell,
O'er all the campus spreads a
ghostly spell,
The students homeward speed
with fiendish glee,
And leave the tables empty but
for me.
Beneath that giant head, that
monster cast,
That's made in marble so that it
will last,

I see in letters huge that seem
to boom
Like thunder in my ears, this
sign of doom:
"Silence must be maintained
within this room!"

E. C., '02.

Another Fable.

(Apologies to L. A. K.)

There was once a young girl
of some taste and discernment,
who went to college. She had
two remarkably useful customs—
those of never worrying about
what other people were doing,
and of never caring what other
people thought of her.

After she had gone on for
some time in her own way,
doing and thinking pretty much
as she chose, she suddenly dis-
covered that in her wanderings
across the campus she was be-
coming the cynosure of all eyes;
and she wondered exceedingly.

Presently the Throng, forget-
ting its manners, began to stare,
and nudge, and whisper, re-
ducing the object of its scrutiny
to a state of nervous embarrass-
ment which straightway became
self-consciousness. For she had
discovered that she possessed a
Pose, of which fact she had till
then been ignorant.

Before long, finding that the
Throng was rude as well as un-
interesting, she put on the
weapons of defiance, and went
forth in anger. And then, per-
ceiving that rudeness was closely
allied to stupidity, she began to
play tricks upon the Throng, in

order to discover how far she could dupe it into forgetting that her Pose was of its creating. Besides, it was fun to make so many people talk so much.

The game being new and amusing, she played it to the end; and the Throng stared at her as she passed, and said, "How interesting she thinks she is! She thinks we can't see through her pose! How she poses!"

An Old Letter.

From the beautiful Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, to her beloved granddaughter, Lady Diana Spenser.

Blenheim, May 22, 1727.

My Dear Dy:—You will not expect another letter from me so soon, but I have this morning made a discovery that I must communicate to someone who loves me and is loved by me. I wish I could talk to you instead, or that this paper could whisper into your ear, laid close to it, what I must be satisfied with writing. To those who knew the Duke, my husband, he has long been dead, but to me, who loved him, he has never been dead, having lived in my memory with the same vividness that he lived in my sight. Since this morning his image has been closer than ever, tenderer and gentler than ever.

You remember I showed you once an old cabinet where the Duke kept his very personal letters and his treasures. After his

death it was emptied and carried to the store-rooms. To-day I was walking in the garden alone, when a certain incident of my married life came before me. You are the first person to hear of it. Your grandfather had offended me in some slight manner and had offered no apology. I thought of a plan that would bring him to my feet, broken-hearted and humble. My hair was very blonde then, curly and luxuriant. Indeed it was the most beautiful hair at court. The Duke would sit by the hour at my shoulder and separate the curls against my neck. He loved to touch them, to look at them, and thought far more about their beauty than I did. Here was the chance to break his heart. I cut off the beloved tresses, shook out the tears of vanity that fell on them as I massed them together and laid them on his table. Weeks passed; the apology was unspoken, the heart still sound, and the several curls ignored. I would not touch them, he would not touch them. They were forgotten with the affair that sacrificed them. I stopped in my walk and fell adreaming of the only circumstance in which the Duke had showed himself proud and unfeeling. The gardener spoke to me and the past fled. But when he had left me it came again like some timid thing in need of sympathy. Involuntarily I pulled a rose and set it in my old woman's hair for I was lost in my youth. The perfume of the

flower brought the chest to my mind; the papers and letters found in it had smelled of dried roses. I left the garden, climbed step after step, only half awake to things around me, till I stood in the store-room before the cabinet. I slid back the front of the secret drawer; it creaked and resisted, but as I bent, the smell of flowers met me full in the face. I felt inside: the false bottom had warped and showed underneath a bundle of shrunken roses and dead leaves. My hand came in contact with something soft and silken. I looked closer, and burst into tears at what I saw. In a case made of roses which had shrunk till they were no bigger than straws, were the curls, shining like gold. As I touched them a paper fell out. At first I could not read it for crying so fast, but finally, by a great effort, I deciphered this dear verse:

"The head whereon these golden
beauties tossed
Has kept a purpose, but a crown
has lost;
Nor can my hand restore it:
Then let this crown whereon soft
flowers have lain
On flow'rs be laid until 'tis found
again,
With proof that I adore it."

The story is finished after this sweet poem, Dy, but I am still shivering with the exquisite pain of the discovery. What was the losing of the curls compared with the finding of his secret? I will never desert my youth again.

Let the body fail; the memory is fresh! But I could weep on your shoulder, Dy, and if you will come to me soon, I will show you the tresses, which are much lighter than my hair at present, and the precious rose-case, too. It is nothing now but gaps and yellow stains, but between the slits I see, not the coronet, but the love that was the real crown of my head, my heart and my life.

Come to me, Dy, but before you come, tell Torrismond he need not worry about his last debts. I will pay them.

Ever, my own sweet child,
Your affectionate grandmother.
C. M., '01.

"Across the Campus."

(By Caroline M. Fuller.)

"Oh, if people only knew college girls as we do, they'd never be afraid that higher education is going to put any too much sense into them."

So speaks a wise young personage in Miss Fuller's long story about college life, and, truly, very few who have read that interesting work will be inclined to disagree with her. For whatever mistakes the young ladies of Smith—to whom Miss Fuller so kindly presents us—may make, it is not on the side of too much sense that they err.

But can we consider the characters that Miss Fuller has drawn as representative of college girls as they really are? I

do not think so. Certainly they are like none that we have ever seen, and their sayings and doings fill us with wonder. Choice epigrams fall from their lips like pearls, similes and figures of speech adorn their most trivial communication. Two Freshmen converse thus: "Your idea of college, then," remarks one, "is that it resembles a huge corn-popper, into which we throw our undeveloped ideals, and when these have been shaken long enough over the fire of learning, they burst into nice fluffy kernels, which—to complete the simile—are eaten up as soon as we go out into the world?" "It would be better," replies the other, "to be eaten up than to be so tough and scorched that nobody would touch it." "Yes," the first one agrees, "but if you try to swallow another person's ideal in addition to your own, you are very likely to choke yourself and die"—and so on.

Now do Freshmen talk like this? Ours don't (bless their hearts); we are sure of this at least. No more do our Sophomores, nor our Juniors, nor our Seniors. Nor do they embrace every opportunity to deliver little moral homilies to erring friends at twilight. Let it be said here that the book is exceedingly moral. Nice girls who "try to be good" invariably come out on top in the end—naughty ones, who cheat and keep their best friends out of offices that they may get in them-

selves, are at last visited with confusion. Much of the conversation might be considered very improving, and as an example of this let me quote the remarks of two friends who are walking home from church in the moonlight:

"'Clare,' began Christine drearily, 'do you think that we ought to be condemned for falling over obstacles that are placed in our path, things that we couldn't help at all?'

"'I don't think that we shall be judged for falling over the obstacles, but for the way in which we take the bumps. Don't you remember Confucius says 'Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.'"

"'Such a quotation is like a hot-water bag to the emotions,' said Christine solemnly, and, skipping a few similar remarks. 'Then the answer to the "great question why" is "Make the most of the best that is in us,"' said Christine. 'We don't think about that often enough, Clare, not half often enough. We want other people's mists, you know—the kind that get recognition and praise. But we ought not to go back on our own, I suppose. After all, it is our own. It would be lonely if we didn't, Clare.'

"'Very, very lonely,' said Clare. 'It is like a child, you see.'"

Very proper, all this, very good and salutary, no doubt, but is it what we expect to

hear at college? For my part, I found all these things in the Sunday-school library books I used to read when I was thirteen. Indeed I should not hesitate to recommend "Across the Campus" to any such library; it is quite as moral as "Little Women," and, in parts, almost as exciting. But this is not the sort of conversation that we hear at Bryn Mawr, nor do we—as we understand the students at Smith do—spend most of our time in saying how much we love each other, or in weeping because we have not been elected class president, or have failed to make the Glee Club. These things belong to boarding schools, they do not happen here.

It may be argued that Smith and Bryn Mawr are very different, and that the picture Miss Fuller gives us may perfectly well be true of that college. Indeed we do know there is a difference, and we can not help feeling that there is about our college an atmosphere of much greater dignity and earnestness. The responsibility placed upon us by our system of self-government, and the high standard we try to maintain in our work—work which even the idlest of us regard with the sincerity and interest of those who have taken up their task of their own free will, not because it was imposed or enforced by others—these both go to make the life here more serious, to place it on a higher intellectual plane than

that of Smith. Yet even allowing for the difference that we know to exist, we can not feel that Miss Fuller's representation is adequate or true, for there is a certain esprit de corps, a certain intellectual companionship that must exist wherever there is a community that is held together by the common interest of learning, and this she has entirely failed to reproduce.

L. A. K., 'oo.

The Violin.

Her name was Dorothy Rubini, and I first got to know her—but that is a long story. I always knew that the history of her life was romantic and interesting—one could tell that by looking at her—but just who she was and where she came from remained a mystery to me, until what she called my "infinite kindness" to her sick husband made her open her heart to me one day. And then, too, for the first time, she allowed me to enter the rooms; those two dingy, top-floor rear rooms in which she and her husband had lived ever since they first came to New York. I remember the conversation as if it were yesterday: the haughtiness of her face and manner when she first asked me to come in, and the sudden melting away of all her pride in the passionate outburst with which she began her story. She was not a beautiful woman, but she had a voice so warm and rich and low that if she had spoken in Italian, of which I do not know a word, I

should have understood all she told me. Her story was the old one of the girl early given into the hands of the Sisters of the Church, of her first accidental meeting with her future lover, of flight and marriage. He was a young musician, an Italian like herself, who had made a large reputation in one season at Paris. And that was even before he possessed the violin which was to become the source of almost all the joy and sorrow in the lives of these two people. Together they had stolen the Stradivarius from the antiquarian collection of her father, and the curses which he rained down upon them and upon it had followed them across the Atlantic and through all the seven years of their married life. For seven years they had gone from city to city in a constant struggle against starvation, for pupils were always hard to find at first, and to become known in a place meant danger of discovery. They had been in New York for a year, because the illness of her husband made it impossible for them to get away.

She took me into the room where he lay in the last stages of consumption. It was almost dark, and on a bed right by the window I could see a man holding a dark object in his arms. He did not hear us enter, for as we closed the door behind us he began to play on the violin he held. Sweet and soft and clear it began, and as he went on playing the tones grew fuller and deeper until each note rang out like a cry of passion and of mad-

ness. He stopped and the silence itself seemed to sing.

When I left them Dorothy whispered to me, "There has been no money to get a doctor. He is very ill, but we are in God's hands. If we sold the violin he would die. It has been our life and our love, and would you have us sell our own child?"

"The Lantern."

Students are notified that the final date fixed by "The Lantern" Board for the receipt of MSS. is February 26.

Louise Buffum Congdon,
Editor-in-Chief.

Alumnæ Notes.

'89

Elizabeth Blanchard is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

'92—.

Elizabeth Ware Winsor Pier-
son has a baby girl, born No-
vember 13.

'95.

Anne Coleman has announced her engagement to Monsieur Cavallo, a Spaniard by birth and a Frenchman by naturalization. M. Cavallo is at work in Richet's Laboratory in Paris. The wed-
ding is to take place the eighteenth of December.

'96

Helen Haines, who is still abroad, has announced her en-
gagement.

'99.

May Cadet Schoneman an-
nounces her engagement to Mr.
Sachs, of Philadelphia.

Horace's First Ode, Revised.

Oh, Maecenas atavis edite regibus,
 List to a Freshman plaint, nor think we would make a fuss;
 Why did you lead old Horace to think he could make a hit,
 Why inspire those lines which none of us like a bit?
 Different your ode had been, had Horace consulted us,
 Oh, Maecenas atavis edite regibus.

Hobson's Solo.

(Tune, "Dinah.")
 Ever since I reached this dwelling,
 Oh, my heart's been sore oprest,
 And the painful doubt is willing,
 As to which I like the best;
 If there comes another charmer here
 To steal away my heart,
 I shall tell her that you have not left a part, for—

Chorus:

Bo-Peep, your charms are wondrous,
 Your eyes, oh Pocahontas!
 And as for Queen Eliza,
 Fairest lady, kiss me, Lizzie, do!

Translation from Anacreon.

Dame Nature gave to cattle horns,
 Swift feet to every hare,
 To all the horses solid hoofs,
 To lions teeth to tear.
 To fishes fins, to birds their wings,
 To man a love of arms—
 For woman no defence was left
 To guard her 'gainst all harms.
 What, then, did Nature give her child?
 Her beauty, wondrous dower!
 O'er man, and beast, the universe,
 Fair woman has all power.

L. M. W., '02.

Thoughts.

O moon, when thou didst rise from ocean's foam,
 Where 'tis thy wont throughout the day to roam,
 Didst thou behold upon the tossing sea
 The forms of all the thoughts that are to be?

To-morrow as thou risest from the brine,
 I beg you see if any should be mine,
 Awake them from their slumber on the sea,
 Unfurl their wings and send them unto me.

G. L. J. 1900.



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We took & hied us out with speed
Alas 'twas out of sight indeed

B M^G

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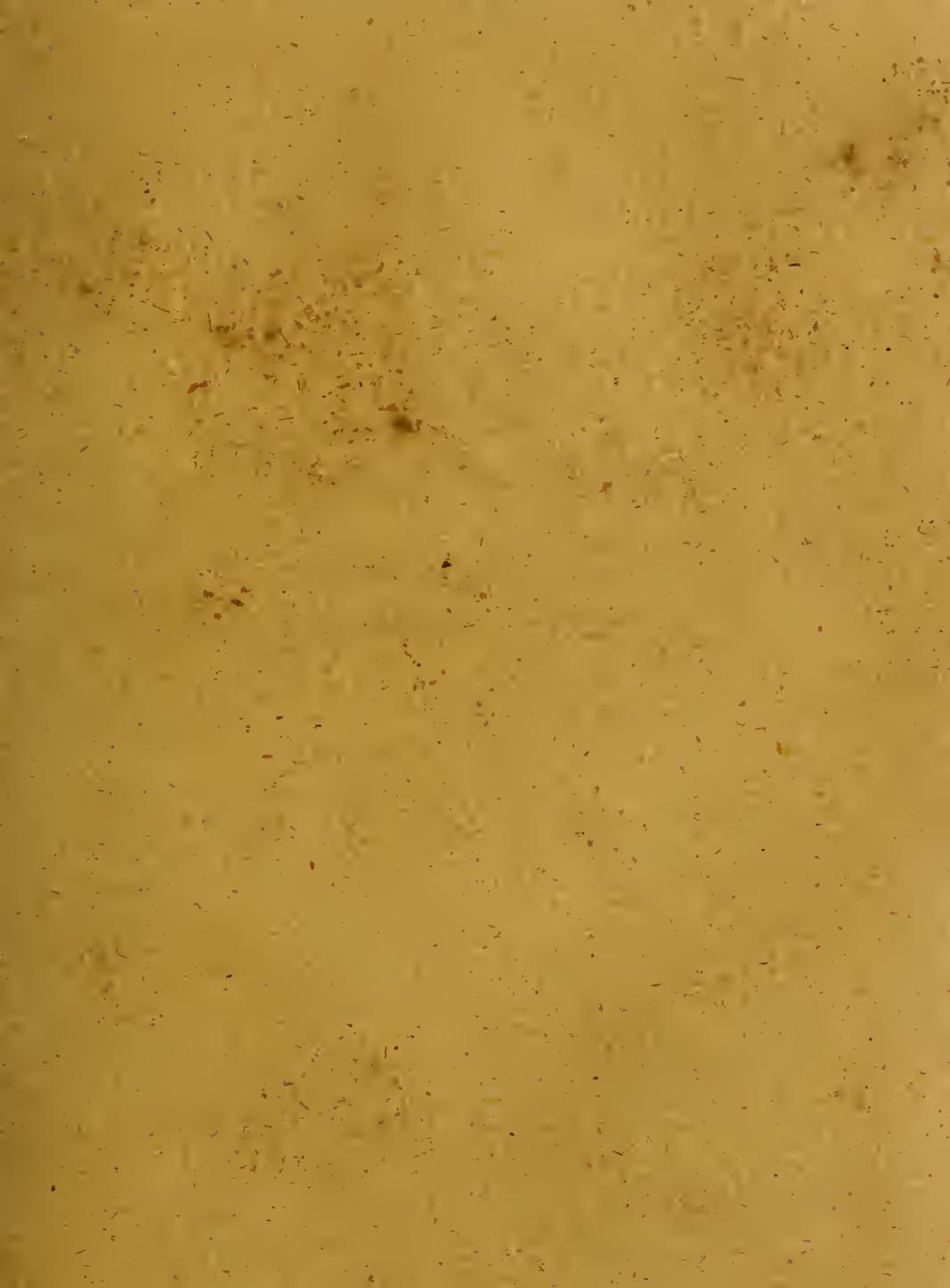
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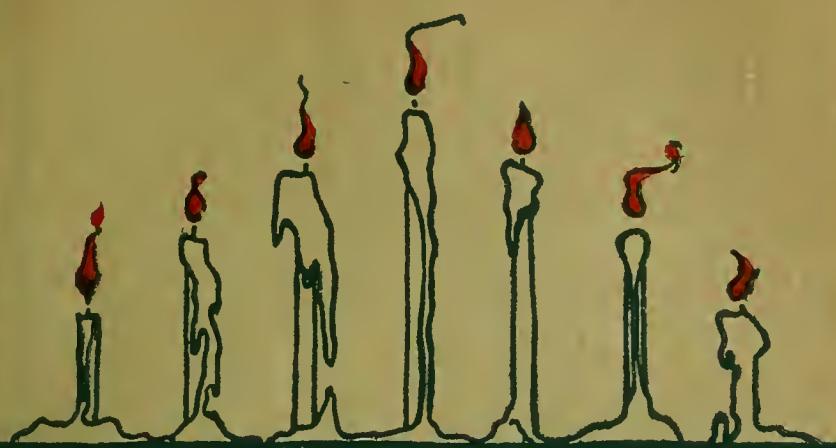
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THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY OF PUNJAB

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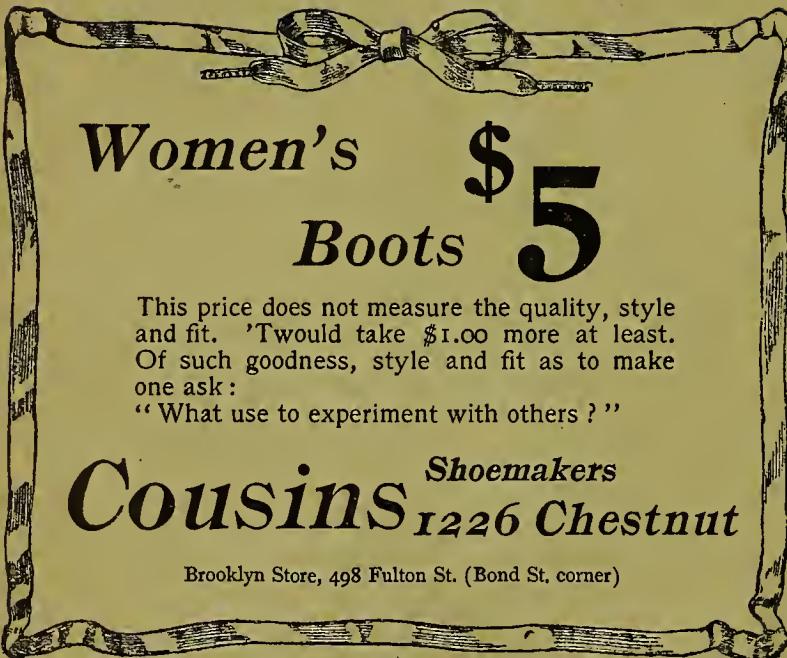
• CHRISTMAS •

• MDCCCXCIX •



Fortnightly Philistine





Women's \$
Boots 5

This price does not measure the quality, style
and fit. 'Twould take \$1.00 more at least.
Of such goodness, style and fit as to make
one ask :

"What use to experiment with others?"

Cousins *Shoemakers*
1226 Chestnut

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FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

Published Fortnightly at Bryn Mawr

The Fortnightly Philistine.

Donee·virenti·canities·obest morosa.

GLJ

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Dec 22, 1899. I.C.C.

Vol. VI. One Dollar and Twenty Cents per Year. No. 4.

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The PHILISTINE extends a hearty Christmas greeting to his readers, hoping that they will all have a very merry vacation and that they will get the presents that they desire—that is provided that they are modest in their wants. We cannot all, like the Chicago girl, expect to get a piano, a desk and a slate in the toes of our stockings, for, alas and alack! Bryn Mawr students can hardly expect to find anything there, as the "toes of their stockings" have a mysterious way of disappearing very frequently, and the seamstress, with

all her efforts, will never be able to charm them back again so early in the vacation as December 25. The PHILISTINE would warn Bryn Mawrters in regard to one more thing. Be sure before you start home that you possess one stocking marked with your own name, that you may not get somebody else's presents, like the little girl in the story.

The PHILISTINE does not hang up his stocking. (He is now sporting a new holiday coat, but socks remain for him an unheard of luxury.) And consequently

he never received a Christmas present in all his life. But then he gives no gifts, and so has no bills to pay either. He thus comes out quite as well at the end. And besides he is spared the annoyance of putting annually on his library shelves five copies of the same Christmas story bound in white and gold, with his name written neatly in the front of each. And he does not receive four silver inkstands and three silver powder-boxes, with his initials on each. His maiden aunts do not consider it their duty to give him several brocade bags made of Polly's wedding dress, or Great Aunt Sue's golden wedding gown; his cousins never tempt him with baskets of home-made candy. And to him are denied the joys and sorrows of tying up in white paper the many gifts that nothing would persuade him to keep in order that they may be preserved until the next year. (All but calendars, which will not keep over.) How the *PHILISTINE* does wish he could whisper just one word about French and German books into the ears of the Seniors' friends!

May the snow stay away that Santa Claus' automobile may not be "stalled" (a snowy Christmas is completely out of date nowadays), and may we all have a Merry Christmas!

If the *PHILISTINE* makes very little mention of the Senior orals, this is by no means because he is not as sympathetic with 1900 as

with all the classes which have gone before. He has a certain delicacy about mentioning this subject so early in the season. And he knows very well that if, later on, he should have anything to say about the orals, he will still have a large audience, anxious and ready to listen to his words of wisdom.

The School for Scandal.

The successful rendering of Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," on Friday evening last, is a striking illustration of how wise it is to aim high and to attempt the almost impossible,—and so to produce something which may fairly rank as an achievement.

The chief character, "Joseph Surface," is full of difficulty for the amateur; and Miss Ritchie's rendering was intelligent and finished. She managed by restrained and expressive action, and by subtle change of expression to convey a very fair impression of smiling villainy. Miss Ritchie, we may add, seemed entirely unconscious of her hands and feet, and in consequence they became as expressive as her face.

Miss Daly is to be heartily congratulated. The difficulties of managing a play so that it passes off without a hitch, and at the same time sustaining the chief feminine rôle, can be fairly estimated only by one who has been either stage manager or leading lady. Miss Daly was at her best in the later scenes with "Sir Peter" and "Joseph Surface,"

especially in the screen-scene, in which emotional intensity lent force to her acting.



In a play so full of "fat" parts it is impossible to speak at length of all. The rôles of "Lady Sneerwell," "Mrs. Candour" and "Maria" were well filled. We would also especially mention the capital acting of Miss Parris and Miss Southgate as "Sir Benj. Backbite" and "Mr. Crabtree" and the very easy joviality of Miss Houghton, who made a very delightful figure of careless and irresponsible youth as "Charles Surface." Miss Spencer was an excellent fussy and blustering "Sir Peter," and the very difficult rôle of "Sir

Oliver" was well done by Miss Lord.

The ensemble scenes were unusually well managed, especially the drinking scene in "Charles Surface's" house, where excellent judgment was shown in substituting rollicking mirth for the ribald sport of stage rendering. The song with its noisy chorus was sung in a charming way and with great spirit by Miss Farquhar.

The alumnae on the front row had little to say of the performance but praise. They regretted that the simplicity of the earlier days seemed to be out of date, and that real satin and velvet, with a proportionate increase in "necessary expenses," had taken the place of paper muslin at 4c. a yard and double-faced canton flannel, while she acknowledged that the costumes were very effective, and the actors looked as if they had stepped out of Abbey's illustrations.

The thing was well worth doing, and it was done well. May there be many more such plays!

The Martyrdom of Job.

On a bright June day the little Ferry school house dazzles the eyes of the accidental passer-by, as it perches in shining isolation on the rocky rise by the roadside; but on this late afternoon in December it was only a dull gray patch against the matchless purity of the fresh fallen snow and the blackness of the cheerless tree trunks. The tone of the schoolhouses, however, was far

from the thoughts of young Job Anderson as he kicked his stubborn way toward the woods behind this building of mingled memories. There was a certain satisfaction to his irritated mind in being a pioneer in road making—for the sparrows and the squirrels had traced but ephemeral tracks—yet to any intelligent listener, had such happened near, it would have been of limpid clearness that Job was at the moment justifying his woe-ful name.

"He aint!" he muttered furiously, as he lunged with one foot at an oak-root. "He aint, he aint, he aint!"

And goaded to exasperation by the sting of spoken words, he flung a hastily moulded snow-ball at a visible chip munk. A quick scattering of living things set quivering the lighter branches of the surrounding trees, while Job broke into a determined run that soon brought him to the spot where the "ever greens" grew. The rapidity with which he tore up through the light snow the long feathering vines, and with which he trotted back up the slope to the school-house with his arms full of greenness, gave but another proof that his feeling was not as yet all expressed.

As he came up to his goal, the windows suddenly became yellow blurs on the gayness, and Job thought of supper, which comes a little after lamp lighting. He was relieved of his burden at once on entering, and as he was of no service to the quick-fingered girls who were weaving

wreaths, he retired to the circle of his own kind by the big black stove.

"Say, Hen," he whispered to the boy next him, "did the Lewis feller tell you 'bout his Christmas?"

"Naw," retorted Hen, with the superiority of an added year, "I don't talk much to new boys."

"Well, say, Hen, I think he's an orful liar," with voice dropped low.

"Better not let Mr. Ware hear you say that," replied Hen with a grim chuckle. "I tell yer we're careful 'bout the words we use these days."

"Who cares for Mr. Ware? He's new, too," responded Job, emboldened by such sarcasm, and then, with little regard for sequence of pronouns: "He jest plain lies, he does. He says he's goin' ter get three presents on the Christmas tree, 'sides his orange, and I say he ain't, so there! Nobody has more'n two, never, and I guess a bran' new feller like him ain't goin' to begin!"

"Well, I dunno," said the cautious elder. "My cousin Tom, he had four up in Middletown."

"Huh, that's a city!" said contemptuous Job. "If he does, I'm just goin' to smash his face for him, I am. And anyhow, he ain't!"

Unfortunately for Job, these hot sentences fell on the comparative silence which had followed the sticking the last pink tissue paper rose in the last evergreen wreath, and which denoted

a falling back to admire. A general turning of heads jerked Job's own to meet the gaze of many eyes. The hush was broken by Mr. Ware's gently severe voice.

"Job, my boy, this is the season of peace and good-will. Are you not in charity with your neighbor?"

"He ain't my neighbor!" blurted out the offender. He lives on the back road."

"Job, Job," repeated the minister, ignoring such ignorance. "You know that we cannot let any little boy come to our Christ-may tree who will bring the spirit of discord. My boy, you must recant—take back—those words here and now, or I must ask you not to come here to-morrow night."

Such a stringent measure as keeping from the festivity even the blackest of culprits in the little Ferry community was a novelty that brought an almost audible gasp from the onlookers at this battle of words. There was a general exchange of glances and an atmosphere of disapproval, but this was the minister's own party, so that no one ventured to speak.

"You must choose, Job," said Mr. Ware, with an added sternness which he hoped would be effective, "which will you do?"

In the breathless silence that followed this ultimatum, Job's answer, heralded by the dull redness of his round little face and the flash of his round blue eyes, fell like a cannon shot:

"He's a *darn* liar. There!"

The schoolhouse door banged behind Job before anyone re-

covered speech. As he skurried down the road in the hope of getting supper before he could be sent thrashed to bed, the icy tears ran down his half-frozen cheeks, and thrusting his numb hands deep into his manly pockets he said aloud, in the triumphant tone of the martyr, who has proved his cause by giving up his life:

"Well, he aint, anyhow!"

Santa Claus Mistake—A Story for Children.

"If it's because I hate to go to school," said little Sarah to herself, "or because I am bad—I most always am—then I suppose it's all right, but if it's because I've got a snub nose and I can't keep my hands clean, and father's poor, then I think he's a mean old thing."

Most little girls and boys would be perfectly surprised to hear that any child could speak so of Santa Claus, but as a matter of fact he had not always been very good to little Sarah, and we don't usually feel very fond of people who are not good to us. When she was very little she had not minded because she had not thought much about it, and then she had always been taken to the beautiful tree at the Sunday-school, and that had seemed to her all that heart could desire. But now when she thought how every year Santa Claus had passed over the little stocking

hung up so carefully in the cottage—poor little stocking, that was a little larger each year—and always left his pretty things for the little girl who lived farther up the street, she did not understand why things were so unfair, and she called Santa Claus “a mean old thing,” and added, with a decided shake of her head, “I perfectly hate him.”

After all it does seem as if the old gentleman was something of a snob. Everyone has a fault, of course, and perhaps that is his. It is certain that he shows a decided preference toward bestowing his gifts on the rich and fortunate, and that sleigh which waits so long before the chimneys of great houses or often known to pass the little ones without leaving a sign. “But” you say, “is not the old saint wise in seeing that those that have much want many things, and those that have little, few?” Now, then, he would be wiser still if he understood that sometimes the gifts that the rich child does not want at all would bring a happiness like heaven itself to the poor one.

Well, there are two ways of looking at every question, and Sarah held one view, Santa Claus the other, and perhaps that was the secret of their misunderstanding.

Yet, though Sally did call him a “mean old thing,” she was not foolish enough to risk losing what she might get, because she knew that it would not be all she wanted. So she was preparing

to hang up her stocking this Christmas eve. Her Aunt Louisa, who was very rich and lived in a far-off city had sent a bundle of old things quite recently, as she did every once in a while. Among the things there was a pair of red silk stockings of Cousin Amelia’s, of which the little lady had grown tired, and it was one of these that Sarah selected and hung up in her little attic room.

When everything was ready the child blew out her candle—for young as she was she had learned to do things for herself—and jumped between the cold sheets of her little cot bed. There, curled up in the darkness, she pitied herself into a storm of tears and cried herself to sleep, as children so often do and no one knows.

Two o’clock was striking as Santa Claus stepped hastily in through the window—the chimney was much too tiny for him to think of attempting to go through it. He was very much flustered at being so late.

“Phew!” he said, “how late I am—must hurry like every thing if I am going to get around with all these things to-night. What!” catching sight of the gay stocking, “what’s this—silk stocking? Ah!” examining the piece of tape that was stitched across the top. “Amelia Lane —must have moved—lucky I looked;” and hastily selecting a handful of toys from his pack he thrust some into the stocking, placed others on the floor below

it, and disappeared through the window hastily, muttering as he went, "Dear, dear! how late I am!" Then over the top of the cottage went the sound of the snapping whip, and the sleigh whistled by through the frosty night. But Sarah in her small cot had seen nothing. Her tears had dried up on her pillow hours ago, and she was sleeping soundly without even a catch in her breathing as a sign of the late storm.

Long before it was light a small white figure with cold, bare feet, stretched a timid, groping hand toward the stocking that hung, strangely contorted, in the dimness. How knobby it felt! Why, it was quite full of things, up to the very top. Quickly it was pulled down, and two excited little hands that trembled so they could hardly hold it, began with quick fingers to pull out the gifts that were inside. The land without was all so white that it sent a dim light in through the window and Sarah's eyes could hardly believe what she could only half see. First came the jolliest jumping-jack, sticking out of the stocking in the most absurd way just as you must have seen them in Christmas picture books; then came a beautiful ball—red and blue—that looked as if it could bounce as high as the ceiling at least; and then—yes! actually—a paint box with twelve colors in it and six long brushes; then something soft, which turned out to be a

pair of blue silk mittens; then a large orange and a transparent bag full of bright colored candies; then—Sarah was nearing the toe now—a barley rabbit, and last, tucked away at the very end, was the dearest tiny silver thimble that ever was seen. Ah, it was all too good to be true. And even while Sarah hardly dared wink lest all these beautiful things should disappear, she caught sight of something that the growing light now revealed to her, which made her look and look again before she could believe. There, just below the place where her stocking had hung, sitting bolt upright on a big picture book, was the most wonderful doll that she had ever imagined, with joints, and eyes that opened and shut, and little bronze shoes—but it would take all day to describe all the charms of this most remarkable dolly. Sarah hugged her new treasure tight—oh, old rag baby in the corner, your day is over—almost too happy at first to breathe; then she moved the arms and legs to see if they really were jointed, and kissed the cold china face. Then she went to the window and pressed her small nose against the frosty glass to see if she could see any tracks of the reindeer in the snow. But there was not a sign, not even the tracks of an early-rising sparrow, nothing but the smooth, white land and the same old black trees, with the same old gray sky behind them. And yet they all seemed

different to Sarah. "Dear, good Santa Claus," she said, "I don't think you're a mean old thing, and I don't hate you now."

This is the end, and you see it is really an immoral little story, because the old gentleman gets the praise he does not deserve, and the small girl gets the things that were never intended for her. But who cares anyway, and what difference does it make?

"But little Amelia?" you ask. "What about her?" Well, I will tell you. When poor old Santa Claus arrived at her house and discovered his mistake he was terribly distressed. Here was the last house he had to go to, and there was nothing left now but a homely little rag baby—perhaps you can guess for whom it was meant. There was nothing to be done now and daylight was coming fast, so Santa thrust the poor rag baby into the stocking and hurried away. And who knows but little Amelia loved this dolly better than all her others—she had never had one like this before, she had at least seventeen of the other kind, and they were always getting broken.

L. A. K., 1900.

Rollo at the Fudge Party.

"Rollo," said Mr. Holliday, one fine morning, "brush your hat and get a clean pocket handkerchief. I am going to take you to Bryn Mawr."

Rollo did as he was bid, and when they were seated in the train he asked: "Father, what is Bryn Mawr?"

"Bryn Mawr, my son," replied Mr. Holliday, removing his spectacles, "is an institution for the enlightenment of young women where they make tea every afternoon." This impressed Rollo very much, but he was too well-trained a boy to ask any more questions while he saw his father reading a newspaper.

So he looked out at the scenery, until the conductor called out *Bryn Mawr*.

Outside was waiting for them a handsome chaise, painted black. There were many young ladies inside the chaise and outside, too, but Rollo spread his pocket handkerchief on the floor and sat on it and was quite comfortable.

As they neared Pembroke he said to Mr. Holliday:

"Father, I have discovered why they call this a bus."

"Why, Rollo?" asked his father, glad to see his son learning to reason for himself.

"Because a little more and it would be bust," said Rollo, looking sadly up at the roof.

They leaped from the chaise as it thundered over the marble pavement under the arch. Far down the hall of Pembroke glimmered a dim light. From unseen regions came the sound of voices raised in song.

"Is it a church?" whispered Rollo.

"Nay," said his father. "Listen, my son."

The voices were chanting:

"Here's to Bryn Mawr College,
Drink her down, drink her down."

They pushed open the first door and went in. There were girls all over the lounge, on the arms of the chairs, on the floor.

"Father," gasped Rollo, "what are all these young ladies in this place for?"

"To learn gymnastic exercises," explained Mr. Holliday.

One of the young college students now came forward, and in her charming Bryn Mawr manner asked the visitors to sit down.

Mr. Holliday took possession of a large green arm-chair, which was fortunately empty; and Rollo, seeing no other place vacant, spread his pocket handkerchief in the corner and sat on it. He was grieved to find he had sat in a plate of fudge, which had just been set there to cool.

Meanwhile Mr. Holliday ate a sandwich with great relish and then said to Rollo: "Jonas has not come. I will go in search of him," but the green arm-chair had recently been painted, and he found it impossible to move.

"Never mind, Rollo," he said (Rollo didn't mind), "you may wander in search of the delinquent Jonas yourself."

Rollo found his guide, philosopher and friend seated on Taylor steps, making a basket-ball out of an old glove.

"What are you doing, Jonas?" he asked.

"I have been watching the Freshmen play basket-ball," said Jonas, "and I have noted some difficulty in getting the ball into

the basket, so I have invented a method that will revolutionize the game. With my pocket magnet, I have magnetized the rim of the so-called basket, and around the ball (holding up the now finished basket-ball), I will place this magnetized hair-pin, borrowed from the captain of the team, so that when the ball is thrown upward, it will be attracted through the hole."

"Father is eating all the fudge," said Rollo. "You had better come along."

It was growing late and soon after they reached the fudge party. Mr. Holliday declared that he must tear himself away, which he succeeded in doing, though slowly. Then, alas! Rollo was nowhere to be found.

"I fear the fudge was too much for him," said Jonas. "At home we fed him exclusively on Pettijohn's Breakfast Food."

He was discovered at last behind the chafing-dish, so completely absorbed in the last number of the *PHILISTINE*, as to be entirely oblivious to everything about him. At what happier moment can we leave our hero?

Biology for the Young.

I.

Th' Amoeba is a pretty thing,
But—very sad to tell—
You'll find if you examine it,
It's all a perfect sell.

II.

The Hydre is a curious beast,
As always has been said,
For when it tries to walk about,
It stands upon its head.

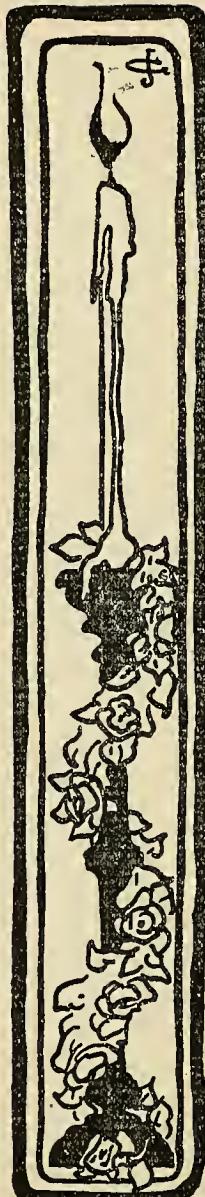
C. H. S., 'oo.



Christmas.

Heartily sing
To the Christmas king
From earth, erstwhile His
dwelling,
All men whose world by love
is built,
All men for whom love's life is
spilt
Without account or telling.
Heartily sing
To the Christmas king
From earth His habitation;
Love's sake it was for which He
came
Where He laid aside His mighty
name
And heavenly adoration;
Love's light in which He walked
alway,—
Through the crowded streets
where the sick folk lay,
On the mountain summits
lonely.
Heartily sing
To the Christmas king,
Whose kingdom comes in frost
and snow
To tenement-top as to manger
low,
So love be found there only.

C. S. N., '99.



Life at Newnham.

Newnham College is situated about half a mile from Cambridge, close to the village from which it takes its name.

The College buildings consist of three halls, Sedgwick, Clough and Old Hall, and contain about 170 students in all. The Halls are connected with covered passages, into which open the Library and Lecture Rooms. The Laboratory is a separate building and the highest point in the grounds, is crowned by a small observatory to which the students are occasionally invited to inspect Lebanon or the moon.

The grounds contain six grass tennis courts and five gravel ones, two fives' courts, two hockey grounds, a gymnasium and a bicycle shed. Each student has a room to herself, and under no circumstances are student allowed to sleep together.

There are two or three single suites for students and every lecturer has two rooms. The size of the room varies according to the fees paid by the student, the ordinary rooms being about as big as the one hundred and fifty dollar room at Bryn Mawr.

The total fees, allowing for an ordinary room, are \$375. This includes electric light and open coal fires for the college year, a period of twenty-five weeks, divided into three terms of about eight weeks each.

Students are not admitted to Newnham before the age of eighteen, and the Tripos involves

a course of three years' study. The best students are allowed to remain for a fourth year, but no one may reside in College for longer than four years, except, of course, a lecturer.

The conduct of the students is in the hands of the Vice-Principal in each Hall, though any grave case of misconduct is reported to the Principal, Mrs. Sedgwick, who, with her husband, Professor Sedgwick, lives in a flat in the newest part of the College.

The students are expected to pay a social call upon the Principal at least once a term, and she comes to dine in the Hall about once a week. On these occasions she presides at the High Table, and the Vice-Principal summons several of the students to meet her.

The "High" is placed at the upper end of each Hall, and during breakfast and lunch is reserved for the Vice-Principal and resident lecturers and their guests, but the students are called to the "High" every day for dinner.

This is a doubtful honor; generally reserved for those who come in late.

Prayers are read in the Hall by the Vice-Principal at 8 a. m., and breakfast is from 8.15 to 9. But the wily students, and they are many, stay in bed until 8.30, and slip into Hall at 8.55, just in time to seize their tea and bread and jam from the hands of the harpy-like maids. They swallow this in haste, keeping

an uneasy eye on the door, for the Vice-Principal is known to disapprove of late rising.

The students have no permanent seats in the dining-hall and may sit at whatever table they please, with the exception of the "High." At breakfast each girl is obliged to put a mark against her name in the roll-book provided for the purpose. When breakfast is over, the Vice-Principal looks over the book in order to find out if any of the students are ill or absent. In the former case meals are sent upstairs, free of charge. Any student who does not wish to come to breakfast may have it in bed, if she can induce a friend to carry it up to her. Lectures and work go on from 9 to 1. All students, with the exception of those who are reading classics, attend university lectures in Cambridge in common with the men, but the total number of lectures attended by each student is not more than about six hours a week, in addition to three or four hours private reading.

On Saturday, lectures and work go on as usual. Luncheon is ready at 1.15. The food is placed on sideboards and each student helps herself, so the meal is a hurried and informal one.

Quiet hours begin again at 3.30, lasting until 6, and the early part of the afternoon is spent in some form of out-door exercise, preferably hockey or fives. Afternoon tea is provided in Hall from 3 to 4.30, and most

people work from half-past four to six, when they are supposed to dress for dinner at 6.30. At this meal exact punctuality is expected, and as a matter of fact no one is more than a few minutes late.

During dinner each student present is marked in the roll-book by the Vice-Principal, who surveys the room from her seat at the High.

It is by no means easy to distinguish the students, and at the beginning of term this is quite a long process.

The various societies hold their meetings from 7 till 7.45. On Monday the College discusses politics in a mock House of Commons. On Tuesday the Musical Society practices. On Wednesday the Sharp Practice Society (an informal debating club) holds its meetings. On Thursday the students dance in the Clough Dining Hall. On Friday the musical students give an informal concert to the rest, and on Saturdays the Literary Societies meet. In addition to this program there is a debating club, to which all the students belong. This club meets twice a term to discuss a given motion; the debates are fixed, lasting about two hours, after which there is dancing, and each student is allowed to invite a visitor. The Principal and Lecturers are present and many of them join in the debate.

There are annual hockey and tennis matches between the Halls.

Students are not allowed to go to the theatre, except to a matinee, and then only when chaperoned, but they may go to evening concerts and lectures if accompanied by a chaperon.

At 7.45 the gong sounds for tea, and after this meal each student is provided with milk in a pitcher, which she takes to her room to use in making cocoa.

Quiet hours last from 8 to 10, and from 10 to 11 the Halls are redolent of cocoa, and girls in their dressing gowns go from one room to another. At 11 they are supposed to go to bed, and all loud noises must cease. But the most hardened groups and the Fresh, who tries to ape her elders, will sit up until midnight. Even these, however, go to bed at last.

But it is impossible to gather any clear idea of Newnham from this hasty sketch, particularly as the most important features of it are indefinable.

One fact, however, should be dwelt upon. The women lecturers reside, for the most part, in the College Halls, and thus a very wide gulf separates even the fourth year student from the "don." Most of us, when we leave College, feel that among our Newnham friends we can reckon at least one member of the staff.

A. R. H.

All coons look alike to me

"All coons look alike to me!" sang little black Joe in supreme

enjoyment. Just then a clod of earth hit him in the back of the neck, and his mouth automatically let out a yelp of pain, though the expression of his round face did not change. He spun around on one bare heel and made a dash back through the crowd in search of his assailant. Springing aside just in time to avoid the point of Elder Johnston's umbrella, he cannoned into his mother's ample knees. He dodged too late to escape her ready hand and voice:

"My sakes, chile, ain' you ole enough to quit a-singin' sacdiligious songs insultin' your kith, kin, an' color!" (With her Sunday clothes Aunt Hester put on her company vocabulary.) "Don' you see as how Elder Johnston's gettin' speritchilly moved? Ef your mammy hadn't been right smart in heavin' that clod er dirt at you, you'd er been exhorted from the high pulpit!"

After that there was no chance for Joe to slip away from the fat hand on his collar, and he meekly submitted to the inevitable. The throng of colored folk entered the church and settled down on the hard benches. Joe kept an eye on Elder Johnston seated on the platform next to the visiting revivalist. When the latter rose and announced: "Our good brudder will now lead us in pra'r." Joe edged nearer to Aunt Hester, and his little brown toes wiggled in mingled anticipation and fear.

The Elder stepped to the pul-

pit, clasped his knotted hands together, and began his prayer. Unlike most preachers, he did not close his eyes as he prayed. Many a worldly-minded member of the congregation had felt qualms of conscience on meeting with those aged bloodshot eyes, fixed upon her if she glanced up from the back of the pew in front of her during the prayer. It was said that 'Lijah Brown had been a pillar of the church since the Elder's prayer contained the following sentences: "O'h, Lord, ef so be es you was er lookin' down upon this congregation, troo de failin' eyes of me your pore servant, you'd see a sight what'd grieve you es hit does me. How, oh my good Lord, hez 'Lijah Brown de impudence to bite off er chaw er tobaccer behine de pew jest 'cause he knows ez all 'ligious folks is a-holdin' down their hails in meek an' lowly speret. Have pity on him, good Lord, eben ef he did stoled de terbaccer from de lef' han' coat pocket of B'r'r Eph Jones who hez the on-happiness to be settin' by sides this brackened sinner!"'

Another rumor had it that a change in heart had been expected in a frivolous belle, by the timely exhortation:

"Tek, I beseeches you, de pride outer Sister Simmonses heart, an' learn her to keep her hair neater, an' her eyes shet durin' my pra'r."

No wonder then, that the sin of singing on the way to church made small Joe palpitate with

the fear of being "exhorted from the high pulpit."

It was the general opinion afterward that Elder Johnston's prayer on the Sunday in question was not up to his usual standard for the first ten minutes. But when he drew a deep breath, and paused before taking a fresh start, a rustle of pious expectation ran through the congregation. Aunt Hester gave her husband a vigorous dig in the ribs to wake him up, lest a public example be made of him.

"Come down, good Lord!" began the Elder. "Come chasin' down ober the mountings. Come down, a debbil dribin' an' a-sinner huntin'. Come down, an' drike outer de sacred edifice de little brack debbils what sings wicked songs on Sunday; chase dem hence, good Lord, befo' they corrupts wid sulphur an' brimstone dem that's righteous!"

Joe waited to hear no more. To his lively imagination the wrath of Heaven seemed at his heels in corporeal form every step of the way as he fled from the pew down the village street and out into the country to his home. When Hester reached the cabin some hours later, refreshed and strengthened by her mental upheaval, she had forgotten the disgrace which had befallen her offspring. So it was with a cry of astonishment that she greeted the sight of a round kinky head thrust cautiously from beneath the valance of the bed, and the sound of a timorous voice querying:

"Has the Lord stopped dribbin' debbils yet, mammy?"

"La chile! how you done frighten mammy! The Lord ain' goin' ter git you this hunt. Come out an' see ef mammy can't fin' you some bread an' 'lasses."

So it was a very sticky mouth that opened very wide to shout around the corner of the house at Elder Johnston on the latter's way home from church:

"I don' lub you nohow. All coons look alike to me!"

Alumnae Notes.

'94.

Fay McCracken is to be married December 5.

'95.

Rosalie Furman is teaching in New York this winter.

'96.

Elsa Bowman is taking a graduate course in mechanics at Columbia, in addition to teaching at the Bearly.

Elizabeth Cadbury expects to go abroad this winter.

Ellen Rose Giles is doing private tutoring in New York.

Georgiana King is teaching at Miss Graham's school, New York.

'97.

Sue Follansbee was married November 8 to Mr. William G. Hibbard, of Chicago. Eunice Follansbee, '03, was maid of honor, and Madeline Harris, '95, was one of the bridesmaids.

Margaret Hamilton is doing research work at the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Clara Landsberg has a position as librarian in Rochester.

'98.

Anne Strong has moved to Washington.

Josephine Goldmark is taking graduate work in psychology at the Teachers' College.

Charly Mitchell is living in New York, and taking courses in history and sociology at Columbia.

N. B. 1902.

Oh, Sophomores,
Our class deplores
What it misunderstood,
And thought your deed was evil,
Which, of course, you meant for
good.

But now we see
Quite perfectly,
Your instincts were most kind;
We wonder, when we think of it,
That we could be so blind.

For on that day
Before our play
We thought you meant to tease,
When all our pretty posters
You kindly hung in trees.

We give you thanks,
Because your pranks,
Were means to better ends;
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By you, our loving friends!

I. L., 1903.



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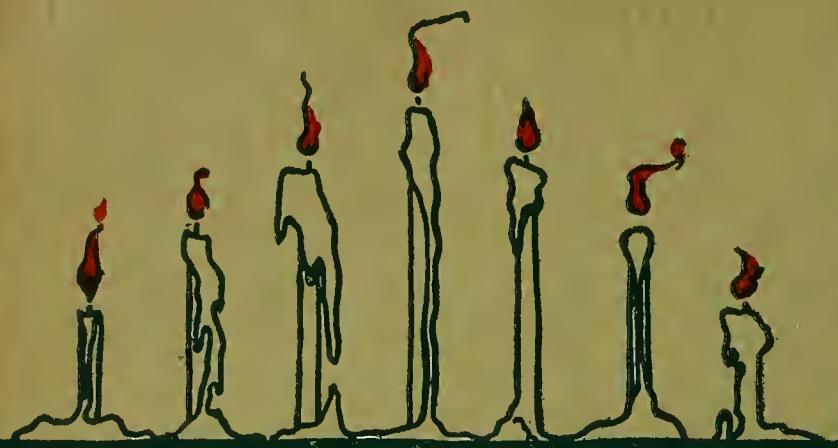
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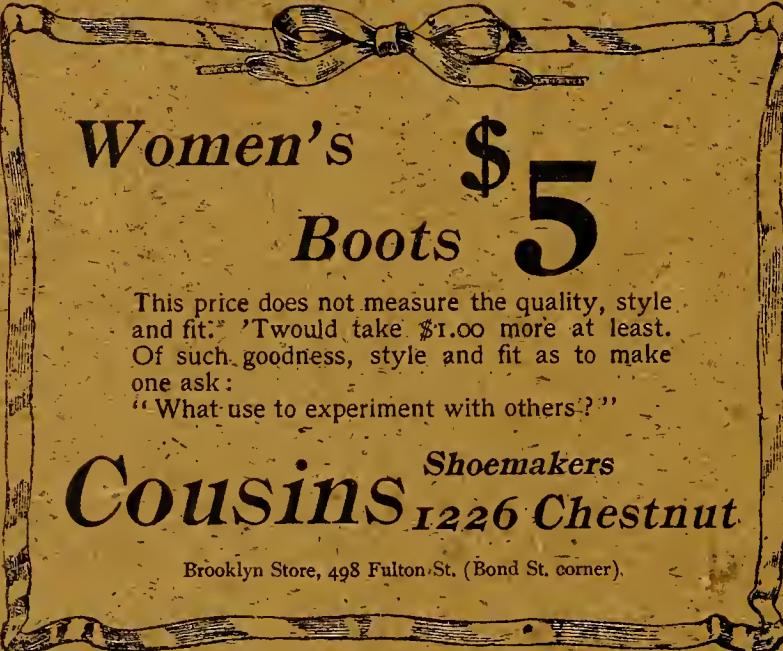


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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, PA., Friday, Jan. 12, 1900. 10c.

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No. 5.

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Now we are all back again at college and we wish we weren't—we want to go home. It is hard enough coming back after vacation anyway, but when to this is added the awful shadow of mid-year's three weeks off, what could be worse? One thing that we ought to be thankful for is that we all have something to worry about—not one of us is neglected in this respect. Seniors who have passed their French can worry about their German, those who have passed their German can worry about their French, those who have passed

neither can worry about both, and those that have passed both, well, there are still the mid-year's. Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen can worry about the mid-years, too. The Freshmen, because they don't know what they will be like, and the Sophomores and Juniors because, unfortunately, they do. And if there should chance to be anyone absolutely undisturbed by any of these things so that she has nothing whatever to worry about, that fact is enough in itself to cause her extreme uneasiness, because she can be sure it

won't last, so she might as well begin to worry right off and be in it. And so, for the next few weeks let us all worry as hard as we can, it won't do us a bit of good, and it won't do us much harm; besides, it will give us something to do in this exceedingly idle time. And if there are some among us who would like to worry but feel they cannot stand the excitement, we beg to state for their convenience that our little brother and namesake of East Aurora started, some time ago, a Don't Worry Syndicate, where "trained assistants will worry for you while you wait," at a very trifling expense. You can send a two-cent stamp and get samples and testimonials, but please be sure when you write to mention the "Philistine."

The Bispham Recital.

On Monday, the eighteenth, Mr. Bispham gave Bryn Mawr another of his most delightful song recitals, consisting of a program that gave full scope to his remarkable versatility. The concert opened with Heine's "Dichterliebe" set to music by Schumann, which requires much delicacy of feeling and dramatic force, and which Mr. Bispham sang in his best style. Next he sang a selection from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Non piu andrai" in the very spirit of mock heroism, and immediately following, Verdi's "Tagos Credo." The dashing Toreador's song from "Carmen," always a favor-

ite, came next, full of bravado and "faufaronnade," and was encored enthusiastically. In the Hans Sachs soliloquy which followed Mr. Bispham showed his well-known skill and interest as an interpreter of Wagner. The program closed with a selection from "In Memoriam." As an encore Mr. Bispham sang "Danny Diever," which, impressive as it is as a poem, is even more appalling when set to music.

The enthusiastic applause testified how much the audience enjoyed this most interesting recital. Mr. Bispham is one of the most finished concert singers in America, and Bryn Mawr is eager for another treat like that of Monday.

Academic Aphorisms.

It is impossible to end a quarrel whose origin has been forgotten.

Indolence is mistaken for magnanimity so long as it remains coupled with politeness.

The despairing sentimentalists invariably confuses shattered ideals and lost illusions.

Some persons can be trusted in everything but trifles; some in nothing else; the latter are the more satisfactory.

One can gain more by a random expression of sympathy than by a lifetime of self-sacrifice.

To get the candid opinion of a friend would be like looking on at one's own funeral; interesting, and quite impossible.

One is always ready to forgive

the dullness that cannot answer one's arguments.

Nothing is more startling than to discover the absorbing egotism of one's own generosity.

A candid friend is much harder to live with than a chivalric enemy.

E. T. D., '01.

Mr. Schenck's Lecture.

On Friday evening, January 5, Mr. Elliot Schenck gave the first of his course of three lectures on Wagner's tetralogy der Ring des Nibelungen. In this lecture Mr. Schenck took up the first two divisions of that famous work—namely, Das Rheingold und die Walküre—taking them to pieces and showing, by aid of the piano, Wagner's great principle in operatic construction. For the benefit of the uninitiated Mr. Schenck first explained this principle. Wagner decided early in life to sacrifice all tradition and construction of opera to any dramatic possibilities which a situation might have. He had a theory, and proved it to the world, that it was possible for the music given without the accompanying words, to tell the story of the opera as completely as the words given without the music, and thus he adapted and made his own the great motif-theory, which, though it had been used in some slight degree before, is always connected with Wagner on account of his marvelous use of it. By this theory a certain musical phrase, called a motif, is connected with each of

the important characters of the piece, to recur in the music as the characters take the important place in the action of the piece. And not only are motifs connected with the characters, but also with important objects of scenery and emotional states. As the finest example of this theory put in practice, Mr. Schenck cited the first act of the Walküre. It is with pleasurable anticipation that we are looking forward to the two following lectures on Siegfried and Götterdämmerung.

M. G. K., 1900.

I was waiting on the corner for the street car, and eyeing with great disfavor the state of the crossing. The street was a shallow brown lake of slush and melting snow, bounded by the heaps of snow as yet unmelted that formed a grimy rampart along each curb. I measured the height of my rubbers with a distrustful eye, and shivered in anticipation of the moment when I must sound the depths of that treacherous mixture; already I seemed to feel it gurgling in icy ripples around my ankles.

Just then the door of the house opposite was burst open for the sudden emergence of three children, who came clattering down the steps into the street. The two small boys wore pea-jackets and red Tam O'Shanter caps pulled down well over their ears, and the still smaller girl was obscured in a coat with manifold capes, and a much-befrilled

hood; but the crowning feature of each toilette was a pair of rubber boots, so very long and so very thirsty looking that I saw at once the real reason, invisible before, for the existence of all that slush. It existed that one might plunge into it with those pitifully dry boots, so rusty and dull of surface; might feel it squashing deliciously under foot; and might emerge and prance upon the pavements shod with shining blackness. The slush was now for me an important part of the cosmic order, and I began to look longingly up the street for the car, whose advent would give me, too, an excuse for plunging into the midst of the oozy enticement. The car was coming, and I stepped out boldly from the curb, the gurgle and

splash of my progress blended musically with the shrill jubilance of my playmates, who did not guess that I was playing with them.

But a misstep carried me into deeper waters, and I felt a sudden cold wave rise over the tops of my rubbers. The sensation was unpleasant and my new conception of the cosmic order suffered a shock; but at that moment I heard the little girl shriek in a clear treble that positively shook with delight.

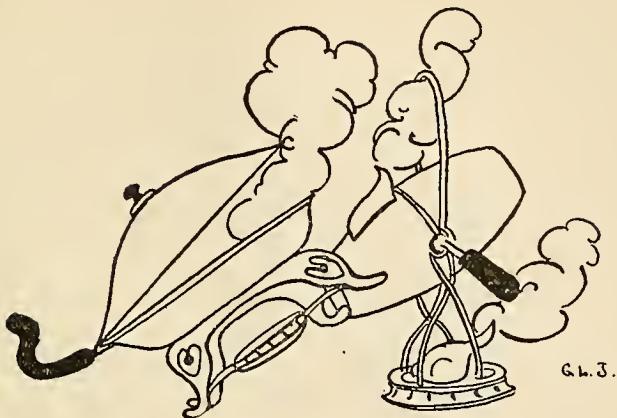
"Oo-oooh, Tommy! it has splashed into both my boots!"

By the light of her remark I suddenly saw the true significance of my own experience, and in a glow of renewed satisfaction suffered the conductor to put me on the car. C. H., '99.



The chafing dishes were the most disorderly and troublesome inhabitants of the city o' Brin. They were a dirty, lazy lot and never did anything but chafe and quarrel, and they were con-

tinually going off the handle. There were a great many of them in the city, one in almost every room, but somehow they always had a way of getting lost, or at least of putting themselves



where no one could find them. Then, too, the different parts often got where they did not belong and consequently the chafing dishes were forever getting into hot water. At last things came to such a pass that it was impossible to tell what parts had ever belonged together and the chafing dishes became more and more impatient, and decided to lay a plot to get away from their oppressors whose behavior they said was growing worse and worse.

The news of the conspiracy spread with great rapidity. The coffee-pots came to hear of it and much excitement reigned amongst them also. They called a meeting and had a very heated discussion as to whether or not the treatment which they received was bad enough to warrant their running away. The objections to being kept in the

fireplaces were *grate*, and a good many of them did not like it because every time that they opened their lids to let off steam they were immediately shut up.

A very small tin coffee-pot, with a patent strainer of which she was very proud, opened the meeting by tossing her lid very high and saying—

"I move we object."

The big coffee urn from the Pembroke kitchen was presiding at the meeting. His cover jumped up at this impudent remark and all the brass coffee-pots tilted back in amazement.

"Does anyone second this motion?" asked the chairman. No one seconded it, but there was a great deal of suppressed excitement shown on the faces of most of those present.

Suddenly a large brass coffee-pot jumped up.

"It's all right for you fellows

who want to strike," he said in an arrogant, brassy way, "but we revolving coffee-pots have no complaints to make."

All of the tin and porcelain and granite pots hissed and seethed.

"We are carefully taken care of because if any of our parts are lost it is very expensive to get them replaced. And we are always carefully put together, because if we aren't the coffee spills out when we turn over. Besides, we make so many revolutions as things are that we do not want to stir up any more. We realize that in a fight of this sort we revolvers would be of immense advantage to you, but as you have so much tin you can easily replace our services. For my part, I am in favor of staying where I am."

At this all the brass coffee-pots rocked forward and backward with great violence and the speaker extinguished his fire with a very conscious expression, for he felt that more heat would be a waste of spirits.

After a little more blazing about, the brass coffee-pots withdrew, slamming the door behind them, and the rest of the assemblage, after passing a resolution that the revolving coffee-pots were always off their base anyhow and would be of no use anyhow made a plan to join the chafing dishes.

A little coffee cup, which had endured much rough treatment and had no handle nor saucer and but two legs, was sent

up and down the corridors as drafts and warnings to notify all those who wished to join the revolting brigade to quit work.

That night a very curious procession came out of the halls and proceeded to the Walks Woods where the revolters intended to take up their position. The weather-cock on Taylor crew lustily as they passed by and the bell was so surprised at the strange sight that it was as dumb as any bell in the gymnasium. Taylor tower leaned over in high glee and the sides of that stately, respectable old edifice shook with spasms of laughter, for Taylor Hall was a great enemy to coffee drinking and fudge making and thought that the college would be much better off when once rid of all these cooking utensils.

The chafing dishes went along in the silliest procession, jostling each other, giggling, knocking off each others lids, quarreling with each other in their most irritable fashion, wobbling and reeling and clanging and crashing in the wildest sort of a hulabaloo towards the wood.

And then came the coffee-pots, with their big noses and foolish little caps with the buttons on top. They were as solemn as priests.

Now one of the chafing dishes got up and harangued his fellow dishes to be brave and show their (alcohol) spirits during the attacks which would doubtless be made against them by their former owners.

Early next morning there was

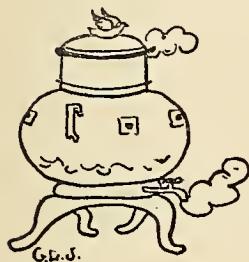
a general outcry throughout the city o' Brin because all of the confirmed coffee drinkers had to go without their coffee for breakfast. And in the afternoon all the fudge parties had to be given up or else tea was substituted as a refreshment.

In the evening the college

drawn up. These, after some difficulty, were read by the secretary to the angry chafing dishes and the boiling coffee-pots. These were the resolutions:

Resolved that—

1. No chafing dish shall be obliged to make fudge more than twice a day.



students formed into a solid battalion and advanced into the Walks Wood. But they were violently attacked by the infuriated chafing dishes and coffee-pots. Carrying mops for standards these came charging out of the bushes and brushwood sending out steam from their spouts and along the edges of their lids, and the alcohol flashed fire in a terrific manner.

The students were obliged to beat a hasty retreat and a meeting of the entire Undergraduate body, supported by the Graduates, was called. All of their Faculties were called into play and a set of resolutions were

2. No chafing dish shall be obliged to make fudge or pinotchi twice in succession without being washed.

3. No chafing dish shall be deprived of using the best chemically-pure alcohol.

4. Every coffee-pot shall be removed from the fire before the bottom is burned out.

5. No coffee-pot shall be allowed to stand more than a week without being rinsed.

6. Chafing dishes and coffee-pots shall be polished every day with Putz Pomade.

C. H.,
G. L. J., 'oo.

Lucy Johnston White, 1903.

Died December 14, 1899.

On Friday, December 15, a meeting of the Undergraduate Association was called and the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the Undergraduate Association of Bryn Mawr College have heard with great sorrow of the death of their fellow-student, Lucy Johnston White, and wish to express to her family their sympathy and deep regret.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Association and that a copy be sent to her family.

Cornelia Van Wyck Halsey, President.

Marion L. Wright, Secretary.

On the same day the President of '03 called a meeting of the class and the following resolutions were passed:

At a meeting of the class of '03, Friday, December 15, the following resolution of sympathy was passed:

The members of the class of '03 have heard with deep sorrow of the death of their classmate, Lulu Johnston White. They desire to express to her family their deep and heartfelt sympathy for the great loss which they have sustained.

On behalf of the class,

Anna Tucker Phillips, President,

Dorothea Day, Secretary.

Another Old Letter.

(From Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, to Charles James Fox.)

Devonshire House.

December, 1785.

Dear Friend—This time I have something besides buff-and-blue politics to write about. The last ten letters we had from one another were devoted to Whigs and Radicalism. Now let us change, pray let us change, and at once. What think you? The picture is finished at last—the picture that Gainsborough says will make him as famous as

Reynolds. I wonder if it will—it is very beautiful. I care not if it is my face—I look upon it objectively as though it were not mine and I say without reservation it is beautiful. Did you know before what a vain friend you had? She stood twenty minutes contemplating herself on canvas and has revisited the image a hundred times since. In comparison with me poor Narcissus was but mildly inflamed; indeed, if the picture had looked at me from the surface of a pool instead of from a thirty inch wall I should have plunged after myself, and true

to the example of the myth, have perished in the pursuit. This is true; once while Gainsborough was painting my mouth he sat back in despair and said, "Your Grace is too much for me." I tried to help him; I said words that left my lips hanging apart, I compressed them out of shape, I thought about E. F., grew jealously angry in consequence, and succeeded in flattening the inimitable bow. But the poor man still despaired and finally drew his brush across what he had done. That frightened me and for the first time I desired to be less—less—less—well favored than I am. But the picture is finished and looks more like the original than most portraits do nowadays. If you want to see it exactly when I want you to, come to Devonshire House tomorrow evening. I will toast the "true blues" from the punch-bowl that you like with the punch that you love.

I have suffered an interruption. E. F. called to see the "already famous" picture. She said so many sweet, sweet things that I felt like a child at Christmas time. "That lovely red hair of yours—those arch-cunning eyes—those shapely hands—that too exquisite mouth—that haughty, bewitching smile—if I only had one as charming feature I would be content." And while she said these horrid things she drew herself up to show how much taller she is than I; she flashed her black eyes and opened them to their

fullest; she toyed with her scarf to show her well-shaped fingers—they are very thin, though—and through all her speech she kept shaking her head about so that the light might make her black hair glisten. When she left I writhed in a nervous fit and called her devil—sh—yes I did, but afterwards I cried about it. I wonder if you will like the tilt of my hat—I do, and to be honest with you, your opinion will not alter mine in the least. Ha! ha! ha! Don't you despise so flippant a creature? The duke does not take much interest in the picture, but then it is not in his nature to be interested in anything—we are so different—an admirable contrast. Dear man, he is very good, very good, and if he were to come in upon me now I would kiss him right between the eyes where he looks so stern, but I would not show him what I have written.

You will come then, to morrow—fancy your staying away; you would not dare, you would not dare. You know that I would punish you mercilessly. I would turn Tory and get no more votes for you. How many more butchers do you think I would win over to your cause if you were to do the smallest thing I did not like?

By the way, I had a strange dream last night; about the picture, of course—it is all I thought of yesterday I dreamed that all the people I had invited for tomorrow were here to see the portrait and when I opened the

doors to show it there was nothing left but an empty frame and a ragged edge of canvas* I said nothing: I only looked at E. F. who was standing apart from us and saw that she was whiter than usual. "I did it," she said; "it was too beautiful." While everybody was exclaiming I waked and went at once to see whether the dream were true or not. I will not tell you. Come to-morrow and satisfy yourself.

In three days we will have Christmas. What are you doing, friend, that is good? What am I doing? I am examining my conscience and my duty daily. I have held myself off from myself and have seen much shocking pride and selfishness. I scolded myself severely. I said, "Silly creature, the pig in the pen, the fowl in the poultry yard is destined for more good than you are. Consider that many people are looking to you for happiness. Respect the noble compliment they thus address to you and make them happy. Be something to others, vain woman, that others may be something to you." In this severe strain did I reproach myself until, believe me, friend, I felt my heart burst open and a sweet, cooling charity pour into it. Just then my new

Christmas gowns and hats came, but I would not look at them. And I was beside myself, too, to see the yellow scarf and purple plumes. I hurried out to find some good to do; it was at my door—a little waif shivering in the snow; what was left of his cap was blue; what remained of his clothes was buff—so I called him "Blue and Buff" and brought him into the light and warmth and told him he was to be the Ganymede of to-morrow's feast. He asked what a Ganymede was—I said, "an angel," and kissed him. But he drew back shivering and gasping as though I had thrown cold water on him. But the next minute he held up his grimy face for another salute.

Do you know I have done a foolish, sentimental thing? I have opened my window and have caught six snow drops on my hand. I watched them melt out like white stars. What think you? with charity in my heart, pure snow drops in my hand and a lovely picture of myself in the house—ought I not to be happy?

Another visitor to see the portrait. Whoever it is has just said, "How much it looks like a miniature of her great grandmother, Sarah Jennings!" Is not that happiness enough? Behold! here is my Ganymede at my elbow waiting for another kiss. Good-bye, good-bye.

The "Dashing Duchess."
C. M., '01.

* In 1875, nearly seventy years after Georgina's death, her dream was partly accomplished, for the picture was actually cut from the frame while on exhibition in London and was never recovered.

Romance and Roses.

"Jes' step right in, Miss. Kindly accommodate yohsef in de chair by de fire, while I per-vide yoh wid a little refresh-men'."

Mr. Carter opened the door very wide, and bowed very low, while Miss Claypole walked in and seated herself stiffly in the faded plush armchair. Miss Claypole's figure was not adapt*e* to ease and grace, being very large and encased in an extremely tight-fitting blue gown. "Tank you, Mr. Carter, tank you, seh. Don't disturb yehsef, seh," she said graciously.

"No disturbance, Miss Claypole. I regret to say de butter is out, but de cook will dish up a mo'sel in no time. I'm distracted to hab broken de bell dis mo'nin, or I would ask yoh ring fo' de maid to remove yoh bonnet."

"Not in de least ne'ssary, seh," hastily said Miss Claypole. The butter, the cook and the maid were all figments of Mr. Carter's imagination, as he constituted in himself the entire domestic regime. Miss Claypole knew this well, but she was crushed by the effect of Mr. Carter's impressive manner. Even her other admirer, who was head waiter in the new hotel around the corner, and who wore his dress-coat mornings, was not so gentlemanlike. The whole atmosphere of the stately old house tended to awe Miss Claypole as she waited by the fire. The ceiling was very lofty, though lacking plaster; across

the parlor door hung faded tapestries; the uncarpeted staircase that wound upward in front of her was lined with carved balusters, scratched, to be sure, where the hand of many a Virginia 'dame had rested as she came down to join a minuet or stately reel in the hall below. Presently Mr. Carter returned with a large silver tray, bearing as segment of veal pie and a glass of lemonade. "I make my 'pologies dat de port is jest out," he said as he set the tray down on a stool by Miss Claypole's side, "but I trus' you will alt'nate yoh veal pie pleasurable with lemonade." While Miss Claypole munched, Mr. Carter drew a low chair by her side, and groaning over his rheumatic old legs leaned over the arm in the same gallant manner in which he had once seen a young Georgia lieutenant lean over the same arm as he talked to Miss Lucretia. He remembered the conversation well, and the gleam of the jewels on Miss Lucretia's fingers as she moved her large feather fan back and forth in the firelight.

"If I tho't I might onceet hab de joy ob holding dat lil han' in mine," he murmured to Miss Claypole.

Meanwhile, in the parlor, behind the tapestry, Miss Lucretia was waiting impatiently for her old servant to bring in the candles, as she shivered by the dying coals in the great, gloomy room. When she heard the front door close behind Miss Claypole she called him fretfully.

"Who was that outside," she asked, as the old man appeared between the curtains with a candle in each hand.

"It wuz Miss Claypole, a lady frien' ob mine. Yas'm, she's a mighty fine figger ob a gal—I cert'nly do bemire her."

"Oh yes," said Miss Lucretia. "The next thing you will tell me you want to marry her."

Mr. Carter's brow darkened. "I'se afeared I cyarn'. Dere's a waiter feller in de hotel what she's mighty took up wid. Howsomever, yes'day she say she pinin' foh a vi'let sunshade, an' mebbe if I get her one."

"What does she want a violet sunshade for in November?" demanded Miss Lucretia.

"To match her new gown, she say. But loe, what use my tinkin' ob vi'let sunshades," said the old man with a sigh.

"You shall get it, Tom," said Miss Lucretia, rising from her sofa with an unusual air of excitement. "I have just written a story, which I have called *Romance and Roses*, and this afternoon I sent it to a Northern magazine. Sometimes they pay as much as a hundred dollars for a single story. I should hear in about a week, and if mine is accepted I shall give you enough to buy a sunshade."

"Lor' bless you, Miss Lucretia. Yoh cert'nly too gen'rous wid yoh money," said Tom his face illuminated with sudden hope.

It was in fact only three days later when the postmaster made one of his rare visits to the old

house and left a large envelope for Miss Lucretia. Tom brought it in to his mistress as she sat at breakfast and hovered around her in great anxiety, the coffee-pot in one hand, as she opened it. Finally Miss Lucretia looked up with a flush on her cheeks:

"I am so sorry, so grieved. The Northern publisher has not accepted my *Romance and Roses*. He says it is not quite suited to the needs of the paper. I fancy it is too Confederate in sentiment. I am sorry only for your sake Tom."

"O dat's all right, Miss Lucretia," said Mr. Carter heroically. "I reckon dat Miss Claypole ain' quality nuff anyhow foh a nigger what's been in yoh fam'ly since befoh de wah. I ain' surprise dat *Romance and Roses* ain' suited to a No'then publisher" he went on with indignation "but I guess dey ain' no mo' suited to me shure, Miss Lucretia," finished the old man with a feeble smile at his own joke.

A. K., '03.

Each Sophomore
Does much deplore,
Oh class of Nineteen-three,
That though you've been here
all this while
You've not yet learned to see
Of any break
The Freshmen make
That most deserving scoffs
Is to let your play be advertised
By your devoted Sophs.

E. S. C., '02.



The Little Boy in the Story Book.

You know the little boy in the story-book, don't you? He's a nice little boy with big blue eyes and curly hair, and he wears a sailor suit. We played with him when we were little. He knew the loveliest games, and he could do all sorts of wonderful things. He could rap on trees so that the elves would surely answer. He could understand the fairies' language and find their pretty dolls. If he were cast upon a desert island, he could make himself a boat with only a hatchet and then sail home.

He often came to see us, for we always set a place for him at our parties, and every Saturday he spent the day.

Once he suggested making a grotto in the rocks, all lined with soft moss. From its tiny door we could see the

castle on the hill. The little boy was the prince who came riding by on a white horse. An old witch came out of the grotto.

"Good sir," she said, "give alms to a poor woman."

Just then nurse came up.

"Who are you calling to?" she asked.

If we had told her, she would have laughed, so we answered, "No one."

The little boy looked at us reproachfully.

"I'm going home," he said, and walked away.

We stopped playing.

It was no fun after the little boy had gone.

There is a pathos about the little boy in the story-book. His playmates are all gone.

Tell me, little boy, are we going too? Must we grow up like all the rest and leave you behind?

M. C. M., '03.



'89.

Anna Rhoads Ladd, has a daughter, Margaret Rhoads Ladd, born on Christmas Day.
 '91.

Helen Culbertson Annan has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Scribner, of New York city.

'93.

Margaret Hillis gave an informal tea for Ruth Emerson on Saturday, January 6. Other alumnae present were Martha Thomas, '89; Elsa Bowman, '96; Susan Fowler, Mary P. Hopkins, '96.

'95.

Anna Clapp is soon to be married to Dr. Otto Landau, of Coblenz.

'96.

Mrs. James F. Porter (Ruth Furness) has a daughter, Nancy Foster Porter, born January 5.

Frances Keag gave a luncheon at Clifton on January 2. Those present were Mae Blakie, Edith Chapin, Rosalie Morice, Edith Bettle and Mrs. Radnor Lewis (Caroline Brown).

Mary Taylor Reeves Foulke is to be married to James Morrison, on February 10, at Richmond, Ind.

Mary T. R. Foulke has been visiting Ethel E. Hooper in Chicago.

Ethel E. Hooper and Marion Ream are among the debutantes of Chicago. Marion Ream sails for Egypt the last of January.

Jean Butler Clark came out in Baltimore this winter.

Emma Guffey is teaching in a private school in Pittsburg.

Aurie Thayer will be in Bryn Mawr in February and March.

Margaret Hall is taking singing lessons of Miss Lena Little, of Boston.

Madeline Palmer was married on Thursday, December 21, to Dr. Charles Montague Bakewell, of Bryn Mawr. The wedding took place at Miss Palmer's home in Wilkesbarre, and only the most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom were present. After the ceremony a breakfast was served and the Bryn Mawr girls, who had been asked to sign the witness book, were placed at a table together, and it was among them that the bride's bouquet was divided. Dr. Warren, Dr. Hoppen, Dr. Cushman and Dr. Neilson were present at the wedding, and the Bryn Mawr girls who went up for it were Sibyl Hubbard, Laura Peckham and Dorothy Fronheiser, '99, Maud Lowrey, Helen Hodge, Margaretta Morris and Leslie Knowles, '00, Louise Thomas and Margaret Blackwell, '01, and Louise Atherton, '03. The guests from out of town arrived at Wilkesbarre on the day before the wedding to attend a dance that was given by the bride's friends. Mr. and Mrs. Bakewell are at Low Buildings. They will remain there until summer when they will go to California where Dr. Bakewell has accepted a professorship in Berkeley College.

Ballad of Christmas Gifts.

Who doth not rise on Christmas Day
Replete with joy and jollity,
And full of expectation gay
Make haste unto the laden tree?
Ah, gaze not, seize not hopefully!
Such merriment is soon dispersed;
Look, tricked and baffled soul, and see
The Christmas Present Thrice Accurst!

You find a ponderous tome in calf,
With yellowed book-plate prints in steel!
The bibliomaniac's bliss you quaff,
Till—what? No! Yes! It is "Lucile."
What does this carven box conceal,
In sheets of cottonwood immersed?
A blue plush work-box you reveal.
The Christmas present thrice accurst!

The immemorial button-hooks
And shoe horns, evermore the same,
Are flanked by gilt and flowered books,
And that unholy picture frame
Of china; (its twin brother came
Last Christmas) and by far the worst,
A beaded thing without a name,
The Christmas present thrice accurst!

ENVOI:

And then the last, the awful bore
That damps one's spirits from the first,—
The note of thanks expected for
The Christmas present thrice accurst!

E. T. D., '01.



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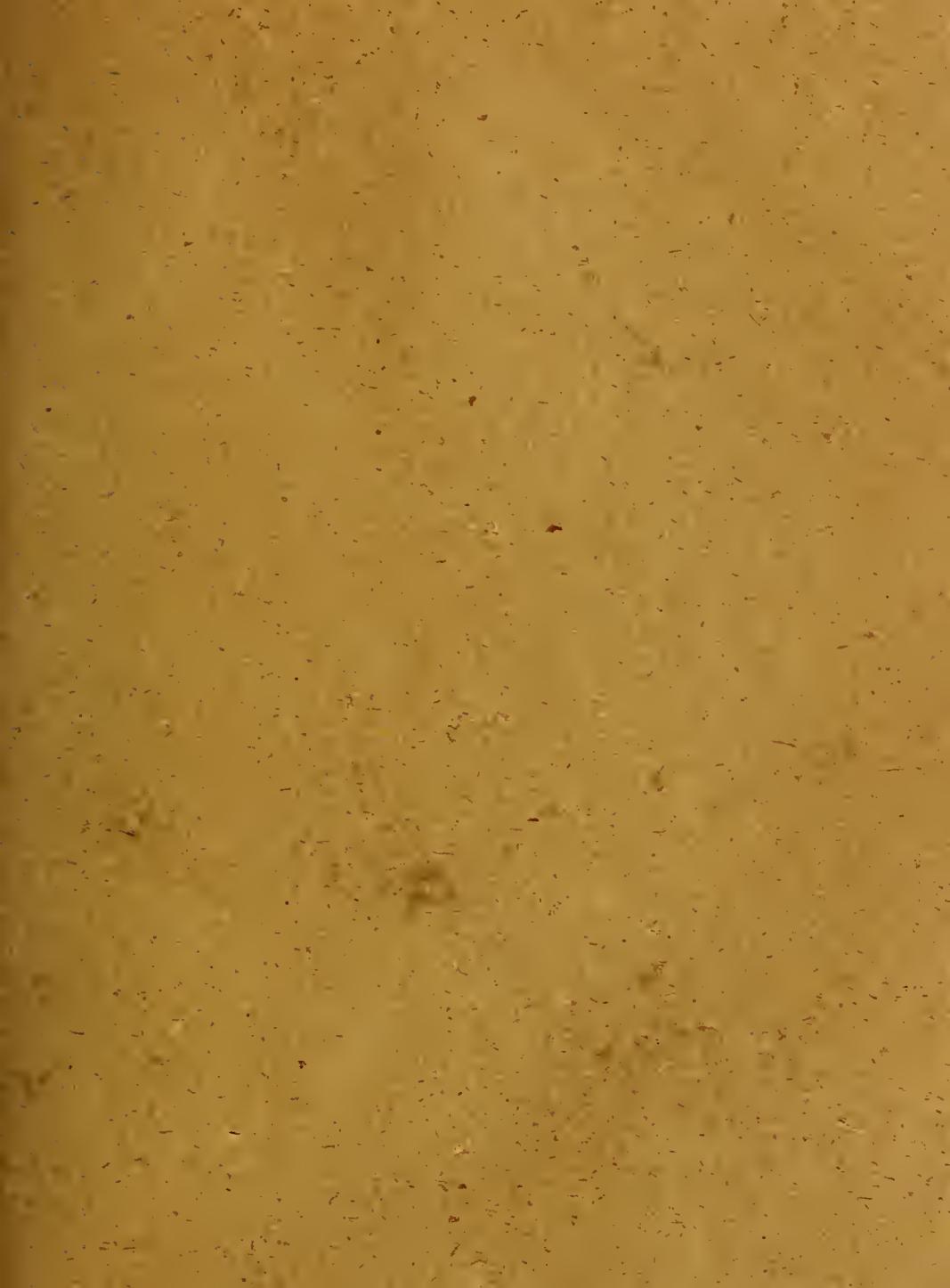
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The weather bureau has noticed a distinct falling of the barometer which it cannot account for. Well, let the weather bureau visit Bryn Mawr College and see if the weighty problem may not be solved.

All sorts of learning are at this season in great demand. And what is more natural than that this should be so? Otherwise the last of January would be a most uninteresting time. Already New Year's resolutions have lost their freshness; the delights of vacation seem very, very dim and we wonder if we

went home at Christmas at all. Did we ever really come in at three o'clock after a glee club dance or did we ever skim over the ice or dash over the snow in a cutter behind a spirited trotter? Alas! Our experience now teaches us that trots are not all of the same sort. We look at the tawny pony beside us, we smell the midnight oil of our lamps, and we softly hum as we cast a loving glance at a pile of inky note-books—

“We left our happy home for
you—ou—ou!”

THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE.

our thoughts are going into a sad muddle. We do not wonder that some of us turn out dishonest when we have steady training for four years in "taking notes." We wonder why no one has ever thought of forming a "Students' Union" and striking for short hours. And with this idea we go to bed determined to get up early and start the good work—taking careful precaution not to put our watches under our pillows that we may not sleep "over time." We dream that we are having an argument with a professor who insists that laziness and too-much-work are synonymous terms, and suddenly we find ourselves playing the game of heavy-heavy-hangs-over-your-head. And then something seems to drop on us and we start up to find that the Bryn Mawr wind has blown a book off the window sill and that the chapel bell is ringing.

With buzzing heads we begin to study in the library. Scraps of conversation float in through the door. "If somebody minds his business," we hear, and we bend over our psychologies remarking that "mind's our business" just at present. A sophomore is insisting that she will "flunk her exams." We have a spiteful desire to say to her "How refreshing that will be."

We wish the mid-years were over with! And then the thought arises that if suspense is bad now suspension in two weeks will be worse. We wish we had worked harder. Have we really

shirked? With a shudder we look at the graduate who is reading magazines with no thought of exams, and we think of verses that we once read in a college paper wondering if it could apply to us:

Sport in
College—
Short in
Knowledge—
Grinds
And crams—
Finds exams
Too stiff.
Out he goes
Bang, biff!

The Lantern.

The students are reminded that the final date fixed by "The Lantern Board" for the receipt of MSS. is February 26.

Louise Buffum Congdon, 'oo,
Editor-in-Chief.

The library has begun a collection of photographs of and relating to the college. The foundation thereof is the set of albums heretofore kept in the secretary's office, that have been sent by professional photographers. Many of the pictures in these are of great interest and beauty, yet it is plain that they will form but a poor collection unless they are supplemented by the work of amateurs. The vast majority of pictures—and of good pictures—which have been taken here have

been done by students or by their friends. The Library makes an appeal through the columns of "The Philistine" for all such work. Every photograph sent in will be mounted and carefully preserved in an album for future Bryn Mawr generations. It should have full data as to the day taken, the photographer, and, if necessary, a description. If anyone can give information as to such photographs which have been taken, but of which a copy is not now available, a note of the same should be left with the librarian. Of the value of such a collection twenty years from now it is surely unnecessary to speak.

I. E. L.

Dear Sophomore,
We can't ignore

Your answer to our rhyme,
And Nineteen-three admits that
she

Got the worst of it this time.

I. L., '03.

Trusts and Industrial Monopolies.

On Thursday, January 11, under the auspices of the De Rebus Club, Dr. Warner addressed the students on the subject of "Trusts and Industrial Monopolies." The close attention which the lecturer held for almost two hours is proof of the interest which his clear and excellent treatment of the subject aroused. Mr. Warner spoke as follows:

"Most people have a very vague, if not a false, idea of what is meant by the much discussed 'trust question,' and the results rising from such a system. Trusts are founded on a perfectly sound economic principle, and when they are properly carried on the public derives a direct benefit from them in the lowering of prices, made possible by a co-operation of the manufacturers or merchants dealing in a certain commodity. It cannot be questioned that the same amount of goods can be produced at less expense by one factory than by two. A combine of these two can then, by its reduced price, easily 'freeze out' smaller competitors, who, in order to meet this new price, would be obliged to sell at a loss. Thus, by a mere process of natural selection, the trust gets the monopoly of the production and sale of its commodity, and this it continues to hold so long as no competitors arise who, by means of better methods or other advantages, can produce the article at a still smaller cost, and hence can put it on the market at a smaller selling price.

"So long as the trust has to meet competitors, the business remains legitimate. But when a complete monopoly has been gained in a district, the trust acquires a new power—namely that to regulate absolutely the price of its commodity in that district. Competition no longer exists to keep down prices. Now if the commodity is not a necessity of life, the public, by refusing to buy it, can force down the price of the article. But if the goods

is a necessity that people can live without only a limited time, nothing can be done but pay the price demanded. The power now lies in the producer to raise this according to his likes or discretion, and to gather in as large a surplus over the cost of production and his legitimate gain as he sees fit. The public in this case is paying either a larger or smaller sum directly into the treasury of the manufacturer for mere privilege of buying. The purchasers and the district at large derive absolutely no benefit for the extra amount paid. Just this is the evil resulting from trusts and economic monopolies. The harm arises when one man or company of men gets control of an industrial monopoly of some necessity of life and uses it for purposes of private gain irrespective of the welfare of the community.

"Many remedies have been suggested but none has yet been discovered which has had any certainty of success. The first is publicity. If the books and procedures of these companies were exposed, would not people see what is going on, and would not the corporations have to mend their ways? Undoubtedly this would avail much in doing away with the trickery that is now practiced, and the companies would be forced to use legitimate methods. But contrary to destroying the system, publicity would in this very way tend to establish trusts on a more secure foundation. Secrecy is not the only means of fraud in the hands of the monopolists.

"A second suggestion is—Do away with all corporations. This would practically abolish the trust system. But the corporation has proved to be a most convenient and helpful device for carrying on business of all kinds. It shows a distinct advance in economic production and the disadvantages of abolishing it would in all probability overbalance the good that would result from the destruction of monopolies. One way of lessening the profit that accrues from monopolies and therefore of lessening the incentive to forming them would be to tax these organizations for their privileges. There is no doubt that corporations are at a great advantage over individuals in business and legal transactions, since they are endowed with immortality and enjoy immutability from law. Hence the individual in business will be nearer on a level with the corporation if the latter be taxed for its special privileges.

"Another means of bringing about economic conditions that will tend to make the formation of monopolies difficult to accomplish would be the establishment of free trade. Foreign competitors would then enter the market and then the only secure monopoly possible would be a world monopoly. The present tariff laws give direct support to trusts. The American monopolist can produce at a much lower cost than the foreign manufacturer can put his goods on the American market for, since the foreigner besides his cost of production must pay the cost of

transportation plus the duty imposed in our custom houses. Now as the American producer has no competitors in this country he can sell just below the price of the foreign producer who has so much greater expense in putting his goods on the market. Then the cheaper the American produces, the more money he will put into his own pocket and the public will derive no benefit whatever.

"A revision of the patent laws might be attended with good results. But the great remedy that is always advised is socialism. If monopolies do grow up and cannot by any means whatsoever be prevented, the government must take control of them. The step must not be taken, however, until the time is ripe for action. The fall of many great governments has been due to the fact that socialism has entered in before the economic and social conditions were such that the new political order could be supported. Mr. Warner is opposed to government control of monopolies in view of the fact that thereby the machinery of the State will be made more bulky than it is today. The government is instituted to shape public conditions so that the best economic advance may be made: it is not to actually shape the advance itself, but to give the most freedom to the forces that will bring it about.

"Something *will* be done by the American people to check the advance of the monopolist tyranny. The question must be squarely faced. If by legislation

the conditions are altered so that a corrupt use of monopolies shall be impossible, the trouble will be peacefully settled. If legislation does not effect the reform, the people of the United States have still one means of defence—Revolution. This would mean a complete overthrow of our civilization, and we should have to begin once more at the bottom round of the ladder of enlightenment. May the matter be peacefully settled that this disaster may not be brought upon us."

G. L. S., 1900.

An Idyll of the King, or How Sir Lancelotte Consoled Ye Weeping Mayde.

(A recently exhumed manuscript, by Sir Thomas Malory.)

On a certain winter night came Sir Lancelotte riding along ye road to Bryn Mawr, ye moon-lithe shining on his lowered helm, and ye mudde spattering ye dragon of ye great Pendragonship. On a sudden a mighty castle loomed up before his eyes, builte all of marble, and its gateway arched over with marble, and beyond ye gateway stretched away a stately avenue. Within shone many a dimme light, and from ye distance came ye slow, solemn tolling of a bell.

"Perchance a fortress," thought ye intrepid knight, "and yet methinks ye gate ill-guarded. Perchance a nunnery. Yet wherefore this smelle of toothsome cookery?"

As he pondered, across ye in-laide paving beneath ye arch-way came three damsels, all y-cladde in sable hue, and wearing strange helms upon their golden locks.

Sir Lancelotte began to brush ye mudde from off his corselet, for he was a knight of chivalrie, but ye damsels looked not, nor spoke, but each pondered within a booke, as she went her way.

Sir Lancelotte turned then from the archway, scenting an adventure, when a light from above caught his eye, and looking upward he saw in a window the fair head of a beauteous mayde. Before her was sette a goldene lampe of curious form, and her eye was fixed upon a page whereon were writ strange characters. But what pierced ye soule of ye watching Lancelotte, like a lance in a tourney, was ye sorrow engraven on ye damsels brow. Thereupon ye knight vowed a mighty vow that he would save ye mayde from whatever ill fate it was that made her to weep.

"Fair maid," he said, with knightly courtesie. The maiden turned from her book and looked down from the casement. "Who art thou?" said she, with wonder at the sight of a knight in full armor.

"Sir Lancelotte, ye right arm of King Arthur," he sayde.

"I grieve to hear it," replied ye mayde. "I have heard of thee oft-times of late, and it begins to irk me of thy name."

"If thou hast indeed heard my

name," Lancelotte eagerly made reply, "thou knowest thou hast in me a knght to avenge thy wrongs. Prithee, why art thou and thy sisters shut up within these walls, condemned to dress in sombre garb, and to decipher Runic inscriptions? Tell me what haughty baron has done this, that I may meet him face to face."

"There is no baron here, Sir Lancelotte," answered the mayde, "tho' indeed all is barren enough at this time of year. Yonder, from whence comes ye tolling of ye bell is ye hall yclept Taylor, wherein lives ye dragon Mid-years. This monster finds his sustenance in tender maydes, who are brought to him each year, an hundred at a time. From yon grimme walls but few escape unscathed, many are mortally disabled, and most are demolysed and devoured."

"A dire tale," cried ye knight, and he struck his forehead with his palm. "Never," cried he, "will I return to Camelot 'til I have seen yon dragon vanquished."

"Tis well to talk," remarked ye mayde. "Thou canst do naught but win necklaces."

"Say not so," said Lancelotte with high disdain. "Oh little mayde, shutte in by college halls, what canst thou know of kings and tables round?"

"Verily naught," said the damsel, "and that is wherefore I grieve. To-morrow is the Eng. Lit. Exam."

"Before to-morrow's dawn,"

swore the knight, "the dragon shall be no more."

"Go, brave knight!" cried the damsel, with hope in her erstwhile dull eye, "and my heart go with thee. Stay, wilt wear my favor?"

"'Tis an unwonted favor," Lancelotte made reply, "but give it me. What is it?" "'Tis the sleeve of my gym suit," she said, as she tossed it down for Lancelotte to fasten in his helm.

"Wilt guard my shield till I return, oh fairest mayde?" asked ye knight.

She consented: "'Twill do for a tea-tray, though truly there is little room. Now go, bolde knight. If success be thine, I will give thee a tea."

Lancelotte bowed in courtly homage, and ye mayde gazed on his lofty form as he galloped down ye road into ye moonlight.

Lancelotte rode on, with never a pause, to ye cave of Merlin, where he roused ye sage from his evening pipe with stirring words: "I am come for thy aide against ye Dragon Mid-years!" Little more was needed. Ye wizard mounted behind ye knight and swiftly ye steede bore them again to ye portals of Pembroke; swiftly he thundered beneath ye archway, arousing all ye maydes from within ye stately halls. From out ye doors they streamed till ye hall yclept Taylor was surrounded by a sea of dark gowns and waving lauthorns. Ye sage Merlin stood in their midst, shivering in ye wintry wind, waving his wand

like unto ye wand-drille in ye gym, ye while he murmured strange incantations. Slowly ye mighty hall yclept Taylor sank into ye ground, until there remained but ye hoar frost lying on ye place where it had stood, and thereby perished, and was deep buried forever, ye dreaded dragon Mid-years.

(We regret to say that the rest of the MS. has been torn off and has disappeared, leaving only this interesting fragment.)

A. K., '03.

Alice in a New Wonderland.

Small Alice had a curious dream
One day in Wonderland,
And in it did a lot of things
That we can't understand.

She thought she entered fair
Bryn Mawr
Free from examination,
And got a room in Pembroke
Hall
Without procrastination.

She seemed to long for every
quiz
And always got high credit;
That last I'm sure you won't be-
lieve,
But, really, Alice said it.

She took pure joy in Baby-
Greek,
And felt the same toward
Latin;
Philosophy was easy work
And Sanskrit nice to chat in,

Now if these things improbab e
 To you, dear friends, should
 seem,
 Remember 'twas in Wonderland,
 And but an idle dream.

I. L., '03.

An Experiment in Economy.

You can't always economize even if you possess a maid like Eleanor Van Fibber's and know that you have never failed before and Eleanor, on that account, was not surprised when her economy proved rather unsuccessful. Even if she had been surprised she would not have showed it, it would have been such poor taste, and would have set such a bad example for the maid.

"Williams," she had said when she engaged her, "there is only one thing I cannot tolerate and that is surprise. Whatever I tell you to do, do it and you will be satisfactory. Here is a semester's salary in advance; put my blue crêpe de chine in the dress-suit case and have my plain, long coat ready for me to take the 'bus for the 1.48 to-morrow. If I am not ready, go directly to the laboratory and be sure you get good results for my experiments."

This had its effect on Williams, who could ever after accomplish anything. On this occasion when she found that all Eleanor's long coats were trimmed with fur, she went immediately to the gymnasium and

telephoned to the tailor on the Pike and had one made ready at 1.35 the next day.

Of course, Eleanor had not finished luncheon: there were baked apples that day. Anyway she had simply done it to test Williams. The test cost about eighty dollars, but it was a comfort to know that Williams could be trusted.

"She's not half bad," she said, as she glanced at the lab. book.

"There's no question about it; I've got to economize," said Eleanor, as her maid presented herself one morning in January with the coffee and rolls Eleanor always took before rising in time for her 11.15 lecture. She had just discovered the night before that there were only ninety-five dollars left of that month's allowance, and she did not approve of overdrawing.

"No use talking; I must economize. I'll begin to-day and keep it up till the end of the month. Then I can enjoy myself again."

She began by sending Williams away with the breakfast.

"You may eat it yourself, Williams," she said; she was too well bred to reprove her for bringing it, "I cannot afford it this month. I shall go down presently and get milk lunch, and for the next two weeks you may get my bread in the village instead of in town. Since the bread will be so much cheaper you may get me some marmalade to eat with it."

Eleanor was in the habit of using expensive note books for her lectures. She decided that she would start on the road to economy by purchasing some cheaper ones in town. Such was her zeal in pursuit of this happy idea that she was almost betrayed into bad form. She was about to start for town in her walking hat when Williams reminded her gently that as she would probably ride all the way a walking hat would be most outre.

Breathing a sigh of relief at her escape, Eleanor immediately gave Williams five dollars and told her she might engage a sewing-woman to do that week's sewing, and departed for town rejoicing.

She found the shop was farther from the station than she had thought, and, as it was rather damp, she called a hansom, on the principle that it is cheaper to ride and keep well than to walk and get one's feet wet. She found the books and bought two dozen although she only needed two, because they were cheaper when bought in large quantities, and returned to the station in the hansom, having just remembered that time is money.

When she came to pay the driver she found that the trip was three dollars, and the flowers she had ordered for a friend who had a headache were three dollars more. She was greatly distressed over this and could not see how it had happened. She rode up to college in the five-cent

bus and felt much better. She did not care about the books she had ordered; she had had them put on her bill and would not have to pay for them till the end of the month, when the necessity for economy would be over.

When she got home she found that all her friends had gone out walking so she thought she would go to the village and get something to eat. Her conscience being aroused by this time, she determined to spend next to nothing on it. She wandered along the Pike till she came to an oyster house that looked clean but cheap. She ordered panned oysters and got a great dish full. She felt that it was the truest economy to get her money's worth and ate them all as well as the crackers and some of each of the five different kinds of sauces. She had only wanted a light tea, but she now felt that she would save time and not eat any dinner.

She looked in at Clucker's with envy, however, and passed on gloomily.

And then there was a wild waving of arms inside and she saw, with mingled feelings of regret, the whole walking party beckoning her in.

They made room for her and pressed her to eat, but she could only groan, and the awful memories of the five kinds of sauces and the three kinds of pickles made her shudder. There was tea with cream, and lettuce sandwiches and cakes and marron glacés; and Eleanor could eat

nothing and sat shaking her head unhappily.

"Economy," she said solemnly, "is all nonsense. I could have eaten all this for nothing and yet I've paid fifty cents to eat so much else that I can't. No more economy for me."

And, accordingly, she got a chaperone and took the whole party to the opera, where they sat in a box and were happy.

C. V. W. H., 'oo.

In Taylor Morgue.

"They're beginning to degenerate already," observed Aristotle abruptly, as the watchman picked up his lantern and disappeared down the lonely hall; "it seems rather early in the season."

"I have noticed it, too," said Seneca; "such a pity! They come in from vacation, round and red, and respectable, and from that day on there is a gradual decline from all three."

"Roundness?" asked Aristotle, dubiously.

"Yes, and redness, and respectability."

"But no decline in knowledge and virtue," remarked Socrates.

"Pish!" said Seneca; and Cicero was heard to add "Pooh!"

"Aristotle is quite right," observed Marcus Aurelius; "one of them passed me to-day with a certain wild-eyed expression that I have not seen since last June. Her hair was standing out all over her head. She wore the same clothes that I saw her in

last night; probably the first that she could find this morning. Symptoms, symptoms."

"And the Blonde has ceased to wear the wired bow," muttered Plato out of the darkness.

"We have the pleasure of their company earlier and later, though," suggested Socrates.

"True," interrupted Plato. "One of them, a small one with frontal development, comes and waits outside the door until it is opened at seven. Then she finds a cosy corner and lives there all day. The watchman puts her out at 10.29."

"When does she eat?" queried Seneca, who, from the way in which his head is put on, may be seen to possess an inquiring nature. Indeed, Plato had christened him "rubber" early in the year, having picked up that vulgar term from a golden blonde who was accustomed to lean up against him between lectures, and who had quite corrupted the vocabulary of the silver-tongued.

"She never eats," responded Plato. "She takes Imperial Jujubes all day, and a corn cracker when she gets home at night. I don't believe she can stand another week of it."

"And then?" persisted Seneca.

"Then she will succumb to nature, and live regularly again on poached eggs, chocolate, pickles, cheese, tea, jam, chocolate, buns, tea, toast, fudge, chocolate and English muffins."

"You seem to know a good

deal about these creatures," observed Marcus.

"Every true philosopher does," said Plato, "even if he lives in Taylor. Besides I am rather interested in the species. I'm sorry for them."

"True," murmured Socrates, who disapproved of his colleague's cultivated taste for blondes, "you and I are accountable for much of their tribulation."

"Count me in," said Aristotle, dryly. He said it dryly because it is a way he has.

"O, you!" cried Plato; "if you knew the unutterable loathing with which they regard you, old fellow! Why, they don't pretend to understand you (which is unusual). They won't buy you! Socrates and I sit around in their rooms inevitably. They consider us superfine and dandy."

"Yes," sneered Aristotle, "you two are just about on their level of comprehension. They like you because you extend to them unlimited possibilities of bluff. I should like to see them bluff my Politics!"

"They cry over your Politics, you hard-headed"—exclaimed Plato, hotly; and had not the philosophers suffered the anatomical defects of conventional cherubs, there would doubtless have been murder in Taylor Morgue. As it was, the disputants wore out their wrath by rocking violently on their pedestals.

(As a matter of fact, the occu-

pants of Taylor Morgue are very touchy on the subject of their popularity with the feminine throng. Cicero was once known to sulk all night and refuse to recite from his own poems, because a pretty little sophomore had called him, in passing, a horrid fat old thing for writing the Catilinarians, which she had not as yet succeeded in passing.)

"Come, come," said Socrates, "don't be so peevish. You act like school girls."

"Environment," suggested Marcus; which absurd remark no one fortunately heard, except the ever discreet Antoninus round the corner, who repeated it to me next morning with many expressions of disgust.

There was a pause. Then Socrates asked, meditatively, "Why do they degenerate so?"

"Overwork," ventured Plato.

"Early hours," yawned Marcus Aurelius.

"Worry and suspense," sighed the stout Cicero, with an air of experience.

"I think," said Socrates thoughtfully, "that it is because in this time of study and research they forgot that they are observed."

Plato caught the eye of Marcus Aurelius, and they exchanged a slight smile, which flitted to the lips of Cicero and thence to the wizened but appreciative countenance of Aristotle. And from the shadows of the opposite hall came the light, melodious laughter of Aspasia.

E. T. D., 1901.

The Doctor.

The doctor was a tall, thin man, who walked with a springing, wiry step, which gave him a very sprightly appearance as he paced up and down the gravel walk in his little garden. If he had walked with a step less light he would have seemed tottering and feeble, but the doctor always felt young when out among his flowers. Suddenly, with no apparent purpose, he would stop his perambulations, stand stock still for a moment, and gaze all about him, turning his head slowly from side to side, seeming to take in with each deliberate sweep of the eyes the whole landscape before him.

He never wearied of this landscape. His faded grey eyes—there was just a touch of brown in one of them, pricking like a pin point close against the pupil, which made him look as if he were laughing at you—never tired of the little country view from his back garden. In summer he always walked in his long dressing-gown, the tassels dragging behind him and bobbing along the walk, for he could never remember to keep them tied about his waist. This dressing-gown was a most festive-looking garment—with a pattern as of curtain calico upon it—groups of sprightly boys and girls drinking at fountains in monotonous succession. The cuffs were quilted in a brilliant red, and soiled with great blots of black ink. Very often in his

morning walk the Doctor would stoop down by the path to examine with tender interest the flowers that were his especial care. He was particularly fond of pansies which always grow close to the ground. I can still see him as he looked one morning stooped over his little pansy bed, plucking the blossoms with his trembling fingers. They were long, white fingers, in which the blue veins showed transparent like delicate tracery. His grey locks blew in little wisps about his ears, and his long beard touched the pansy tops as he bent above them. With a rare smile upon his thin lips and about his wrinkled cheeks he handed me the pansies he had gathered. He could not have made me a costly present with a better grace, for he gave me a most courteous bow, and quoted, in his sweet, mellow voice, “I pray you remember there’s *pansies*.” It is long since the courtly doctor of the old school walked among his flowers, but the breath of fragrance from the old-fashioned garden always brings him to mind.

E. A. W.

Alumnæ Notes.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association will be held Saturday, February 10, at 11 a. m. The Association is invited by the College to take luncheon in Pembroke Hall after the meeting.

'93.

Mrs. Charles Elmer Bushnell, nee Madeline Vaughn Abbott, and Mr. Bushnell, drank tea with Margaret Hill Hillis, '93, in Merion Hall, Sunday afternoon, the twenty-first.

'90.

Marion W. F. Mac Intosh spent Sunday with Margaret Hill Hillis.

'97.

Mary Peckham spent two weeks of this month in the Philadelphia College Settlement.

'98.

Addis Meade is teaching in the school in Baltimore.

Nonsense.

There was a young lady who wrote

An atrociously bad "polite note."

The "accepts" and "regrets,"

The "thank-yous" and sech
Were sadly outside of her scope.

But now, since at college, she dotes

On anything bearing on notes;

Be it Bi, or Sanscrit,

Pol. Econ. or Bib. Lit.,

O'er note-books she actually gloats.

So expert she is with her notes,
And so fluently from them she quotes,

Each idea in her head,

When once it is said,

[Can't help it] denotes and connotes ! .

A. S., '03.

Mr. Schenck's Lecture.

Mr. Schenck's lecture of last Thursday evening was upon Siegfried, perhaps the best known of any of the Niebelungen-ring. To begin with, we were made to feel in the hunting call the fearlessness and impetuosity of the forest-bred youths; soon we were brought with him to the den of the fierce dragon, when the mysterious music, redolent of magic power, puts us into a contemplative mood. Together with the hero we wonder about his mother. Suddenly the voices of birds are heard, and there come Siegfried's amusing and fruitless attempts to imitate their calls. The dragon, Fafnir, is aroused and the combat begins which is to end in the hero's gaining the *Tarnhelm* and the ring.

A single drop of the magic blood of the dragon touches his lips, he understands the injunctions of the bird to slay Mimi and to seek Brynhild on the flaming mountains. Wotan now appears for the last time in the play. In the last act Siegfried follows his feathered guide, finds and awakens Brynhild, learning at last the meaning of fear.

The various parts of the drama were excellently illustrated by the execution of their respective motifs. With feelings of regret that the end had come so soon, we listened to Brynhild's awakening words:

" Hail to thee, Day, come back !
Hail sons of the Daylight !
Hail to thee, daughters of night !
Look with kindly eyes down

On us sitting here lonely,
And give us the gain that we long
for."

R. S., '03.

A Ballad of the Gym.

On every Wednesday night
There is a pleasing sight
In what we with affection call
our "Gym."
And there we do display
Many tricks and graces gay,
With very many risks of life
and limb.

When neatly dressed in reds,
And adjusted as to heads,
No tall ones taking places
where the short ones ought
to be.
And the music brightly goes,
And we rise upon our toes,
Oh, surely we're a charming
sight to see.

Oh why when bars I spy
Parallel before my eye,
Should my heart sink to my
gym-shoes and my blood run
cold?
See the others lightly swing,
Firmly hold the awful thing,
And then come downward
carelessly and bold..

Then we're marched, devoid of
hopes,
Till we find the climbing-ropes,
And up them some like squirrels
go with ease.
Oh fate! I know that I
Was not made to ever try
To attain the roof by methods
such as these.

Oh, would that I were strong,
And that I spent all day long,
In running, leaping, fencing,
swinging, also feats aquatic!
But for this I was not meant,
So I'll try to be content
With watching those whose
tastes are acrobatic.

S. K. L. '01.

To Fill up Space.

To fill up space, a noble theme
To fondly wake a poet's dream,
As here I sit, so late at night,
And idly wonder what to write,
To fill up space.

A feeble joke, in rhyme em-
bossed,
An airy metre, tempest tossed,
A parody in humor meant,
An aphoristic sentiment,
To fill up space?

The cry of editor's distress,
The sounding watchword of the
press,
Perchance you think a humble
part,
But ah, it calls for subtle art
To fill up space.

Envoi.

Ah, happy friend, if mission
thine
Be never less than this of mine,
To fill up space.

A. K.



YE AGILE GOSLINGS

I really do not see the use
Of walking like a little goose
To witness 30 in a flock
Would give the bravest quite a
& yet you'll find that every day's ^(Shock)
Does thus at Gym its evenings
B M Q OI

L Pass



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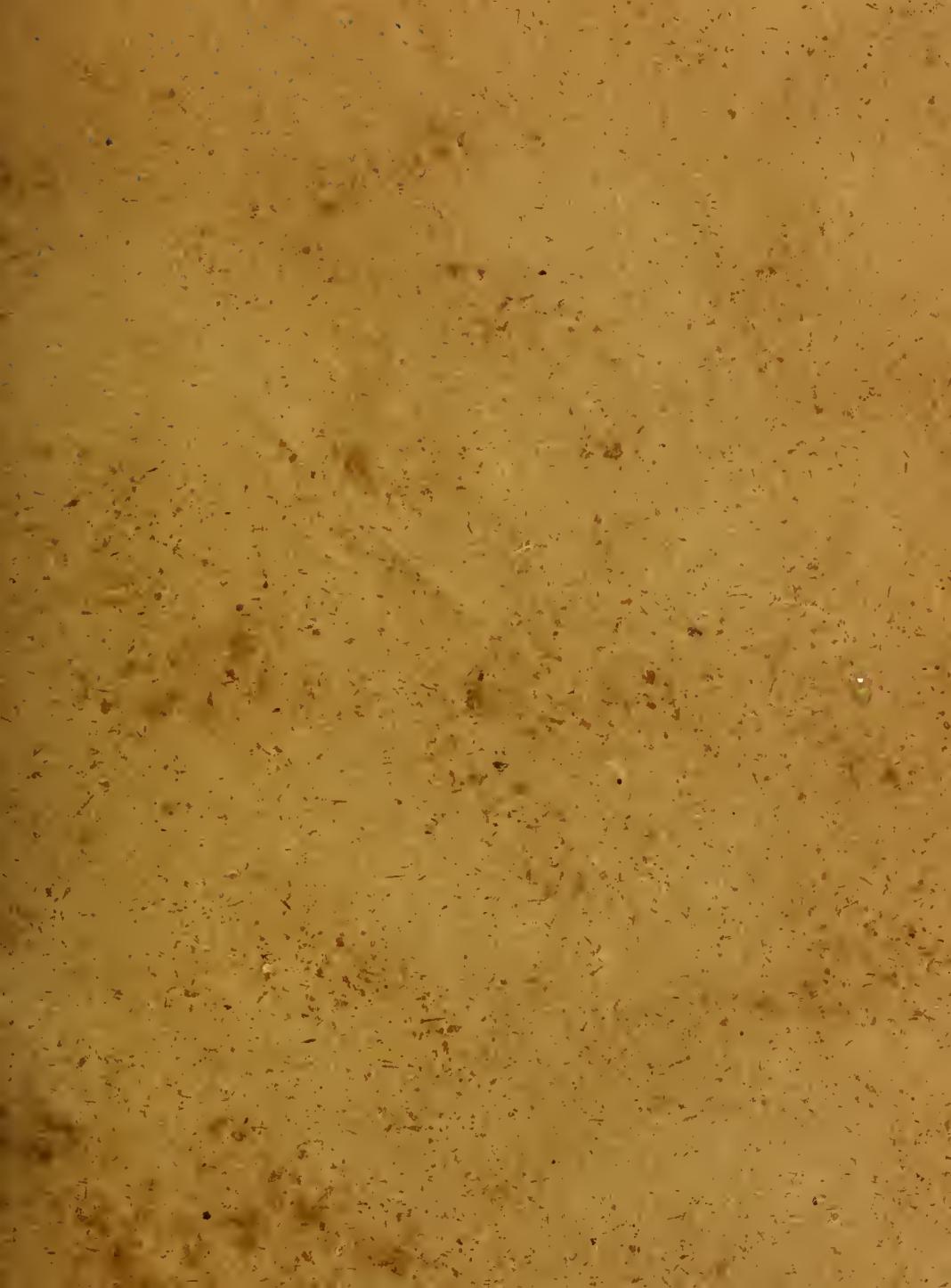
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G.L.C.



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No. 7.

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Excess of excitement shortens life, violent and sudden changes result in premature age and mental decay.

And what will become of us? We are bewildered. We roam about, lost and amazed, trying to get our bearings, clutching our foreheads, wild-eyed, wandering. We feel life palpably shortening with sharp, decisive jerks; we are growing old; our minds are withering away.

What days we spend! Let me give a pale and modified exam-

ple of the sort of thing we undergo.

A brain seared by the recent application of red-hot examination pincers is not quick to take in altered circumstances. I sit before the mirror, adding a finishing touch to the collegiate morning toilet; then I arise, march down the hall, and bring up with a bang against a solid wooden door. What can be the matter? It is no later than 8.20. What—

The new rule! The new hour!

It is a hideous moment. I turn to meet the drawn and haggard faces of a couple of freshmen who had also forgotten. We are not acquainted, but the crisis draws us together. What we have to say, we say to each other, in low voices. It is not much, in words. We separate, and I return to my room, put on the kettle, and find a piece of butter and a bun. No time for the usual shoe polishing, room arranging, settling down for the day. Half ready, and utterly disgusted with life, I wander over to the first lecture. Everyone looks as raw and wretched as I do.

The hour over, I go home to study. When my clock admonishes me, I arise, and start off across the campus for the third hour. It is sixteen minutes past, so I do not hurry. I see a member of the faculty making surprising and undue haste toward Taylor, and wonder at it. From the opposite doors a jubilant throng escapes, a class; his class. He stops, and watches them with a startled and baffled air. I wonder still more. What—

The new rule!

I tear into Taylor, dash down the echoing morgue, and peer through the glass windows. It is too late. I am shut out. Luncheon at one.

As usual, it is choked down with a celerity acquired by long practice, and in any order that seems most convenient. I arise from table, and depart, glancing

at the clock on my way out. It is 1.20. I feel as if I were in a dream.

What shall I do? There is no time to accomplish anything between 1.20 and Lab. I walk aimlessly about my room (that is, I take two steps and run up against the window seat, two steps and am in the fireplace). I hope sneeringly that somebody finds this gap in life convenient; how it can be filled with luncheon I fail to see, unless, somewhere in the college world, luncheon includes strawberries, oysters, caviare salad and coffee.

I go out for a stroll. It is invigorating to walk around Taylor, in a bad humor, watching the clock and hating life. I meet several friends of forbidding countenances.

"I had to dress in three minutes this morning," growls one.

"And I chased into politics twenty-five minutes late, the observed of all observers," sighs another.

"And where my hour of studying before breakfast comes in, I can't understand," adds a third.

"I can't get used to it," growls a fourth.

"When the bell rings, and I look up and see the time by Taylor clock, I feel like Alice in Wonderland."

"But this is a dream from which there is no awakening," I answered, departing for Dalton with the restored serenity of one who has found friends in misfortune.

And yet, there is a certain noble joy in feeling that the very things that wring our souls cause the happiness of some of our fellow-beings.

The trustees of the College have given to the Alumnae Association the right to have photographs taken of the portrait of President Thomas. This was done to insure a satisfactory photograph for circulation among the alumnae and students and with the understanding that any money that was cleared by the sale of the photographs should be used by the Alumnae for some object connected with the College. The portrait was accordingly photographed by Mr. Clements, of the London Art Publishers, Philadelphia, the negative purchased by the Alumnae Association, and the print from it warmly approved by Mr. Sargent. Copies of the photograph are now for sale and may be ordered from Martha G. Thomas, Pembroke East, Bryn Mawr College.

The price, including postage, is: Size, 8 by 10 inches, 75 cents, unmounted; \$1.00, mounted. Size, 5 by 7 inches, 50 cents, unmounted; 75 cents, mounted.

Orals.

Every night my French I say,
And con my German every day:
And when I go to bed it seems
I cram for orals in my dreams.

A. K., '03.

On Feelings at a Recital.

After hearing a Kneisel Quartet recital, I am always consumed with curiosity to know whether or not other people are affected by the music in the same way that I am affected. Questions carefully placed among my friends always bring forth in adoration of Hayden, Beethoven, Mozart—it doesn't much matter whom—the same extravagant time-seasoned list of superlatives, so that I am led to suspect that in the eyes of others all classic compositions are "superb," "delightful," "perfectly glorious." Yet I can never discover what goes on in the person's mind to warrant her application of "perfectly glorious."

To me a recital is charming as a means of lulling one into pleasant little reveries on hats, becoming shades for spring suits, or the color of wall paper that makes the prettiest room. My whole body may thrill under the influence of the music, my feet pat the floor and my thumbs excitedly jump up and down in keeping time, and yet my mind runs on every-day trivialties. I do feel guilty, when after having been aroused by a sudden burst of music from an especially interesting conversation with myself about the new breakfast rule, I look up with a start and see the rest of the audience leaning forward, speechless, solemn-eyed, and entranced. And again, when led by a pianissimo movement into an absorb-

ing dream of the future I forget to listen, and am only awakened by loud applause and the accompanying sighing and drawing of deep breaths, to see the little men, their violins comfortably tucked under their arms, making a precarious descent from the gymnasium stage. First I feel rather provoked with myself, and then I wonder whether people are really so different from me after all.

It is my ambition to question a truly honest person, one who does not wish to pose as a connoisseur, who does not mind being considered a barbarian, who will disregard all standards of the way to show how keenly appreciative are her musical faculties. I should like to ask her what she thinks about at a concert, and I should take her opinion as final in the support or destruction of my pet theory, that people at concerts are acting parts.

H. J. C., '02.

A Dream.

I slept and dreamed I was a Freshman and at the Christian Union tea. A card, tied with narrow green ribbon, and bearing my name, was pinned to my waist, and every one who read it said, "You are the holder of the first New England Scholarship, are you not?" I was supremely happy.

The scene changed. I was a Sophomore. Two Freshmen

were watching me play basketball, and I heard one say to the other, "She's a brick, good at everything; beat all the records in the gym, and never got below high credit in an exam."

A year had passed. It was the Christmas holidays. My father and I sat in his study planning my future life. "My daughter," said he, "you have done well; you have made warm friends; your work has been excellent. I think you will be well prepared for the battle of life when it comes. I am proud of you."

It was the end of another year. The day was Commencement, my Commencement. I was receiving my degree, and the words "Maxime cum honore" had just been read. The audience were applauding and stamping vigorously.

And then I woke up and went to take an entrance condition!

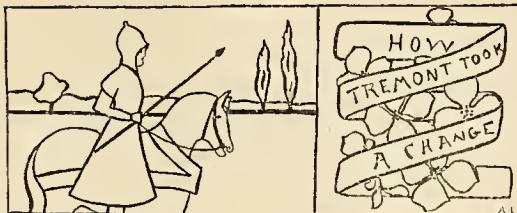
J. P. S. '03.

A little nerve, a little brass,
A little bluff, and so, a "Pass."

A few good tabs that you inherit,
A fearful cram, and so, a
"Merit."

A course so awful that you dread
it,
A steady grind, and so, a "Cred-
it."

A calm despair, a little tea,
A little luck, and so, "H. C."
E. T. D.



That night as Tremont stood before the footlights he felt that he was tired of it all. A sensation of ennui stole o'er him as he uttered for the forty-seventh time his declaration of love to this woman, who was, for all he knew, the wife of some well-to-do banker, or second-rate comedian. What did he know of love beyond what the playwrights had taught him, and Henderson, the manager, had tried to drill into him? The drama had been running for forty-seven nights, and he was booked for three weeks more at this same house. Bah! How could he stand it? He wouldn't stand it! By Jove, he wasn't the manager's slave—he'd cut it all for a week, fall sick, lose his voice, do anything for a change.

When he had made this very vehement, though unuttered resolution, his gaze happened to fall upon a child sitting in a box to the left of the stage. Her large gray eyes, of the same shade as her gown, were fixed

upon him with an intensity that surprised him, accustomed as he was to the "I've-seen-it-all-before"-look on the faces of his audience. Tremont could see how she was hanging on every word he uttered. To her he was what he seemed to be—a gay, dashing nobleman in the days of knighthood. He was a champion of the wronged, the loyal servant of his king, and a lover of fair woman. As he read all things in the eyes of the young girl, he roused himself from his indifference. He began to play as he had not done since that night, now so long ago, when for the first time he had played this role—when his passionate wooing, his noble indignation and his gallant bravery had caused even those hard-hearted cavillers, the critics, to join with the gallery gods in shouts of "Bravo"! And to-night the same applause greeted him. Again and again he came before the curtain to bow to the delighted audience.

Late that night, or rather, early the next morning, he and Darlington, the play-critic of "The Sun," sat smoking before a brightly-blazing fire in Tremont's den. Tremont himself was staring into the fire, too intent on his thoughts to notice the stage gossip that Darlington was giving forth for his benefit. Darlington at last noticed his abstraction.

"Say, old fellow, what's up? You seem to be suffering from 'les bleus diables.' Henderson been after you again?"

"Oh, no, Darlington, nothing's wrong. I have just decided that I need a change."

The two men smoked on in silence for a few minutes. Then Darlington turned again to his musing friend.

"By the way, Tremont, did you notice that girl in gray in the left-hand box? Stunning creature, isn't she? I came here to-night just to see her—to write her up for Morris, the society editor. You see, she's Governor S——'s daughter, and has been making a great hit down here. I suppose you'll meet her if you go to Mrs. Vorhees' tea to-morrow afternoon." He stopped a minute, and then, with apparent irrelevance continued: "You always were a lucky dog, Dick."

The next evening Tremont and Darlington were sitting smoking a "good-night cigar" in Tremont's sanctum, as his dressing-room was called. The audience had dispersed, the lights in the house had been put out, and

back here all was quiet, except for the rolling of the heavy scenery, and the whistling of the dragon, as the night-watch man was called by his friends.

"Have a nice time at the tea, Dick?" began Darlington with his good-natured drawl.

"Yes," said Tremont, laconically.

"Meet the lady in the gray dress?" ventured Darlington.

"Yes," answered Tremont.

"Hello," replied the irrepressible Darlington, "what's in the wind? Last night you were as grumpy as an old hen, and to-night you are as talkative as a clam."

Tremont knocked the ashes off his cigar.

"The fact is," he said slowly, "I'm taking a change."

Darlington smiled.

E. C. T., '03.

The Trot.

There are horses and horses I wot;

There is Dobbin left loose in the lot,

There is Sleipnir in Norse,

The eight-legged horse,
But the best of them all is the trot.

There are pacers as fast as a yacht,

There are pacers you care for or not,

You can canter or lope,

You can gallop with hope,

But the best pace of all is the trot.

There's the dream horse that
 vaults o'er your cot,
Or flies on the winds cold or hot,
 There's the clothes horse or
 saw
 Horse, but one without flaw
And the best of them all is the
 trot.

E. C., '02.

The 69th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

The exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts of the work of American artists is, this year, pre-eminently an exhibition of portraits. The skill of the portrait painter lies in his power of expressing, above all else, the individuality of his subject. John Singer Sargent's portraits of the President of Bryn Mawr College and of the Hon. Calvin S. Brice show that artist's characteristic method of emphasizing the features and the tricks of pose and expression that suggest to him the sitter's personality. This emphasis, which often becomes exaggeration, is effected by firm, free drawing, bold contrasts of light and shade, and elimination of all detail that does not contribute to the interpretation of the main idea. Miss Cecilia Beaux, whose portrait of Mrs. Griscom and Miss Griscom has just received its second prize, is apt to reproduce her subjects more faithfully, and

finds the expression of character in subtle treatment of light and texture values. Her work is characterized by its delicacy, simplicity and strength.

From the portraits we turn to those pictures whose significance is rather more subjective and personal, revealing more the mind and mood of the artist. A little spot of bright color in the first gallery proves, when seen from a distance, to be Mr. Tarbell's impression of his wife and children, sitting in the full blaze of a mid-day sun, with the deep blue of the ocean behind them. It is a lovely bit of brightness, and is in marked contrast to Henry Tanner's terrible "Judas," in which a dull, depressing stretch of bare hills, lead-colored in the light of a clouded moon, form a not inappropriate background for the conscience-stricken disciple, who hangs from a dark clump of trees. Near the "Judas" is Tanner's more successful "Nicodemus," whose subject is happier and whose treatment is better than that of the "Judas." Christ and Nicodemus, seated on a house-top, are talking earnestly together in the moonlight, with which the artificial light from the rooms below comes into sharp contrast on the stone stairs. Tanner's conception of Christ is original, and is rather startling to one who holds to the conventional idea. The deep-set eyes, glaring under the loose hood, are those of the religious fanatic; the rigid pose, the tense, re-

strained attitude, indicate possibilities of ardor and passion that are hardly consistent with the accepted character of the teacher of the gospel of Love. The picture is noteworthy and has already won three awards.

More human than either Tanner's slightly exaggerated work or Tarbell's suggestive sunshine are Gari Melcher's peasants. Homely and simple, their faces express much that appeals to us. The stolid sailor, who looks contentedly off into space and thinks of nothing, holds the hand of his meek little sweetheart, whose adoring gaze is riveted on the placid face of her unresponsive lover. Their life history is written in their attitude toward each other.

Of the decorative pieces much might be said. Childe Hassam's peculiar style and curious coloring is very individual, and often most successful. Occasionally, however, it is too affected to be pleasing. This mannerism appears at its best in "Improvisation." A young woman is seated at a piano, the light from a window touches her, and falls beyond upon a table literally covered with tall, transparent vases of flowers, producing an extraordinary delicacy of shadow values. John W. Alexander's work, from a conventional standpoint, is more normal. He chooses cross lights, and reflected lights, placing his figures near a window, or a mirror, or both. His subjects are women, of the French or of the Amenian type,

his coloring is esthetic and pleasing, but in nowise is it unusual or striking. "The Toilet" is an effective study in light and shade, the light coming directly from a window and indirectly from a mirror, and falling upon a young woman in green who is in the act of pinning a rose in her hair.

The landscapes are, in general, impressionistic, and are interesting mainly as bits of decorative color. "Autumn Sunshine," by Breckenridge, may be taken as an extreme illustration of paintings of this class. The style is distinctly original. On close inspection the canvas seems to be colored with little squares of red and yellow, regularly arranged. From a distance of twenty feet or more these blocks turn into a very lovely group of trees, flooded with sunshine, gleaming with flame color, while beneath them the ground is covered with yellow leaves.

The exhibition of water colors, pastels, miniatures and sculpture contains many works that would deserve special mention did space permit.

The girl that is not thin and wan
With all her smiles and dimples
gone,
She is a lazy girl, I see,
Or else she's one of 1903.

A. K., '03.

How to be Plain though Pretty.

A FRIENDLY WORD TO THE GIRL WHO IS PRETTY.

To you, my dear girl, who are afflicted with overwhelming beauty, a few words of wisdom gained from personal experience may not come amiss. What plain girl can ever know the trials of a maiden who has to live down her reputation for beauty? But be brave, fair one, with regular and systematic care you may make yourself as unattractive as the plainest of the plain. There are dozens of ways, every one of them inconsistent with health of body and perfectly wholesome frame of mind, in which it is possible to attain the laudable ambition, innate in every Bryn Mawr girl's heart, to be as plain as possible.

I. Idleness impairs a woman's charms. So never under any circumstances clean your own chafing-dish or polish your own boots. Don't think of washing your white woolen gloves, that gray tinge is much affected by the untidiness.

II. "The secret of my complexion is Sapolio," said Badaline Hatty to a friend. "If used night and morning regularly I warrant it will ruin the finest complexion within ten years."

III. Some Important Do's.

Do wear "gym" shoes as

much as possible, nothing can be more efficacious in ruining the shape of your feet.

Do worry over the mid-years, as that will surely bring lines of despair to the fairest face.

Do wear large, long and heavy earrings especially with "gym" suits, they will probably trip you up when leaping lightly over the horse, thus causing that clumsy effect so much to be desired:

A few words in closing.

A boyish girl should adopt ultra-masculine styles, they will give her a hard masculine air that is not attractive.

Have all your dresses made on the Pike.

Wear golf capes and golf shoes as often as you can.

Lose your temper as often as possible. Nothing so immediately induces scraggiess. "Nothing," says a good authority, "will make you so angular, or give your face such an undesirable look as the free indulgence of your own will."

Take up boxing, it will do much toward spoiling your face.

A course in chemistry is to be recommended, as hands covered with stains are not charming.

There is much more, my dear girl, that I might say, but limited space prevents. At another time, however, I hope to be able to give you a few hints on manners that may aid you in your noble endeavor to be Plain Though Pretty.

R. S., '03.

On the Choice of Books.

Such was the title of an interesting lecture delivered by Miss Agnes Replier on Wednesday last. This seemingly difficult subject was very cleverly discussed by Miss Replier; she did not fail to show her scorn for public libraries where the reader is guided entirely by his own taste, nor were those writers who have compiled libraries forgotten.

Accordingly her severe criticism of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner brought to light only the evils of his system, while she failed to show how such books might lead some people to a more thorough study of an author whose selections had struck their fancy.

Miss Replier thinks quality, not quantity, should count; she would scarcely approve of the young girl who prides herself on reading five hundred lines of "Paradise Lost" in half an hour.

Yet although we may not agree with all Miss Replier says, we cannot fail to pronounce hers a most witty and entertaining address.

E. L.

Some Valentines.

With hatchet in her stalwart hand
And pails and chemical,
I certainly do think it's grand
To see my buxom gal.

What though there is no fire there,

She orders us about.

And just as if there really were
She makes us put it out.

What though the world may call
her "plain,"

I love her, for our part.
And would not bid her quench
the flame
She kindles in our heart..

My dainty, fine lady, where hast thou been,

With thy laces and satins and all,

Didst thou step from the pages
of Vogue or the "Queen,"
To capture my heart in thy thrall?

Forgive me, my song, for I cannot refrain,

And my love, because love you I must,
For you caught my poor heart in
the folds of your train,
And swept it along in the dust.

Oft have we heard thy sounding fame,

And oft shall see again
The clear, loved letters of thy name,
Rec. Sec., E. N.

Dire, dreadful secrets dost thou know,

Dread things undreamt of men,
Yet, sphinxlike, nothing dost thou show,
Rec. Sec., E. N.

O bid me not that I depart,
 But with thy busy pen
 Record me "passed" into thy
 heart,
 Rec. Sec., E. N.

There is a young lady named
 Pat,
 Whose wit is so wonderful that,
 If a valentine I
 To write her should try,
 I am sure she would say it was
 flat.

L. A. R. 'oo.

Alumnae Notes.

'89.

The following notice appeared in the New York "Tribune" on January 30:

"At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of Barnard College, the Dean, Mrs. George Haven Putnam (Emily James Smith), presented her resignation in a letter read by the chairman, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt. Mrs. Putnam said in effect that she found her strength to be no longer sufficient for the discharge of her duties, and that she was able to relinquish them at the present moment with the minimum of inconvenience to the college because of the agreement with Columbia University to be adopted at that meeting. This agreement marked the completion of one phase of Barnard's history, and has been the aim of Mrs. Putnam's hopes and exertions throughout her term of office.

"The Board of Trustees adopted resolutions accepting the resignation of Mrs. Putnam, with profound regret for the great loss which the college must sustain in being deprived, at least for a time, of her valuable services, and expressing the Board's high appreciation of 'the loyalty, devotion and far-seeing wisdom which the retiring Dean has manifested in the discharge of her responsible and arduous duties to Barnard College during the last five years.' It was further resolved that, in the hope that she might be able to resume the performance of her duties, the Board was not inclined to consider the question of the permanent appointment of a Dean until after the close of the present college year."

'91.

The following is quoted from the same paper:

"The marriage of Miss Helen Annan, daughter of the late Rev. John E. Annan, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of Cleveland and Pittsburg, to Arthur H. Scribner, junior member of Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers, whose engagement was announced early in January, was solemnized yesterday afternoon in the Brick Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth street. Only the relatives and a few of the personal friends of the couple were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. W. Wallace Atterbury, assisted by

the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke. The bridegroom is a graduate of Princeton University, class of '81, and is a grandson of the late John I. Blair.

'97.

Helen Tunbridge has been elected treasurer of a recently formed branch of the Consumers' League in Utica, N. Y.

'99.

Mary T. Thurber has announced her engagement to Henry Sturgis Dennison, of Boston.

The Graduate Club.

The address, "Psychology and Education," given by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clarke University, before the Graduate Club on Saturday evening, February tenth, was interesting to all classes of students. Dr. Hall pointed out the scope and direction of psychological study. He compared the old and new psychology. The old is characterized by the brilliant literary style of its essayists and by metaphysical tendencies. It insists on the history of philosophy as its chief support, and scorns biological assistance. The new accepts all facts from the scientific world as aids to interpretation of psychic life, although it necessarily laps over into metaphysics. Dr. Hall laid stress on the fact that a thorough preparation in comparative biology is a requisite for good psychologi-

cal work. He warned the student against drawing conclusions from merely one source of investigation; and to illustrate this point, he alluded to a recent sociological work which has all its conclusions founded upon a mono-paedic basis.

Psychology traces the development of mental activities. Pedagogy seeks to direct the individual in the process of development. Education is as wide as life itself. Pedagogy is the philosophy of life. He draws a sharp distinction between the old and new pedagogy. The old is limited to the study of unreadable principles; the new arises to the demands of scientific facts. Nutritious food, plenty of sleep and exercise, and time for play, are very important factors in the education of a child; and throughout life, these are just as necessary for the proper growth of the soul as are purely intellectual disciplines. A sane mind must belong to a healthy body.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held Saturday, February 10, at 11 o'clock, in Taylor Hall. The regular business included reports from the treasurer, and from all of the standing committees excepting the Academic Committee. The conferences of this committee with President Thomas and members of the Faculty were postponed until later in the year, and the report

of its work will be presented to the association in print.

The Executive Committee recommended several changes in the by-laws, found to be necessary for the working of the association, and Article II, section 1, of the by-laws, referring to the holding of the annual meeting in February, came up for adoption, having been accepted for a two-years' trial in 1898. After considerable discussion as to the relative advantages of having the annual meeting in February or in June, it was decided to defer any decision until February, 1901, giving the winter meeting a longer trial.

The Executive Committee has sent statistics of work done by the association to the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, to be forwarded to the Paris Exposition. This committee was authorized to appoint a member to represent Bryn Mawr Alumnae at any educational conference that it might be possible to attend during the Exposition, and to report on the work of other Alumnae Associations as shown at the Exposition. A letter was read from President Thomas, setting forth the immediate need of a library building and hall of residence, and asking that the Alumnae would send to her names of people whom it might be possible to ask to contribute to a fund for the erection of such buildings. On President Thomas' suggestion, the Executive

Committee was especially empowered to confer with her in regard to any plans for raising the \$200,000 required for the two buildings.

The election of officers to serve for two years resulted as follows: President, Dora Keen, '96; vice-president, Elizabeth B. Kirkbride, '96; recording secretary, Edith Wetherill, '92; corresponding secretary, Abigail C. Dimons, '96; treasurer, Jane B. Haines, '91. Alice B. Gould, '89, and Susan G. Walker, '93, were elected members of the Academic Committee to serve for four years. Helen J. Robins, '92, Mary V. Crawford, '96, Elizabeth Nields, '98, and Rosalie Morice, '99, were appointed on the Conference Committee for the year 1900-1901.

After some further business the meeting was adjourned at one o'clock.

(Signed) Martha G. Thomas.

The Alumnae Association was invited by the College to luncheon in Pembroke Hall the day of the annual meeting, February 10. President Thomas, with Miss Keen, received the Alumnae most cordially, and the hospitality of the College was much appreciated by the association. After luncheon, the officers of the Graduate Club and the members of the Senior Class were informally presented to Miss Keen.

M. G. Thomas.

Lord Byron.

In the soul's awful loneliness,
 where now
 All happiness and love and
 peace have fled,
Only stays nature, on his throb-
 bing brow
 Lays her cool hand, and
 soothes his aching head.

L. A. K., 'oo.

Her Voice.

Honora speaks, and a clear sil-
 very sea
 Of opalescent evening laps the
 sand,
While zephyrs breathe a deeper
 harmony
 From far-off coves of a myste-
 rious land.

M. M., '1900.



This is the game of Tether-Ball
 Which we've been playing since the fall.
 The mud is deep, the hole is tall,
 We seldom hit the ball at all.
 If you this game would like to play
 You have to wade about in clay,
 So put on rubbers wide and high
 And you will learn it bye and bye.
 You see they've placed a lamp post neat,
 So if at night the moon's not clear
 We still may play this game so dear.

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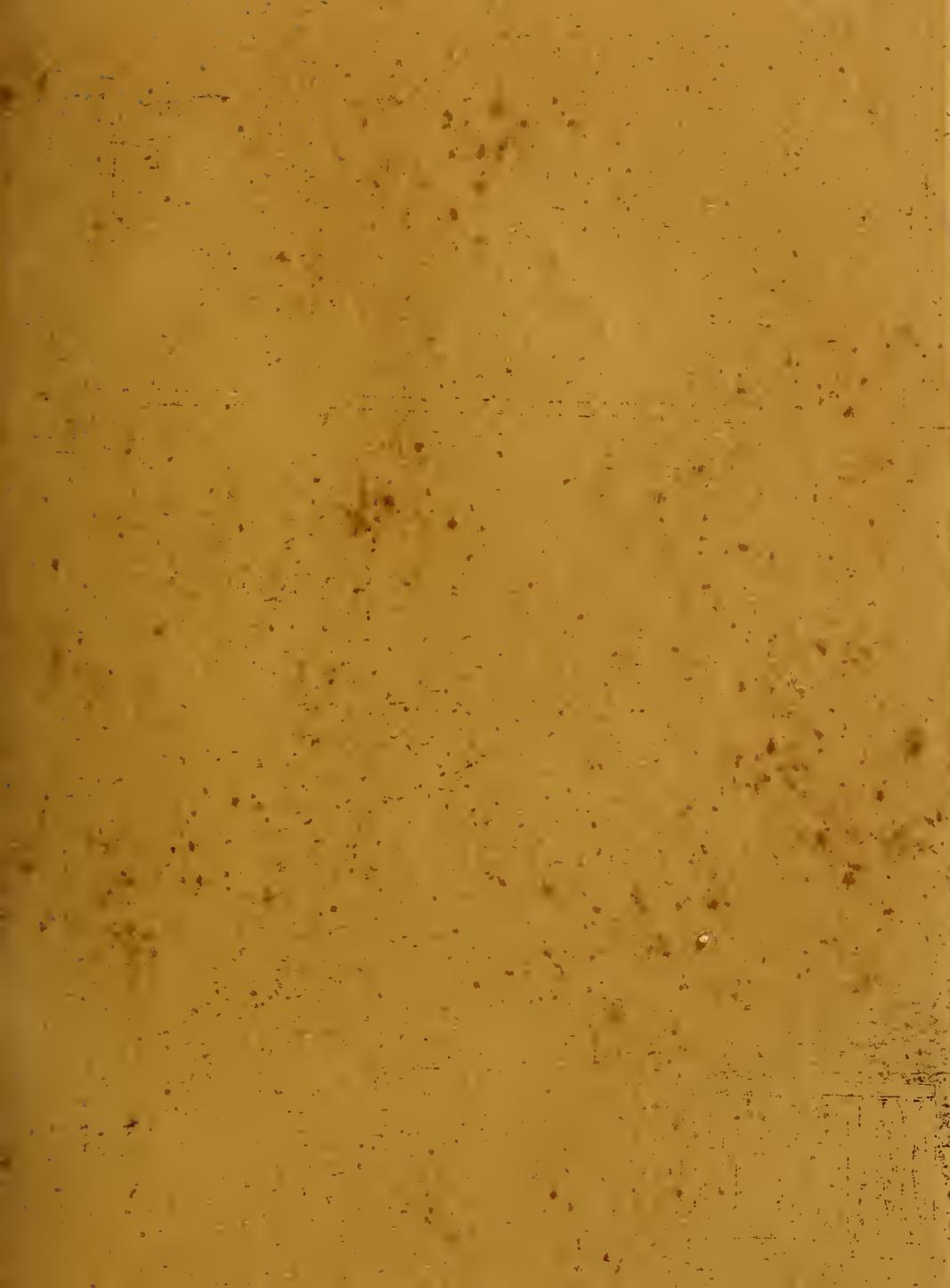
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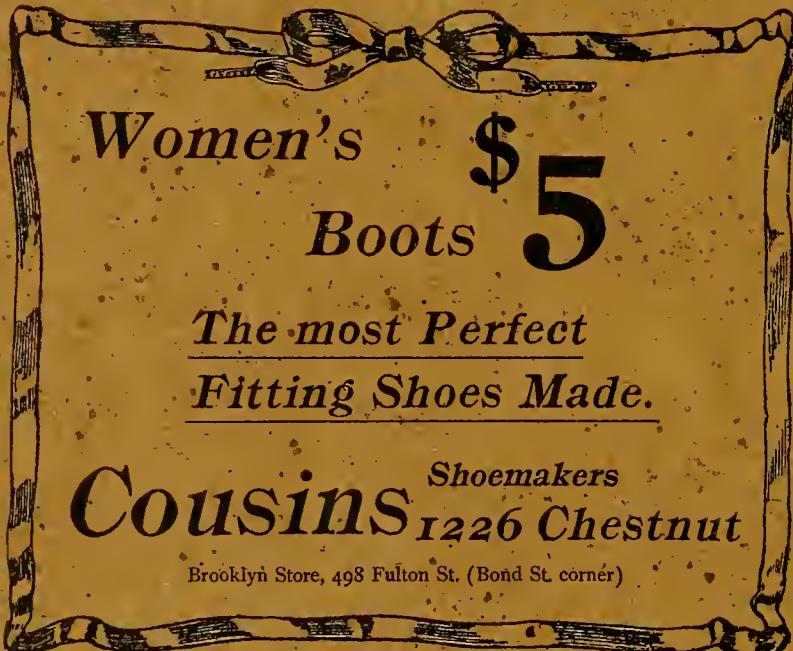


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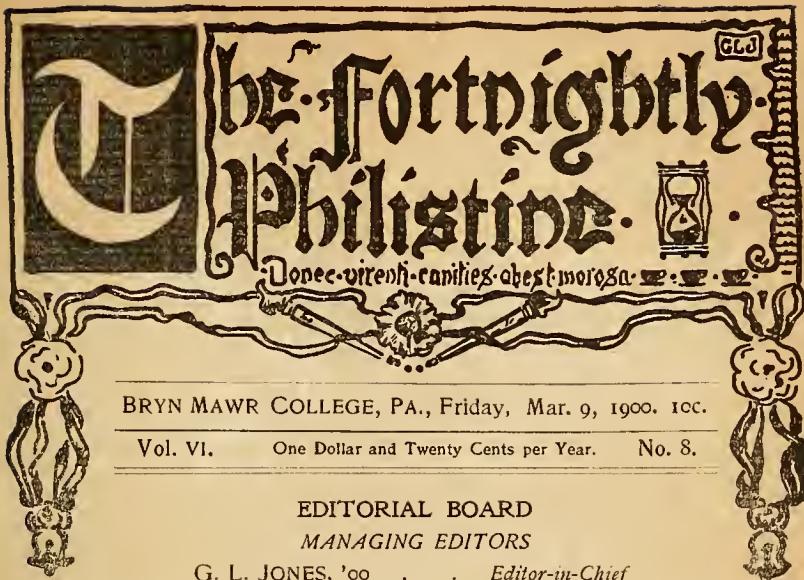
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There are some things that are like the wind—no man knows whence they come or whither they go. All that we know is that they do come and that they are with us now. We cannot even guess the reason why they stay, but we know that they do. To this category of objects belong the campus dogs.

If the college does not furnish

its inmates with a coach-and-four every time they wish to take a drive, it at least gives them, free gratis, a canine companion for every walk, however long or short it may be. The supply of dogs at Bryn Mawr is great—far beyond the demand for consumption—and this accounts for the small value that is put upon them. Their value, from a util-



itarian point of view, is, however, greater than might be supposed. Try to bring clearly before your mind, gentle reader, the following situation. Imagine a night with no moon and a high wind blowing. Now imagine a girl on the boardwalk half way between Radnor Hall and Low Buildings, and a robber lurking in some bushes not far distant. It is clear to even the dullest mind that if she is followed by one of the campus pack, she will be unmolested. One of these spirited dogs would terrify even the stoniest hearted villain. Or again picture to yourself a skating pond with merry skaters flying back and forth. Suddenly there is a sound of breaking ice and a shriek. Will there be an accident? No! Polyphemus comes

to the rescue. The noble creature dashes into the icy water, seizes the drowning student by the hair and tugs her in to land. The far-famed St. Bernard is not more worthy of praise than a dog who is capable of such valor. Besides, our hounds have done the athletic association good service, because they feed on the ground mice which burrow under the pond and let out all the water. Is it not fitting that some recognition be made of the vast services that the pack does—or might do—the college? It has been suggested that the graduate club signify that their existence is known and appreciated by appointing a Master-of-the-Hounds.

Everyone knows the dogs by name as well as by sight. There is Bessie from Rosemont, a beautiful animal, sure to carry off a blue ribbon at any—even a New York—dog show. The leader of the pack is worthy of his position—a handsome white creature, carrying his age with great dignity. Like Abraham he acquired his name late in life. After a memorable battle in Pembroke Arch in the fall of '98, he came off the field triumphant but minus one eye. Since then he has borne



the name of Polyphemus. Another of the pack is Bacchus, a playful animal, whose insatiable appetite for fudge shows that he is thoroughly imbued with the "Bryn Mawr spirit." There are others of less prominence, the brown curly dog, the dog that looks like a cocker spaniel (but isn't), and Ikie from Boston, and Hector from Brooklyn, and Johnnie from Low Buildings (but it must be understood that Johnnie does not belong to the pack, although doubtless he would like to).

There are some people in the college who don't know good dogs when they see them. These are in favor of ridding Bryn Mawr of its hounds, as St. Patrick freed Ireland of its snakes. Obviously there is but one way to do this. The PHILISTINE grieves to state that some people have not been backward in suggesting this means by which many other dogs have been laid at their long-deserved rest.

Great reports of the coming Glee Club Concert are going abroad. Again it is to be the best concert ever given in Bryn Mawr! The Banjo Club has been asked to join in at suitable times to help swell the chorus, and probably there will be other aids to success as well. The one musical organization that has not been asked to join in is the Pembroke East Great Band. Now the band is unrivaled for pure spontaneity in its art; its members (cf. the Glee Club) take part from a pure love of music for its own sake. They play when they

are inspired and at no other time. There are no fines for the performers and there is no admission fee for the audience. The band would like to state to all true music lovers that at any time that five or more persons make the request in writing a concert will be given—that is, provided the musicians are willing.

Any one who looks at the Taylor Bulletin Board is bound to go home happy. The number of lectures set forth there is splendid, is awe-inspiring. The only danger that threatens us is that we will get the lecture habit. We read with joy that the De Rebus Club will allow us to come to several lectures delivered in all languages, and we know that, after the lecture, we may look through the window at the committee and the lecturer and the few select friends of the committee drinking tea and eating cake. All this fills us with joy. And we read on to find that the Philosophical Club has provided lectures for several different evenings, and that the graduates also have invited notable speakers to address the student-body. And the college (no one knows just what that means) has done its best to fill up the evenings that are left, with Wednesday evening sermons, and has thrown in a few extra lectures for nothing, and apropos of nothing, but a general desire to educate us. Whenever the rate of learning seems to slaken a little some very kind friend presents the students with another lecture, which comes

like a windfall into the community. Some of these lectures are of such a nature that they call for a preliminary lecture to explain their scope and meaning and to act as a sort of score to the real performance.

Now the average student can with ease listen to three (possibly four) lectures every morning (Saturdays included). Add to this one lecture in the afternoon and one gymnasium drill (which is a lecture with practical demonstrations). No student should complain if she is asked to go to one lecture in the evening, especially if it is illustrated by lantern slides, or punctuated with motives from Wagner, or in the French language. That makes six lectures in one day. Add to this an average of one lecture a day consisting of sermons, gifts and explanatory lectures. This makes seven. Multiply by twenty-seven, the number of days in March leaving out the Sundays, and we find that we may—nay, *must*—listen to one hundred and eighty-nine lectures this month alone! Isn't that splendid! Who could wish a far wider opportunity for general culture?

Yet sometimes we may be tempted to say with Kemble's coon, "I's tired ob eddication."

Mr. Dooley on the Orals.

"Annything new?" asked Mr. Hennessy, as Mr. Dooley laid his paper down on the bar.

"I see they're afther havin' an oral at Bryn Moor," replied the philosopher.

"What's that?" demanded Mr. McKenna, with a violent start.

"Faith, 'tis a harrd thing to onderstand except f'r experyence," Mr. Dooley answered.

"I mind well th' time whin I was down to Bryn Moor visitin' me frind, the perfessor. Ah, it was an iligant time we had readin' poethry and drinkin' limonade, an' playin' tiddledy-winks from morn till dewy eve. But wan day th' perfessor says to me, 'Dooley,' he says, 'Wud ye like to take an oral?' 'Sure,' I says, 'I ain't averse to takin' stimilants,' I says. 'Ye misunderstand,' says he. 'An oral,' he says, 'can't exactly be called a stimilant' he says. 'It's a social function,' says he, 'fine as could be.'

"Well," says I, "I used ter dance th' lancers, but I ain't in training now. However," I says, "I don't want to miss th' show."

"Well," says the perfessor, "they ginerally have three ray-hearsals, wan in Daycember, wan in Mar-rch, an' wan in April—that's th' dhress rayhearsel—but this is the real thing. But Doo-ley, me bhoy," he says, "just keep cool an' do what I tell ye, an' ye'll come out all right," he says.

"So whin th' portentus day arrived me frind an' I wint down to th' Assembly Hall good an' early. The place was all full of gurls in avenin' dhress, an' th' band was playin' 'Everything is Lovely on the Bowery.' Whin they saw us they made way f'r us immediately an' we were shown into th' frout parlor."

" Faith, 'twas a scene of great gaiety, wid th' room full of gentlemen in dhress suits and flowers in their buttonholes, an' the prresident sittin' on a throne wid a diamond tiara on that ud put Mrs. Potther Palmer out of the game intirely.

" Well, we was lookin' round us like two farmers at all th' pomp and splendure, whin up spoke wan uv th' blokes in a biled shir-rt, ' Bon jour,' he says, ' Bon jour, Misther Dooley,' he says. ' Naturlich,' says I quick as a wink, for Doc. had put me onter what to do. ' E pluribus unum,' I adds, an' ' Dolce far niente,' says I. ' Avoirdupois,' he says, perlite as ye please.

" Thin they esks me have I iver been in Paree, an' I tells them me cousin married a gurl whose brother wur-ruked fer a dago. I thought I had him strhong. Well they asks me am I ready fer th' question, an' I tells them 'sur.' ' Wan, two, three,' says wan iv the joods, ' On yer mark,' he says, ' see,' he says ' Go' and thin he fired off a pistul an' I begin talkin' rag time like hellu-nall, and niver lave be till th' bloke wid the stop watch yells, ' Time.' Thin he says, ' thank ye Misther Dooley,' he says, ' O rayturn,' he says, or something iv th' sort. ' Gintlemen,' I says wid emotion, ' Gintlemen, dasfur,' I says, ' an' I aint ashamed ter say it,' I says. ' Yer it,' they says, all tergether. ' Damit,' I replies, an' thin they shows ma th' dhure.

" Har-rd luck, Ma-artin, me bhoy,' says Doc whin we wint out. ' But ye'll do it next time

easy,' he says. ' Next time,' I says, ' Div-vil a next time for Dooley,' I says. ' Wanst is enough for me,' I says."

L. A. K., 'oo.

Napoleon's Place in History

A large audience met in the Chapel Monday evening, March 5, to listen to Professor William Sloane, of Columbia College, who spoke under the auspices of the De Rebus Club. Miss Seymour, the chairman of the De Rebus, introduced Professor Sloane, who was greeted with great applause.

After a short introduction on the difficulty of making a fair historical criticism, Professor Sloane began by describing the great change wrought in Europe by the French Revolution. The transformation of the Europe of Louis XVI to that of the restoration of the Bourbons was more complete than that ever before brought about in the world, even in a century's time. The belief that government is a divine right and privilege had been ubiquitous on the continent. Now government was conceded to rest on the consent of the governed. The inequality resulting from feudalism had been done away with. A scientific code had taken the place of an antiquated jurisprudence. The fiscal system had been reformed and unified. New spiritual, intellectual and philanthropic ideas were making themselves felt throughout France. No civilized country was untouched by this movement.

The question is, who stemmed

the reaction and preserved the beneficent spirit of the Revolution? By the method of exclusions Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and their fellows are found inadequate to fill the places. The man who did come to the front was influenced by three fundamental ideas, to wit: fear of monarchy was responsible for demagogism; men could not be oppressed; the mob was to be dispersed. These ideas were the result of a careful understanding of the Terror. Though a selfish adventurer he had perused the lives of great men, and had obtained therefrom a personal philosophy of experience. The achievements of Napoleon were such that to-day the only clear title to land is its beneficent occupation; man only has the right to govern who is able to govern; and the basis of right government is the consent of the governed.

L. K. 'or.

P. M. 'or.

D. C. 'or.

"A Little Learning—"

Since the experience at Babel, there have always been stories told of mistakes made by a person of one nationality in using the language of another.

Thus we remember the anecdote of the lady who in describing her luggage said, "J'ai une grande malle, et une petite malle-de-mer;" or the others, who were traveling in Germany, the man of the party was left behind with the tickets and the knowledge of German, but one of the

ladies succinctly explained the situation to the guard: "Unsermann ist links."

As for us, a year ago we should have sought a dictionary before attempting to appreciate these jests, but now we laugh as heartily as the veriest linguist. Why? do you ask. Because the orals are passed, or at any rate, past for the present, if that he not too much of a bull.

The knowledge of modern languages we acquire may be short-lived, but for a time at least it is the most prominent thing in our repertoire. Still, however, this knowledge is not always correct, and stories of blunders made in our translations are exceedingly frequent. As, for instance, last year—was it not?—that "reifenden Trauben" was almost universally rendered as "traveling doves," which was hurriedly explained to be synonymous with "birds of passage."

It was then, too, that one girl distinguished herself by translating "quinze" as "fifty"—"fifty bushels of hay." "Quinze! quinze!" repeated the horrified professor. "Oh, yes; thank you," said the girl, "fifty cans of hay."

In spite of our mistakes, however, we hope to climb to the pinnacle on which the girl sits, who had lived so long in Paris that she talked French just like a Parasite.

German, perhaps, is more unattainable, and we resemble the Teutonic gentleman who wanted to become a goat, and finally became one.

The Oral.

This gentle creature lives
in offices. He feeds on
Generalstaatsverordnetenversammlungen
and pâté de foie gras.

Books.

I like the person, whoever she may be, who, on entering my study, sits herself down before the book-shelves without a word. I feel at once as if we had come to an understanding, and no matter how hard it may be for either of us to get beyond the inevitable tired questions and bored courtesies of first acquaintance, there is from that time forth a bond of sympathy between us, never to be quite dissolved. She may be a self-righteous prig—but she liked my "Clarissa." She is more than dishevelled—but how tenderly she pored over the tattered "Egoist!" Her voice grates against every fibre of me, but with what spontaneity she turned to the yellow fly-leaf of my "Shakespeare!"

Whoever she is, I like her. She often doesn't make herself very entertaining: she sits on the rug, her tea cooling unnoticed; she is dropping crumbs between the pages of the "Tragic Muse," and she has placed the "Sentimental Journey," open and face downward, on a dusty floor. I watch her sympathetically. I, too, have proved dull company, and sacrificed a hostess to her books. I am more flattered by my visitor's liking for my literary friends than I could ever be for any preference she had for me.

Sometimes she affects poets, and reads bits of them aloud, demanding sympathy. Sometimes

she likes philosophy—with the personal element—and suppresses tears over the "Crito" or the "Trial and Death." Occasionally she reads for the sake of the story, and insists on treating me to Mr. Pickwick's drive in the green box, or Silas Wegg's struggles with the "Decline and Fall Off of the Prooshian Empire." Once in a long while she proves herself the true bibliomaniac, oblivious of all save the bookplate and the type, the tooled backs and the dedication. Then, indeed, we forget to pass the time of day: and, holding each a treasured volume, discourse eagerly on rare copies of untold value and editions of unheard-of antiquity.

Sometimes she is the desultory reader whose tastes wander with the wind. This guest is a little doubtful of the inevitableness of literature; she has good taste, and a liking for books, but she finds them incidental. Deviations from the beaten path amuse her. "Why do you have such books?" she observes, with intolerance; "I don't even know this man's name!" And she is apt to stigmatize as "rot" that portion of literature which is obviously lacking in worldly interest. She insists on a certain definiteness, and objects to the vagaries of genius with the contempt of the honest materialist.

Whoever they are, they are charming, those appreciative and congenial souls who take their station before the book-shelves.

Whether they seek romance, detective stories, Thomas Aquinas or Rousard, they are welcome—all except the critic. I will not entertain the critic; I will not fill her cup nor toast her muffin on the coals; she would laugh at my poor poets in their cheap cloth coats, and pooh-pooh my interminable row of Dickens and my honest compatriot Mr. Dooley, obviously no fit associate for the cultured mind. Let her seek some less prejudiced book-lover, who cherishes hints on literature. My friends, and my books, and I, are happier without her.

Letter Three.

Beau Nash, King of Bath, to the Marquis of B-A.:

Bath, Somersetshire, 1710.

Egad, my dear fellow, you give me a deal of trouble—you have stuck me up on a pedestal but I don't belong there, so here goes to the ground again with a one, two, three,—jump! Apropos of the affair of last night,—you call it a noble piece of charity; it was not so. What if we dig under the surface a little, my friend? A tale has got about like wild fire of “unprecedented generosity”—it has come to your ears and you bring it back to mine in a note that praises and approves. But more than I deserve, mark you, I do not care to hear. So you shall hear the story straight. If you had been at the tables last night where you belonged, you renegade, you would have seen a poor dog of a fellow

come shrinking up to the games, watch them for a time from a corner, and finally participate with unwonted fury and desperation. I played too, as steadily as ever and as coolly, so that while I won £20—50—100, I watched him lose as many. I saw him grow white from temple to chin, I saw a blue line steal across his clean shaven lips, I heard a groan—and I continued to win £100, 150, 200. He was not at my table, you understand, but so seated that I being, as you know, somewhat experienced in the game, could steal a glance and a thought at him without detriment to my luck. Finally he got up, pushed back the hair from his forehead carelessly enough, set his lips for a whistle and strode over to my table with assumed nonchalance. I swept in £250—300, and I kept my eyes on his face as I did so. He winced at my prosperity, smiled with a lump in his throat, I dare say, and said, speaking low, “Zounds, how you win, sir! One-tenth as much luck would make me happy.” At first, as I scooped in towards me the crowns and half-crowns, I made no answer, but for all that I was considering one. Finally I said, somewhat ostentatiously before the room, “What say you, sir? One-tenth would make you happy? Well, then, since you are modest, be happy to the tenth degree and take the wherewithal.” Upon this I transferred my harvest to him, gathering it up and forcing it into his hands. He was so overcome with confusion he did not protest, and the games were

suspended, while the room rang with applause. I was "good fellow" to this one as he shook my hand, and a "generous gentleman" to that, and when I turned round the poor dog had slunk back to his kennel. But he had left a slip of paper on the table, and with the tact of a prince he had fastened it down with a crown piece, as though to prove the superabundance of my gift. The note was eloquent in six words:

"Not for myself, but for her.
"Your humble servant."

Wait, man, wait! Don't puzzle too long! Keep your wrinkles and wonderment for the next game we have *tête-à-tête*. Do you remember a certain very long, very lovely summer night three years ago? We spent it together; you at my desk, I at my table; both of us with ink and quills. Do you remember that the curtain danced through the light and was a very salamander for not burning? Yes, it is all coming back—the scribble, scribble, scratch; the poor, charred match that fell on one of the—yes, just when it said: "Yours forever, through the changes of a thousand worlds;" the whip-poor-will that whistled its long, sad notes and kept drawing nearer and nearer; the coffee at one o'clock, black and steaming—again at two, again at four, to keep us from falling asleep. You remember you copied three to my one, and I read one to the dozen that you copied, over and over again, and each time I found something new to dwell on and hug to the heart. I had liked to have overworked you with this

selfish rehearing of old, familiar lines. You also remember we were through by dawn, and the letters were returned by early morning.

What subsequently happened is left for my recollection alone—a marriage, "all for revenge;" a nod and smile at intervals of years and half-years, and then, last night, his ruin and my timely winnings. "Not for him, indeed, but for her!"

Well, well, you do not conceive me fit for a pedestal now, my dear fellow? It was, as you see, not charity, but a most natural tribute to a memory—besides, a kind of indemnity for the stolen letters which to this day I read and she has forgotten. She was the only woman who ever cared for me, and not for the cut of my coat and the shade of my gloves. And yet she sufficiently admired these too. But she would never give her opinion about my white hats—neither for nor against. In some matters she was bewitchingly obstinate, dear soul. Of my new gloves, however, she was without question, enamored. She would fit them to her own hand, peeping between the fingers at me, declaring the while that there was no surplus, although they bagged and puffed in a ludicrous fashion around fingers that were never meant for anything heavier than a ring.

But what is this? a raking in rust? Egad, its all over long ago. But I wanted to set you right, and a few things of the past crept into the empty yearning day; but they are gone again, like birds that dip into a narrow room from the wide forest, then

back so quickly that you do not see them, only their shadows. As I speak of birds, the canary plushers of Queensbury sent me to feed these three days begins to screech louder than ever. Perhaps it is hungry, for in all these hours I have given it but a cup of water. I have a mind to raise my umbrella over it, but after all, it is only being cheerful on a rainy day—sure there is not much to censure in that.

Had it not rained to-day, I would have driven out for you. I have purchased a sixth new gray, but it has devilish odd propclivities—nothing less than lying down in the trappings near every ten paces it goes. But its fine fellows kick it up again in good time. Have you seen Chesterfield at Tunbridge? He spent an afternoon with me three weeks ago. He marvels much at the changes I have wrought about here, and he recommends them with the tact of the first gentleman in Europe. He talked much of his son, of his ambitions, and, as you might expect, he talked well. You, in good sooth, were loudest in praise of King Nash's rule once. Come back to it. Everything is ordered with precision and elegance at last. No more clownish boots on the men, nor swords, but canes instead, and no more aprons on the women. It was only Tuesday last that I snatched off the Duchess of Queensbury's apron—that is why I am feeding her bird—on water! She rebelled for a time, but she has yielded charmingly. The other day the ladies came near to fighting. One of them happened into the pump room in

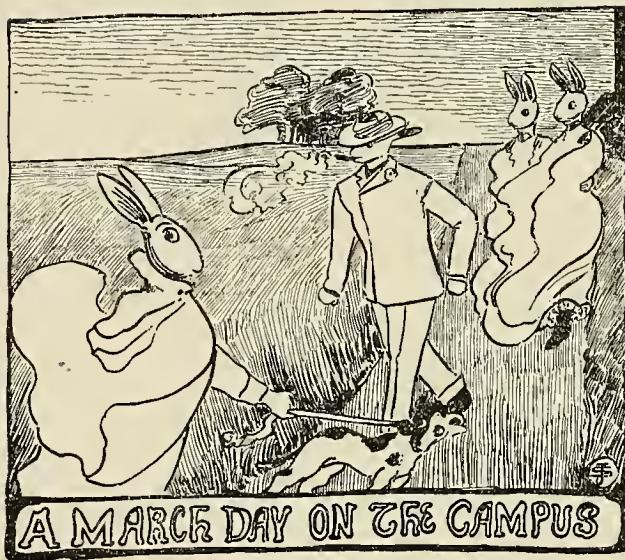
her riding-habit. The skirt was frayed and of an ancient cut. Perhaps that is why I did not remonstrate. Perhaps there is a better reason—she gave me the yearly nod and smile. But the other ladies would have fallen upon her bodily had she not withdrawn on my arm. There she was safe enough, for every one fears me here, and a look from me is law. I have altered the daily program; it is now fixed as follows:

Before breakfast, the bath; then a walk to music; then breakfast at one's coffee-house; then promenades, reading, riding, games. Dinner, followed by the amusements of the evening, dances, theatre, etc. If you come, bring Lady Constance with you. She is tolerably vivacious company. Why not coax your cousins down too? Sweet things! Surely they have not forgotten me.

Ah! the fashions keep one busy; my tailor for the hundredth time to-day! And his coming reminds me that I need £100; the little affair of last night put me out. You will lend it for six hours—until the next game.

Egad, but the old rascal is almost against my nose! As much as I detest paying a debt, I suppose he has cornered me at last. Thank you, my dear fellow, for the £100 which I see on the way before you have read this far. A last word—the Duke of L. will spend Sunday with us. Don't come while he is here—you might renew the old quarrel. And for that and the possible issue, a friend of yours would be sorry—Richard Nash.

C. M., '01.



The Wandering Soul.

(A Study in Sapphics.)

Soul! pursued by me with smiles
and with sighing.
Voice! that is heard by me in
my inner senses.
Sweet unearthly touch that is
living breath. I
Call but you come not.

Hush! I hear your name's mel-
ancholic cadence.
In my dreams your face flushes
sweet before me
On my life's long list you are
writ forever
Loved but uncherished.

M.x..e W..g..y.

Graduate Club.

On Thursday evening, March 1, the Graduate Club held its regular informal meeting. Dr. Bakewell addressed the club, taking "Socrates" as his subject. The place of Socrates in relation to Greek philosophy in general, and to the Sophist school in particular,—his position as at once a cause and an effect, the product of the thought of former ages and the father of a new philosophy whose influence upon all subsequent search for truth we cannot overestimate,—was skilfully set forth in a short but sympathetic sketch of the life and teachings of the great thinker.

The text of which Socrates whole life was the elaboration was the familiar imperative, "Know thyself." "Man," said the Sophists, "is the measure of all things." "Granted," replied Socrates, "but then let us know that measure, and what it is capable of measuring." Thus Socrates great aim was the search for absolute standards, to be found only in discovering the ideals of the perfect man. The quest implied, of course, the exposure of the shams and conventions which men usually take as realities, and this destructive work was only begun when his

outraged victims put an end to the sacriligious heretic. Nevertheless, the results of Socrates' efforts did not perish with him. His influence lives to-day, and can be destroyed only by the hemlock drink of self-conceit and indulgence.

An hour spent as was that on Thursday evening, in catching a glimpse of the real problems of life and their possible solution, through the penetrating eyes of such a thinker as Socrates, is a privilege for which the members of the Graduate Club are much indebted to Dr. Bakewell.

S. H. S. '99.

Requirements for a Revolutionary Essay.

I.

Avoid the Remote Allegorical—
Learn dates and events, or beware!
Cling close to the Strictly Historical—
It's well to be accurate there;
(An encyclopedian oracle
Had best be consulted with care.)

II.

Look out for your statements political!
Don't wander in star spangled bliss;
Be brief and concise, that the critical
May not find your raptures amiss;
Quote Locke; try the Deep Analytical—
(You studied your Pol. E. for this.)

{ III.

The task seems a labor of frightfulness;
No wonder you shrink in alarm;
While struggling with Style and Delightfulness
And shielding the Structure from harm,
Don't sink from heroics to spitefulness,
For that would endanger the Charm.

IV.

Amid all this fungus exotic
 Of facts, fads, and fancies, and things,
 'Mid anecdotes deeply narcotic,
 And phrases in glittering strings,
 Remember—in trance patriotic
 The Eagle must flutter his wings.

E. T. D., '01.

The New Rule.

"What are the doors a-closing for?"
 Asked Student-in-the-hall.
 "From breakfast for to turn you out,"
 Replied the wooden wall.
 "They did not close this time last month!"
 Said Student-in-the-hall.
 "Ah, things are very different now!"
 Replied the wooden wall.

For they're killing Bryn Mawr students,
 You can see them die away;
 The new rules of the Faculty
 Are killing them to-day—
 They have taken fifteen minutes
 Of our precious sleep away,
 By having early breakfast in the morning.

"What is that bell a-ringing for?"
 Asked Student-in-the-hall.
 "To chapel it is calling you!"
 Replied the wooden wall.
 "It did not ring this time last month!"
 Said Student-in-the-hall.
 "Ah, things are mighty different now!"
 Replied the wooden wall.

They are working Bryn Mawr students,
 Working harder every day;
 The new rules of the Faculty
 Are awful to obey—
 And they've added fifteen minutes
 To our long, hard-working day,
 By having early breakfast in the morning.

E. F., '03.



The skating pond you recognize;
 It's here our lives we jeopardize;
 When all the ice is in the middle
 How we can skate must seem a riddle;
 But there's a raft, quite big & strong,
 On this we polk ourselves along,
 Until we reach the ice elusive,
 We try, you see, to be exclusive.
 (M.D.M.'01)



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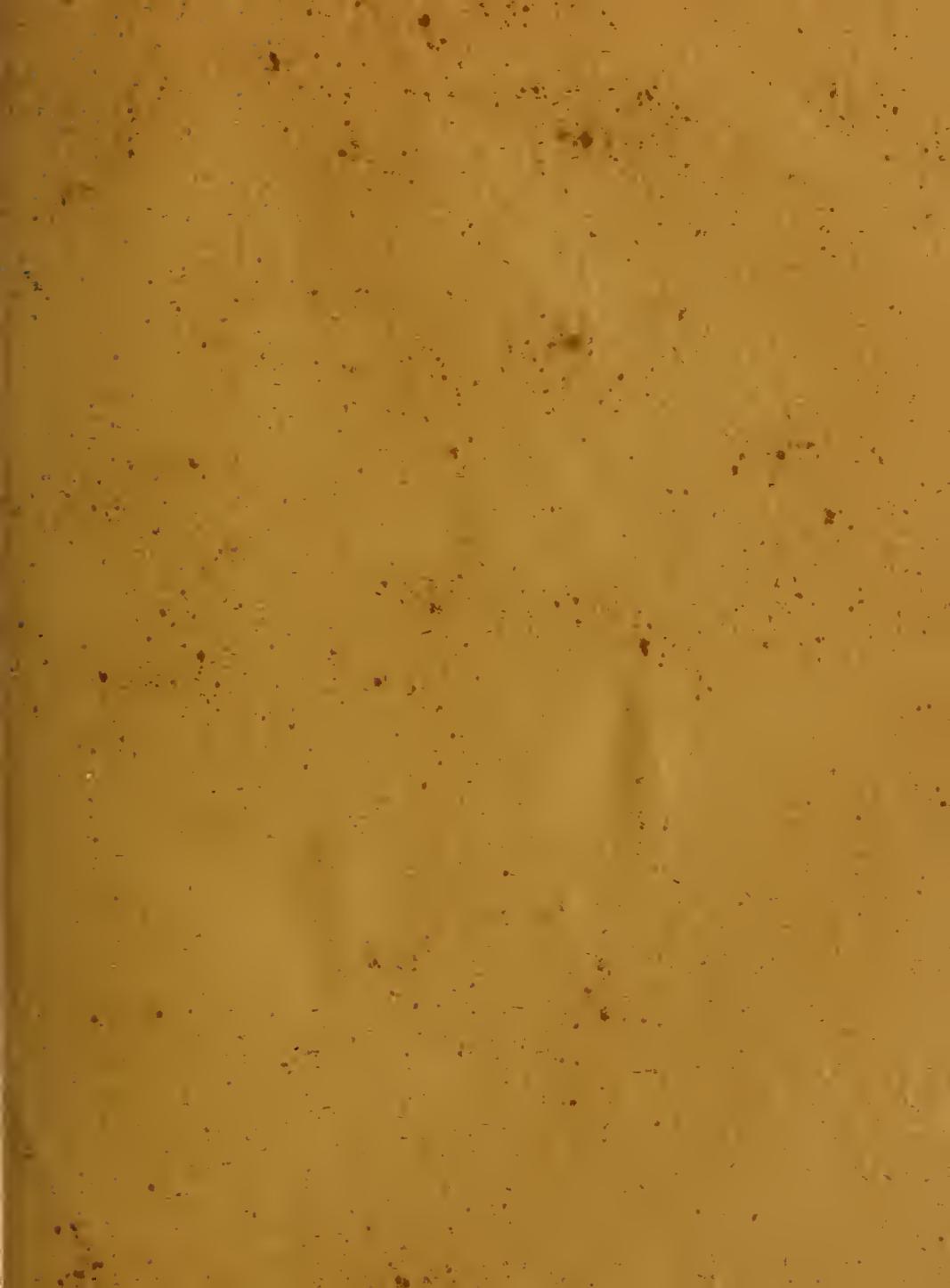
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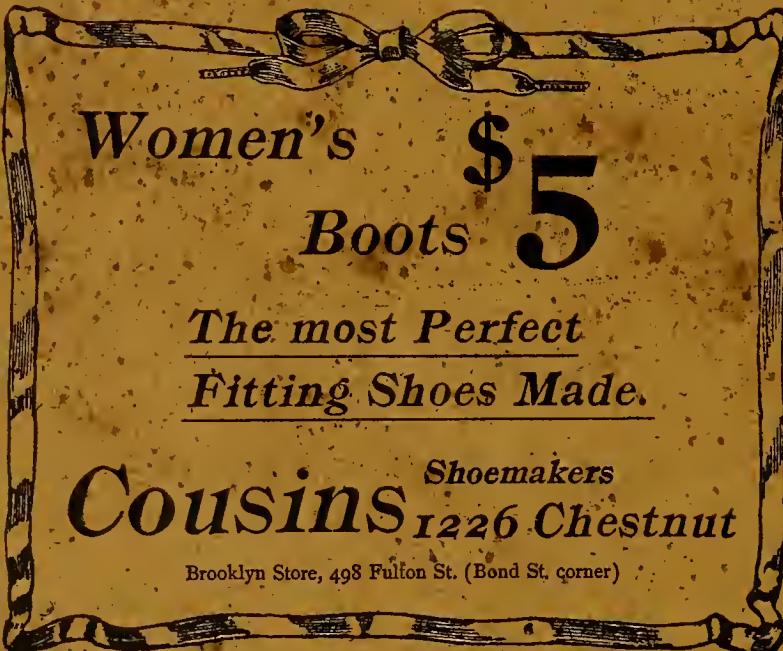


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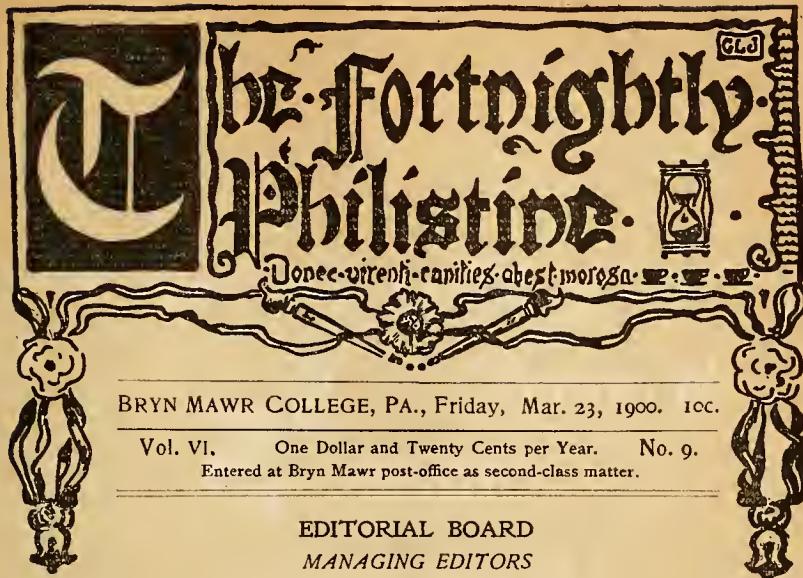
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March is already half gone. The calendar reminds the "Philistine" that it is high time for a spring editorial; the "Philistine" feels this himself, and wants very much to write one, but what is he to do? He knows spring is at hand, and would sing of the rosy anemones that nod their pink heads in the woods, and surrender their dainty petals

to the thieving winds; of yellow violets on the brookside, of hepaticas bluer than spring skies themselves, of the pure blood-root, and willows bending to shed their golden dust into clear streams. He would sing of all these things, so vivid in the memory of other springs, but when he looks from the window the land is all white outside, and

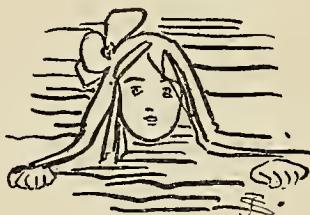
in the Vaux Woods every hopeful bud is covered deep with the smooth snow, on which the squirrels scamper, and leave no tracks on the hard crust. Even the pussy willows, usually so bold, have done no more than to push out their fuzzy heads and take a view of the world, and seeing it all cold and bleak, say, "No, thank you; we will wait a while." Only those that have been brought into warm rooms by kind friends' hands really ventured forth.

The "Philistine" would sing of birds, too; of the four robins he saw on the campus almost two weeks ago, and of a little brown fellow who sat up in a tree and sang delightfully one morning, but he looks from his window and sees nothing but noisy English sparrows, hopping about in vain attempts to find something to eat. The robins are all sitting in the barn, and trying to keep warm, with their heads under their wings, poor things—we hope.

And so the poor "Philistine" has to give up all the pretty things he was going to say, which breaks his heart, and he has not even the consolation of thinking that his present remarks will be appropriate, for by the time he gets to his readers, they may be sitting under the cherry tree reading poetry.

The announcement of fellowships makes all bad people stop and think, and wonder how it would feel to really stand first in

anything by virtue of one's own unaided efforts. It is certainly a grand and fine thing to excell thus, and probably there are very few people in college who do not feel a tinge of regret and a sense that they might have done more with their opportunities. The saying that "We are young but once"—how often we hear it, and how often employ it and excuse ourselves for doing what we know we ought not or, more often still, for not doing what we know we ought. But four years in Bryn Mawr teaches one many things, and any senior would probably tell you that there is plenty of time for work, and plenty of time for play, although it has taken her a long time to discover it, and you will have a better time all your life for knowing a little something, which is an argument that ought to appeal even to the most frivolous.



Swimming Contest.

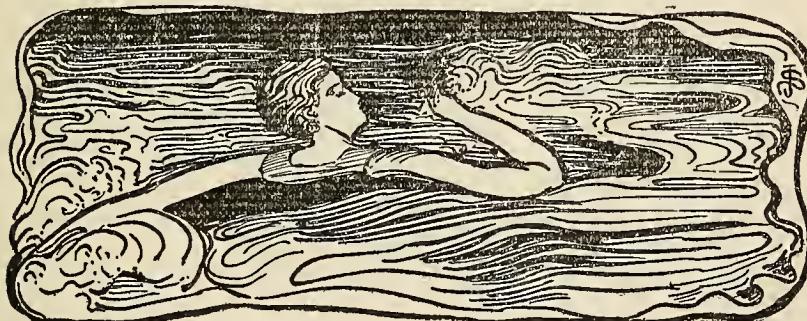
The second annual swimming contest took place in the swimming pool on Thursday, March 15. The enthusiasm shown was most encouraging, as all of the available space which was not occupied by referees, time-keep-

ers, judges, assistant judges and general floor-walkers was crowded with spectators, who hung over the railing in great excitement and cheered for the representatives of their several classes. The contest on the whole was a very successful one, more competitors entering than did last year. It is encouraging to notice that the interest in these

contests has not waned, and without doubt they will now be annual. Those who are interested in the athletics of the college note with pleasure the enthusiasm which prevails and which has, during the last few years, extended to so many forms of athletic exercise.

The winners of the several events are as follows:

- 140-ft. swim—M. Green, '03. Time, 51 2-5 sec.
- Riding on boards, singles, 140 ft.—E. Jones, '01. Time, 70 4-5 sec.
- Obstacle race, 140 ft.—K. Williams, '00. Time, 1 minute.
- Swim on back, 140 ft.—A. Kidder, '03. Time, 63 4-5 sec.
- Riding on boards, doubles, 140 ft.—M. Jenkins, '02, and J. Craigin, '02. Time, 2 min. 18 3-5 sec.
- Paddle and pulley, 1½ minutes—B. Phillips, '00, and A. Kidder, '03.



A Melodramatic Medley.

Such was the alluring title of the performance given by '03 to '01, in the gymnasium last Saturday night. The factor toward making the occasion more than usually agreeable to the Junior Class was, that the Freshmen had followed no precedent, but gave the "Medley" purely out of good-will and regard for '01.

The curtain rose, or rather parted, on the "Mad Tea Party," from "Alice in Wonderland," a performance quite realizing our ideal of that demented function. Miss Raymond as "Alice," with her long, blonde hair and her air of naïve bewilderment, was quite as perfect an "Alice" as could be wished for.

Miss Spencer was most amusing as the "March Hare," as

THE FORTNIGHTLY PHILISTINE.

was also Miss Watson, who took the part of the "Dormouse," and upon whose soporific tendency tea seemed to have lost its usual effect. The "Hatter" was capitally done by Miss Boucher, who put great force and spirit into her lines. The "Tea Party" was quite too short to satisfy the audience, and the applause was long continued after the curtain fell upon it.

Next on the program were three songs, delightfully sung by Miss Phillips.

Perhaps the most successful event of the evening was the dance which followed, by Miss Montague, in which all the amusing features of a cake-walk were combined in a "pas seul." Not only was Miss Montague's costume gorgeous in the extreme—we have rarely seen such telling effects achieved in the use of color—but her agility in the dance was marvelous. After it was finished, the audience fully demonstrated the meaning of the newspaper phrase, "deafening applause."

A song by Miss Day and Miss Martin came next, and last on the program was "The Loan of a Lyre," a highly diverting farce, the caste of which showed much good judgment on the part of the stage manager.

Miss Follansbee made a surprisingly good lyric poet. As "Meliboeus Barcarole" not only her make-up was good, but her gestures gave an excellent idea of the nervous, poetic temperament. The much tried wife of

the poet was rendered by Miss Strong, whose agitations and tempers were portrayed in a very life-like manner.

Miss Kidder was an altogether charming and graceful "Lillie Lawton." Her admirer, "Milton Barcarole," a somewhat unscrupulous youth, was very well done by Miss Martha White, whom the audience found almost as attractive as did "Miss Lillie." Miss Winslow, who took the part of "I. Selling Cottontayles," electrified the audience with her deep, manly tones, and showed most convincingly the magnanimity that can be shown by a guardian who has been outwitted, and a suitor who has been cruelly disappointed. The scenery of the play must also be commended; the furnishings of "Eclogue Cottage" were in excellent taste, while through the window could be discerned that clear, blue sky peculiar to June.

Not only was 'o1 charmed with the performances on the stage, but they were delighted with the songs from the gallery. Altogether the Junior Class feel like saying as the children do, that "they never had so good a time in their lives."

M. D. M., 'o1.

Letter Four—Beau Brummel to His Mother.

LONDON, 14 February, 1817.

Pretty Mother:

Will write while my cravat is being tied, which operation is not

dispatched in a moment, but requires often a full three-quarters of an hour, owing partly to the stupidity of my valet and partly to the complexity of the new-fashioned knot. I owe you upwards of a dozen letters, but, lud, when a man is busy from morning till night upon other matters, you could not expect him to remember the ink-stand ! You would scarce believe how much trouble my design for a buckle in the tie has given me. I have gone into fifty-two shops the last week alone, but no one seems to catch my idea. However, I have no intention of giving up. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon did not give up. To be sure my ambition does not lie in the same direction as theirs, but to me it is just as important and just as insistent. The difference is each of them strove to be a king of peoples. I aspire to be a king of people's vanities. If anything, I go deeper, and the above illustrious trio would have made me fine subjects.

Many things of a varying nature have happened in a month —some pleasant, some indifferent, some irretrievable and heart-sickening. To begin with the last: the regent and I have quarreled ! It was a little thing that brought it about, but a match may fire a mountain. We were dining together but on Saturday, and he told me to ring the bell. He was nearer to it, and I said so. He had my carriage called at once, and though we have swung together many a year, I fear me the cat is dead at last. I don't mind the estrangement

now, as I would have fifteen months ago—my royal friend is growing so shockingly fat, you know; I would no longer take pleasure in being seen with him.

To pass on to indifferent events. This present month, in which they say birds choose their mates, the tender passions seem to glow with new fervor. The Duchess of Rutland gave a valentine party last night, planned after a certain ancient custom of chivalric color. There were a dozen of us that met—men and women; the ladies inscribed their names on slips of paper—more's the pity—and the men drew at hazard. The vivacious and ever lovely De Crosier fell to Sir Philip's lot, and the dull Lady Bess to mine. If our chances had been reversed we had been better matched, for all the world knows De Crosier's preference for me, as well as Lady Bess' resemblance to the stupid Sir Philip. We are pledged to be the knights of our respective damsels for a full year, but I shall go on a crusade and fight the paynims in Lady Bessie's name. I have no intention of being a martyr to the caprices of love; in martyrdom the glory is only negative and entirely lost to the glorious. In keeping with the custom, the lady opens the fond acquaintance by sending her true love a valentine. Lady B.'s lies before me on my desk—as insipid a thing as ever you saw—an open window, with roses stuck all over it and she and I facing each other on opposite sides of it. The print is surprisingly like her—the same lead-

colored hair in twisted plaits, the same short thick neck and *retrouise nose*. I flatter myself that I would have been better dressed than the blue gentleman. Blue was an atrocious selection; she knows well that I detest it. After I have finished writing, I shall smoke and I shall light my cigar with—my valentine. I must get it out of the way—it might offend my cat. You heard of Mrs. Thompkin's elaborate ball of Monday evening? I was there; wore my new collar and my boots polished with champagne. Champagne gives a finish to them unattainable by any other means and I shall keep the secret. I broke a dozen hearts as usual and the next morning received by mail as many locks of hair to testify. I shall utilize all of them except a red specimen which is too soft to part with. The regent shot at a small bird the other day and in his laughing fashion, did not kill it but famed it in the wing. I am keeping it; it was cut through by a royal shot and is worth something. Now, no sooner did I see the black, the straw-colored, the chestnut, the grey (!) rings of hair than I hit upon their use. Two hours from now when my toilet is concluded my valet will line the bird's nest with them. And thus I subdue sentiment to sense. But the red lock I shall lock away—a petty pun, little mother, which like all my puns, escaped me against my will but I am not too coercive with them, for they win me many an admirer and at the same time relieve an over-charged mind. The

case may be likened to a peacock dropping its feathers—a vain but brilliant practice. But to return to the red lock: it is rich auburn in certain lights and I delight in the color. Besides, if I do not mistake, (and I am seldom in error on little matters) there was a pair of eyes to match the hair which I shall remember for a week to come. Brown of course I have no patience with light eyes, and loving beyond doubt. If they looked at me once during the evening they looked a thousand times and although I pretended not to see I was conscious of every fall of the lids, and at the hundredth glance I actually felt an approach to a thrill. But I conquered my emotion in seasonable time and was so indifferent as not to notice when she left. Lud, no doubt she would send me her head if it didn't serve as a hat prop. She was handsomely gowned though—we would look well together.

But little mother is sweetheart enough for me and yesterday eve, while walking with a certain litterateur, I bought her a valentine. This same gentleman, who is considered a brilliant wit, laughed at me for thus remembering you, and seemed to forget that he had a mother of his own. After all the head isn't the only functionary—man has a heart as well. The valentine is in red satin—your favorite color, I believe, or is it in yellow?—however, I trust it will please you. It is a dressed-up Cupid kicking his shoe off; it may remind you of the painting of your boy when he was five—the one with the

stocking foot and the discarded slipper lying against the wall.

I saw the Duchess of Rutland all too near at her party the other night. Her hair is as white as yours and she is scarce turned fifty—you are the younger looking of the two.

Forgive my absent-mindedness, mother. My valet has been talking about a rare snuff-box at £15, and while listening to him I scribbled the number all over the top of the sheet. And now, my valentine, write to your boy as often as you think of him, but don't expect him to do the same by you—at least not till the affair of the buckle is settled. Lord, the stupid Conkling, has gotten a hair of his whiskers fastened up in my tie, and the whole process must be repeated. If you weren't in my thoughts, my soft little mother, I would kick the dolt for his blunder, but you have saved him.

I blow you ten kisses—nobody in three kingdoms has the art as I have it—and I wish you farewell.

Your Cupid.

C. M., '01.

Tearyourhair (With Apologies to H. N.).

It was Taylor bell a-ringing,
Friday 10 a. m. had come,
Hasty looks at note-books fling-
ing,
Came the students one by one.
It was Taylor bell a-ringing,

Hasty looks at note-books fling-
ing,
For the time with speed was
winging,
As they came in one by one.

Oh, to hear the questions flying,
Tearyourhair, Tearyourhair;
Oh, to hear the victims sighing,
Tearyourhair, Tearyourhair;
Oh, to hear the questions flying
And to hear the victims sighing
For the reputations dying,
Dying, dying, Tearyourhair.

It was 10 a. m. a-ringing,
And the quiz had just begun,
And the Prof.'s glad heart was
singing,
As he quizzed us one by one;
It was 10 a. m. a-ringing,
And the Prof.'s glad heart was
singing,
Great disaster he was bringing,
As he quizzed us one by one.

There'll be many grim and gory,
Tearyourhair, Tearyourhair;
Few will care to tell the story,
Tearyourhair, Tearyourhair.
There'll be many grim and gory;
Few will care to tell the story,
For we'll all be stripped of glory,
With the quiz, O Tearyour-
hair!

There is Taylor bell a-ringing,
For the Prof. there's no more
fun,
And a joyful throng is singing
Of the dread quiz done.
There is Taylor bell a-ringing,
And a joyful throng is singing
But there's no renown a-clinging
To the dread quiz done.

On Writing a Twenty-four Page Essay.

There is nothing trivial or foolish about a twenty-four page essay, that painful growth of hours of waiting, agony and expectation. When buoyed up by the feeling that one is just about to have a really good thought, one struggles nobly through the necessary four and twenty pages. A twenty-four page essay means, with me, days of retirement into my cell-like bedroom, where, after dusting the bureau, arranging the remnants of three sets of china, which form the equipment of my washstand, in accordance with the strictest principles of symmetry, turning my back to the window, sharpening my pencil and imperiously ordering myself to take the most comfortable chair in the room and keep it until six pages are accomplished, I at last start my work—that is, I sit surrounded by dictionaries and books of synonyms and the necessary essay reading, helplessly gazing on the bare, white pages before me and longing for some sudden burst of genius. In the interim of putting down and scratching out triplets of adjectives of the "charming," "delightful," "delicious" order, I spend my time shuddering at the thoughts that persist in chasing each other through my enfeebled brain. In the midst of a heavy and intricate exposition of my reasons for liking the particular author who has fallen a victim to my rude treatment, I break forth

into an exasperated "Why on earth did this creature ever live to bother me with his literary preferences and appreciations, his predominant traits, or his thoughts on, say British Philistinism, or the functions of criticism?" Then I wonder in my own dazed way whether it is the height of civilization for people to worry over the thoughts they should have. This is, however, not writing my essay, so I buckle down again desperate, and with the lurid thought of ten o'clock, Friday night, driving me on, I manage by dint of hard grind to produce something which, at five minutes before ten on the fatal night, I drop into the bursting essay-box.

H. J. C., '02.

Fables in Slang.

(With apologies to Mr. George Ade.)

The Faddist and the Child of Nature.

The entrance examinations to our Institution for the Improvement of the Feminine Intellect were once sprung on two sisters, who hailed from the Woods, and were the Pride of their Native Township. They were furnished with Divergent Abilities: Estelle dabbled in the social whirl of Horseport, while Elise had a Bulge on Learning at the High School. Estelle got her dress patterns from Albany, and wore a Cyrano chain; Elise Leaned against Knowledge, and sported a gathered skirt and a Hair

Bracelet. Estelle considered herself the Only One, and Elise thought there was Nobody Else But Me.

They hacked their way into ample rooms in Radnor, and began to look about them. Elise scattered her share of the mortgage on an alarm clock and some books, and sat up till nine one night to compose a fierce engaged sign. She took an Invigorator before meals, and had a crayon portrait of the family hung up over the furniture. Examination Week was the only thing she Fully Enjoyed. In short, she was Hoodooed and Not Possible.

Estelle pursued a different ideal. She was of observing tendencies, and anxious to form a concrete idea of herself in the minds of the Masses. She therefore Blew her Pittance on Selected Fads. She always wore a purple orchid somewhere conspicuous, and got to Choosing her Words. She kept away from academic functions, and let it be generally known that she Hated Humanity. She got her theories of decoration from the Faddist's Paradise, to which, because of the purple orchid, she had a free non-transferable pass. She sent home for a can of whitewash and the Ancestral Andirons, and created a Hermit's Retreat that made Rubbernecking a Drug in the Market. By this time she had learned several phrases and a Philosophy of Life, began to spell "show" with an *e*, and used notepaper the color of the Blue Sky. Whenever she thought of Commence-

ment Day at Horseport, and the Drug Clerk with the Coral Shirt-studs, she drank Wood Alcohol to Forget.

About this time Elise had fallen up against the Good Will of the Faculty, and talked about High Credits as you and I would talk about Poached Eggs. She still considered herself a Geranium, grew in her own window-garden, and stuck to the Hair Bracelet.

Just then the Unusual began to border on the Commonplace, and orchids went out of fashion till nobody looked at them. The Chosen Few had Nervous Disorders, and spent two hours a day hunting down Eccentricities. Estelle had Blown her Capital, and could not Sprint with the Times. She simply Acted to a Frost, and Picked the Icicles off her Pose every morning.

When Spring came round, Elise had saved the sum of Eleven Dollars. She went home in a Parlor Car, and got the Joyous Palm from the Farmers. She Spoke on Woman's Sphere in the Opera Hall, and summered in Sharon Springs. Estelle Stood Up the Family for car fare, and Figured at the Same Resort as Head Waitress in a Commercial Boarding House.

Moral. — Intellect gets there every time, even if you wear a Hair Bracelet.

The Fossil and the Popular Idol.

There was once a College Idol who lived on Friendship's Offer-

ings and spread herself over the situation with Zeal and Energy, She had Pals to Slap on the Back, and Played Tag with the Celebrities. She Skated like a Summer Wind, Gofsed to Charm the Cad-dies, and pushed the ball into the basket Every Time. When she was around there were No Other Girls. Her Room was a combination of Temple and Free Eating House, where she presided as Deity and Good Cook. In Brainy Stunts she was the Whole Thing, and struck Sparks out of the Blackboard till the Instructor took to green Glasses. When she Toyed with the Drama the Populace Crowded their Quarters on the Door Tender to See the Show. She was quoted as Particular Hot Stuff, and had only to State her Preferences.

She had an acquaintance who can only be described as a Galvanized Fossil, with a Slow but Steady Brain action. The Idol discovered that the Fossil came hand in hard times, and that Feeding and Encouragement resulted in a Tropical Growth of Useful Knowledge. She therefore, cultivated the Human Fungus until she had gathered a Hot House Bouquet of Exotic Facts. She then went up and Dazed the Faculty.

The Fossil got dropped so quick that she didn't Get On to what had Happened.

When the Idol had Coralled her Degree she issued forth into a Cold World and waited for an Ovation. She waited about Three Years, and then settled down and taught Physical Culture in a Female Seminary.

The Fossil wrote a Greek Grammar and a Comic Opera, and ultimately married a Wealthy Brewer and Shone in Society.

Moral—Don't Drop a Good Thing without making sure of its Possible Future Utility.

E. T. D., 1901.

The Students' Building.

The question of erecting a students' building on the campus, and means of raising money for it, were discussed in a mass meeting held in the gymnasium on Monday, March 12.

The first speech was made by Miss MacIntosh, who urged the great need of the building from the standpoint both of alumnae and undergraduates. Ten years ago, she said, the need of a hall in which entertainments might be given was already obvious, and has been becoming more pressing ever since. The convenience such a building would be need hardly be explained—no more forlorn alumnae sitting in Merion parlors and trying to feel at home; no more struggles with the difficulties that have hitherto made the giving of a play such an enormous undertaking; no more trying to sing in a cell fourteen by eight. Miss MacIntosh went on to point out that in the course of a few years it would no longer be possible to admit the whole student body to entertainments in the gym, and that inevitably a division along class or clique lines would have to be made, and the unity of our

college spirit inevitably injured, this, in her opinion, would be a very serious harm to the college, striking at one most cherished side of our life here. Miss MacIntosh was most heartily applauded.

Miss Farquhar struck a responsive chord in the heart of every ex-stage-manager present, by her graphic picture of the agonies each one of them had gone through. She went on to describe the obstacles in the way of class banquets, breakfasts, etc., being greeted with appreciative chuckles at every step.

Miss Miller next gave a sketch of how the building would look and what it would include—an auditorium, music-rooms, offices for the various college clubs and papers, a library, a dining-hall, kitchens, and rooms for visiting alumnae, with the possibility of a bowling alley. At each new attraction suggested the enthusiasm for the building rose.

Everybody agreeing that they wanted such a building, it remained to discuss means of raising \$30,000, the lowest sum named as its cost. Mrs. Andrews brought forward a plan of renewing the Elizabethan Morris dances and May games in as artistic and historically accurate a manner as possible. The idea met with general approval, and it was voted that such an entertainment be given in the coming May. Mrs. Andrews was elected chairman of a committee to manage the affair.

M. C., '03.

Alumnae Notes.

The Academic Committee of the Alumnae Association, which forms the official means of communication between the Alumnae and the College, and which confers with the president and members of the faculty on matters of interest connected with the College, met in Bryn Mawr on the sixteenth and seventeenth. The committee met informally on Friday to talk over preliminary business. At the first conference on Saturday, President Thomas invited Dr. Lodge and Dr. Morgan to be present; at the second conference the committee met President Thomas alone. The conferences having been postponed from the dates fixed in February for them before the Alumnae meeting, form properly part of the past year's work of the Association. They were attended by Annie C. Emery, chairman; Louise S. Brownell, Edith Hamilton, Jane L. Brownell, Mary T. Mason, and Martha G. Thomas, ex-officio. Dora Keen, the new president of the Alumnae Association, and Susan G. Walker, recently elected to the committee, were present on invitation of Miss Emery. President Thomas entertained the committee at luncheon on Saturday at the Deanery.

The Academic Committee will publish in a forthcoming number of the "Educational Review" a paper on "The Government of Women Students in Our Colleges and Universities" that has been

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prepared during the past year by Miss Louise Brownell, as part of the work of the committee.

'93.

Henrietta Palmer, Librarian of the State Historical Society, at Newark, N. J., spent part of Friday and Saturday in Bryn Mawr.

Song.

(Tune: "There is a Tavern in the Town.")

There is a fellow in Bryn Mawr,
in Bryn Mawr,
Of our whole class she is the star, is the star;
She takes the cake in slinging lots of Greek.
You bet, in Latin she's not weak.

Chorus—

So the Class of 1900
Which thus far has never blundered,
In Liz Perkins breaks her record,
I guess nit, nit, nit.

So now, our fellow, here's to you, here's to you;
Liz Perkins worthy of our blue, of our blue;
We hope that though across the sea,
With noughty nought your thoughts will be.

So young, according to the Dean,
to the Dean,
And yet our fellow European, European;
Her brain it is of such stupendous size,
It cannot fail to gain the prize.

Song.

(Tune: "Pollywolly Doodle.")

I.

Oh, who has got the essay prize?
Of course, it's Billy Crane.
It could not be a great surprise,
Since we knew Billy Crane.

Chorus—

What's the time? What's the time?
O tell us, Billy, pray;
You surely can't be late,
The Child's watch is up to date,
Since you've won the prize essay.

II.

When of the essay prize we hear
Of course our necks we
"Crane,"
And all of us are on the "watch"
For dear old Billy Crane.

III.

"I have no head for essay work"—
You're fooling, Billy Crane,
Since it has given you the time
Of your life, O Billy Crane.

To an Opal.

(Sonnet.)

A fairy sunset o'er a fairy lake;
 A fire at night upon a fairy sea;
 The message of my tender heart to thee,
 Throbbing and burning for thy true love's sake.
 Ah! if a lifeless stone such glory take
 From air, and light, and mist, might it not be
 That warmer tinges from my heart, from me
 'Twould gain, and for me passions' pleading make;
 Tell her of love that naught on earth can pale,
 Though life be long and all else fade and fail?
 Tell her of trials borne through love alone?
 Cast all my being at her spirit's throne?
 On to thy mission with right grateful speed,
 And yielding not to thee, she's cold indeed!

H. L. R., '01.

My Friend.

(Sonnet.)

I went by night along the road to Death,
 And all my company was ghosts of song—
 The songs that in my life once strove for breath—
 How pitiful their broken, cheerless throng!
 And in my heart went burning wild regret
 For all the wasted hours of time long past,
 That in a vista drear my spirit met,
 As those scant, final moments drifted fast.
 One picture flamed to bring me comfort sure,
 And all the dead songs felt their life renew—
 My love for thee, so strong to wile and lure
 My vagrant thoughts to shadowy rhymes and few.
 To think that were thy face still mine to see,
 Those songs might live for men in place of me!

E. M. P., '00.

Verses.

(Apologies to R. L. S.)

In college I sit up at night,
And work until the morning
light.

At home it's quite the other
way;
I often lie abed by day.

I have to go lab. and see
The others skipping out to tea,
Or hear the riding-horses' feet
A-clattering past me down the
street.

And does it not seem hard to
you
When all the sky is clear and
blue,

And I should like so much to
play
I have to go to lab. to-day?
M. C., '03.

Thoughts on Gym.

On looking down the varied line
In gym, I can not guess
What Dr. Smith wants us to
wear
When she commands "Right
dress!"

I think old Webster was quite
right
When he in days of yore
Wrote in his dic., "The word
'drill' is
Synonymous with 'bore.' "

C. H. S., '00.

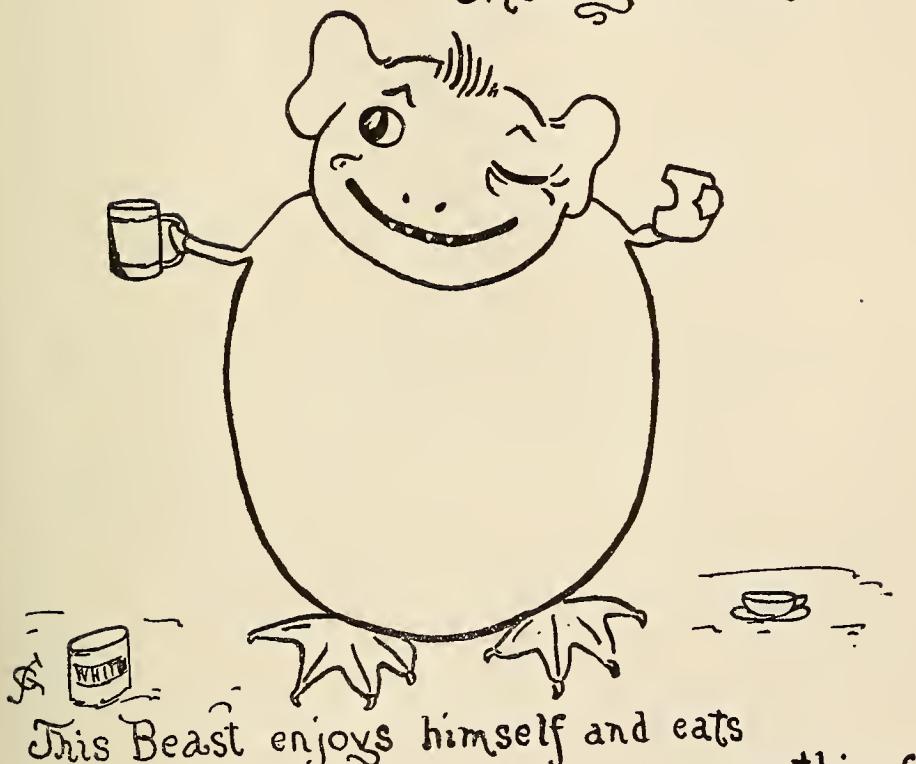
She Sleeps.

(With apologies to M. M.)

Sonora snores, and a swift, shivering shaft
Of soporific thunder strikes the air,
While dolphins dive deep in the sapphire mere
And sleepless listeners wish they too were there

M—x—e W—g—y.

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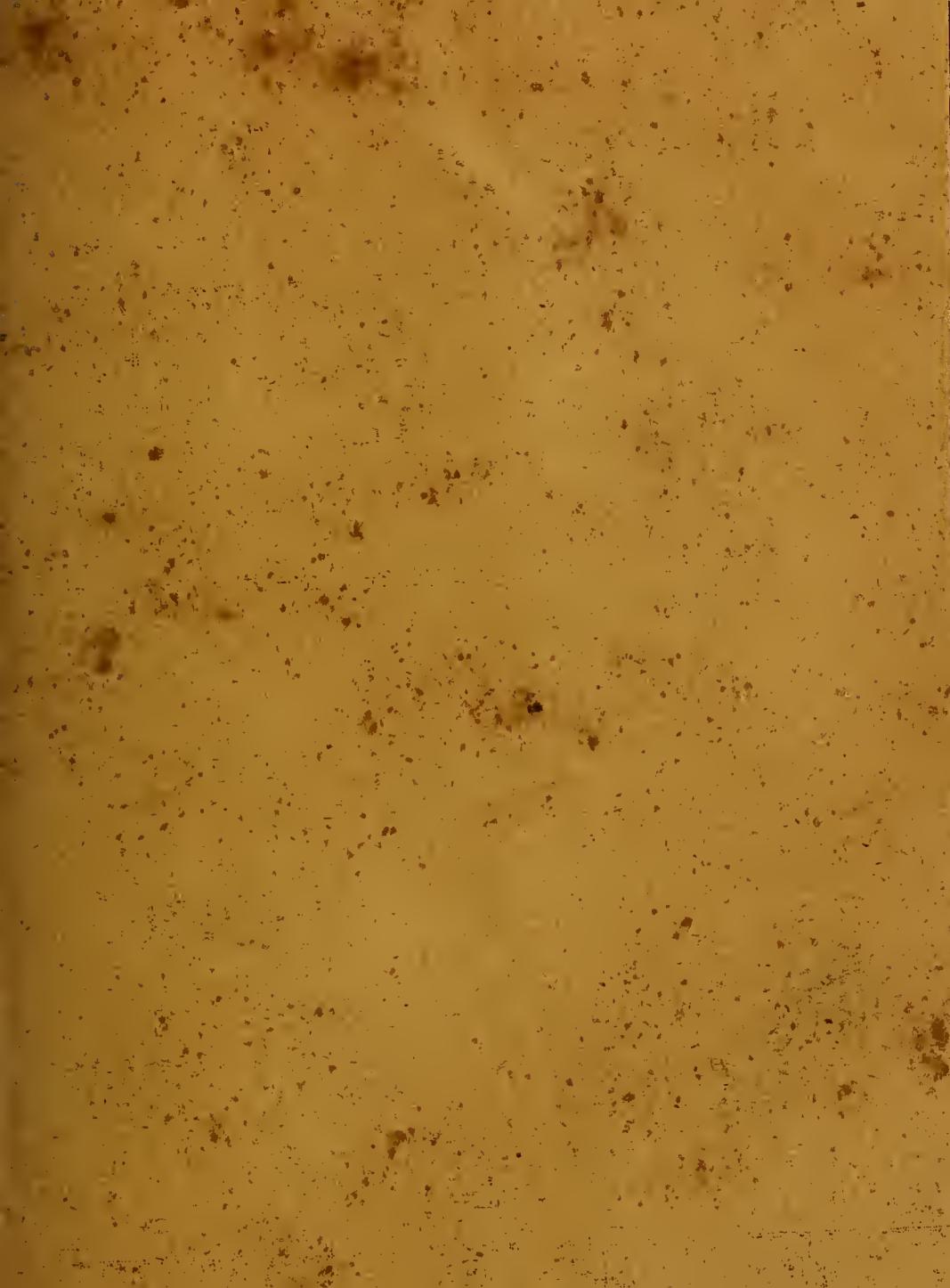
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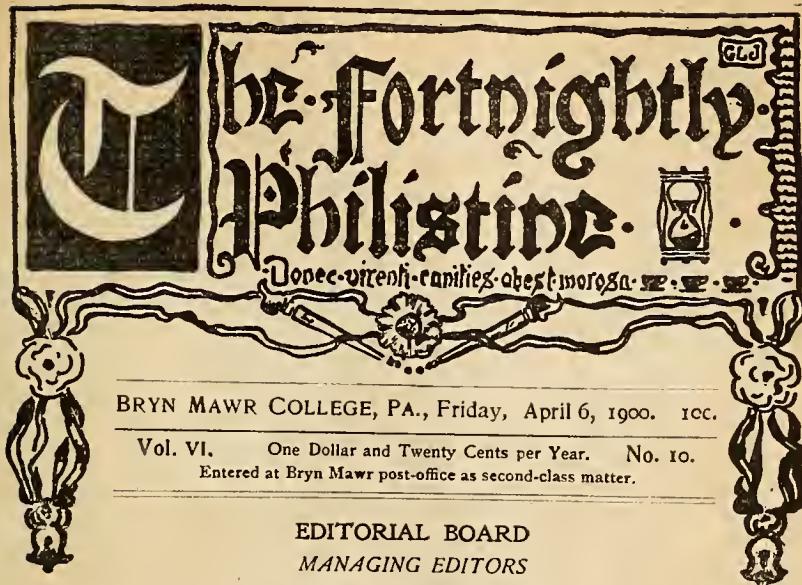
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Doubtless the readers of the PHILISTINE are looking for an Easter number bound in a "fresh green" cover. This would indeed have been most springlike and appropriate, and the PHILISTINE fully intended to come out in this form. But no one is interested in Easter this year. How can an Easter bonnet call forth any enthusiasm when one may be planning a shepherd's

costume or the dress of a court fool for the May Day Festival? And then an infinite number of pleasant things is going to happen before the time comes to think of Easter—a Trigonometry examination, and other examinations, such as French and German orals, and solid and punctuation, and a Glee Club concert, a few extra lectures and the packing of several hundred

trunks. Besides, people are more interested nowadays in campus dogs than in rabbits—a preference made manifest even in the laboratories. Talent that might be donated to writing Easter hymns has been turned to the composition of Chaucerian poems. Now the PHILISTINE is far too truthful to take on a cover of Easter piety when his heart is not filled with Easter joy and gladness. And therefore he appears in his old coat that he may escape the accusation of being "Like unto sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones."

The PHILISTINE is not usually given to protests of a virulent description; he merely receives them and hears them with the calmness of conscious dignity. He beheld the hind-quarters of the sacrificed campus dog in Dalton the other day, and merely shrugged a cynical shrug, sighed a friendly sigh, and passed on. Human decency required that the Dissected Lost One should have an elegy—so the ode appears and the unfortunate is consigned to alcohol and oblivion. But there are limits even to the stately calm of the PHILISTINE, and his tranquillity ends when there is a question of the doom of "Bacchus."

We would have it well known that "Bacchus" is no ordinary dog. In appearance, to be sure, he is a little confusing: if his tail were longer he would be a bull; if his head were shorter he would be a fox; if his hair were darker

there is no telling what he would be; but he has a pair of bright and earnest eyes, a jaw like a steel wire and an endowment of muscular activity that would do honor to a dog of noble lineage.

He is such a gay, good-natured, lively, honest, sporty little beast! He will sit out on the icy campus in the wind and driving rain with a stoicism that is not at all assumed; and comes rushing to meet me with a howl of wild Irish delight (if he were yellow he would be an Irish terrier) and a palpable smile on his pert wrinkled face. Dear little "Bacchus!" One of his ears stands cocked, the other hangs dejectedly over his eye, his legs form arches; the other dogs fear him; his heart is bold.

He fights wild innings with huge, hulking collies, and never knows when he is beaten; he tried to go in to Philadelphia on the train the other day, and was removed forcibly by the scruff of the neck, kicking and biting. If "Bacchus" is sacrificed, there will be a heavy account to settle with his friends. There is not a careless stroller across the campus that will not miss him.

It has, perhaps, been hard to make many understand how any member of the college could wish for more than the green of the campus, "open to the fields and to the sky," to perpetuate the traditions of former classes and to foster in the present student body an interest in the pursuit of the highest ideal of student life. It may be said that if one does not feel these things no number of

students' buildings will create a veneration of this sort. And, from one point of view, this is undoubtedly true, for the mere fact that a building is standing on the campus between Radnor and Low Buildings is not enough to create college feeling and sentiment. The use, however, to which such a building will be put, in that the organizations and persons using it will be working to the interests of all connected with Bryn Mawr, will do much to bring about a unity of purpose and a serious and deeply felt enthusiasm in the affairs of the college. The immense utility of the Students' Building will soon overcome the difficulty that is always attendant on any new and comprehensive remedy that is attempted for a general need, and the conservatism of those who resent innovations and changes of any sort will certainly cease to be offended by this new building, when it is seen to strengthen the "Old Bryn Mawr Spirit," which is dearer to them than the desire to have the campus "just as it used to be."

The good effects of the enterprise are already becoming evident. Since the days when the students put their energies together and collected enough money for the swimming pool and for the athletic field, there has been no common interest of a practical sort to unite the efforts of everyone—of those now in Bryn Mawr and of those who have been here—in the undertaking. The first plans for starting a fund were much discussed and met with very half-hearted ap-

roval. That which was proposed by Mrs. Andrews, '93, and which was unanimously adopted by the mass meeting on March 12, has been enthusiastically received on every side and has had thus far a success that is truly gratifying. The support given to the committees has been by no means half-hearted, and has bespoken the fact that although there is now no one place in which Bryn Mawr traditions and interests center, these traditions and interests do exist and ought to be given an opportunity to show themselves. It has shown also that the present undergraduate body does not lack the spirit and unity to fit them to act vigorously when the occasion comes, even though the task presented be a great one.

The object of the Students' Building will be fundamentally social; it will stand for the broadly human interests of the College and of the Alumnae. As seeking to embody in his pages just these interests, to represent just that spirit which is prompting those who are working so zealously for the May-day games, the PHILISTINE urges every undergraduate, graduate and alumna to show her loyalty to her *alma mater* by giving to the Festival her unified and enthusiastic support.

Ye May-day Fete.

Such is the title of the May-day festival which is going to revive the old English May games and Morris dances at Bryn Mawr College, and, we hope, to bring

in ample funds for our prospective students' building.

The program of the fête, which each spectator is to buy at the price of a dollar and a half, with fifty cents extra for the supper ticket, is a booklet containing a full list of the events of the day. The members of the program committee are: G. L. Jones, chairman; L. H. Knowles, E. Congdon.

They have secured Miss Violet Oakley, of Philadelphia, to design the cover; on the first page appears the list of the patronesses, with the names of the members of the executive committee as follows:

E. W. Andrews, '93, chairman; M. G. Thomas, '89; M. T. Elmore, E. Fischel, '00; M. Reilly, '01; E. Wood, '02; A. M. Kidder, '03.

On the next page is "the order of events of the merry May games, as given by the students of Bryn Mawr on the college green on the first day of May, in the year of 1900."

To begin with, the halls will be streaming with banners, and on the green, in front of Merion, will be erected four May-poles, crowned with garlands. At three o'clock the pageant starts through Pembroke arch, marshalled by heralds, two from each class, who are clad in white and gold and bearing trumpets. Behind follow the three hundred revellers, undergraduates, graduates, and alumnae, who are to participate in the games of the day. Drawn by oxen, whose horns are festooned with flowers, is the May-pole which these revellers have cut down in the early morning, and are dragging from

the woods, strewn with boughs. Robin Hood is a prominent figure of the pageant, dressed in Lincoln green. Beside him Maid Marian rides on horseback. Little John follows, and Will Scarlet, with Frier Tuck and Allen A Dale. Behind come the bands of foresters, and the trained archers; then the shepherds, the milkmaids, the Morris-dancers, with bells, the peddlers, cobblers, ballad-mongers, even the scholars, who do not disdain to watch, if they may not participate in the revels.

The pageant files down the road to the May-pole green, and with cheers and singing plant their May-pole wound with wreaths. Then the dancers take their stand at the four other poles, twenty-four at each, and while the whole assembly sing a May-song, they weave the streamers about the poles.

Then the programs of the classes follow. Three events take place at the same time in different parts of the campus, and each event is held twice during the afternoon, that the audience may miss as little as possible. The heralds separate the crowd to the different points of interest, where huge posters display what is going on. Beside these posters, which the classes will provide, there are to be others, as large as possible, giving the entire program of events. It is hoped that every student, who can, will design one of these and send her design to G. L. Jones, '00. After the festival these will be auctioned off to the students.

The class programs are very

varied. The graduates and alumni, whose committee is as follows:

M. T. Elmore, chairman; E. Towle, '98, vice-chairman; C. Nichols, '99; W. Kirkland, M. Reimer, M. Isham; have charge of three events; a mummery of St. George and the dragon, the pastoral from the Winter's Tale, and the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe from the Midsummer Night's Dream.

Senior Committee.—E. Fischel, chairman; L. Emery, vice-Chairman; L. Congdon, C. V. W. Halsey.

The Seniors will give "The Lady of the May," a play by Sir Philip Sidney, in which shepherds and shepherdesses meet to dance about the May-pole.

Junior Committee.—M. Reilly, chairman; E. D. Lewis, vice-chairman; B. Laws, L. Holliday, E. Daly, F. Ream.

The Juniors have charge of the Robin Hood events. Their first event represents Robin Hood forming his band, the dialogue being interspersed with ballads and songs. Their second event is called, "Some Merry Gestes of Robin Hood." These include his meetings with the potter and the king, and the adventure of Little John and the priest. Archery practice follows.

Sophomore Committee.—E. Wood, chairman; A. Day, vice-chairman; E. Totten, E. Stoddard, A. Todd, M. Balch.

The Sophomores have undertaken "The Arraignment of Paris," a play by George Peele. This is a play of Grecian gods and goddesses; the costumes will

be a contrast to the jerkins and hoods of the May-day yeomen.

Freshman Committee.—A. Kidder, chairman; A. Phillips, vice-chairman; E. Lowrey, R. Allen, M. White, E. Dabney.

In the hands of the Freshmen is entrusted the dancing. They have charge of the May-pole steps, though each class provides dancers for a pole. They will give "The Revesby Sword Play, or Morris Dancers," a short dialogue with three dances; also a Dance of the Milkmaids, and a Dance of the Chimney-Sweepers, May-day being especially consecrated to chimney-sweepers. A hobby-horse and a Jack-in-the Green figure in the dances.

While not performing, the different actors will wander about with the crowd. The students who have no particular part will become peddlers, cobblers, ballad-mongers, or scholars. The ballad-mongers will carry bundles of show bills, and distribute them among the crowd. It is requested that students will design headings for these show bills and send them to G. L. Jones before April 20.

Those who do not appear in costume of any description will be expected to buy entrance tickets, while the others will buy only the supper ticket. The designing of all costumes is in the hands of the Costume Committee and each student is expected to provide her own.

Costume Committee.—D. Farquhar, '90, chairman; M. Mackintosh, '90; M. Cheney, '93; C. Bourland, '99; S. Scudder.

The music for the different events is in the hands of the Music Committee.—C. Rulison, chairman; M. Miller, C. Morton, M. Morris, E. Marks.

At six o'clock the events conclude with a final dance of the milkmaids, and supper is served of old English dishes in old English fashion.

Supper Committee.—G. Campbell, 'oo, chairman; L. Goff, '89; M. Parris, '01.

After supper the yeomen and milkmaids will disappear and the college campus, transported for the space of a few hours into the careless days of Old England, will return to its customary nineteenth century atmosphere of study.

A. M. K., '03.

The Campus Dog.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his death.

Think of him tenderly,
Seek not his tomb
Fashioned so slenderly,
Gone to his doom.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Ruthless biology
Singing his elegy,
This tells it all,
No more to track us,
Hoping for crackers,
He comes at our call.

No sunny morning,
The door-step adorning,
His hours be past
Victim to science,
In some dread appliance,
Sleeps he at last.

Fables in Slang.

THE SCIENTIST AND THE AESTHETE.

There were once two young women with Some Mind who Got Away from the Home Circle and went to College. One of them, whom we will Designate by the title of Mamie, was a Rooter for Sciences. She Juggled with Mathematics like a Good One, and could do Quadratics till the answer came right Every Time. She was All There in Chemistry, to which Pastime she had sacrificed Two Fingers and a Good Deal of Front Hair. She had acquired a Squint and a Spinal Twist from Rubbering into a Microscope after Waterbugs, and could talk Hot Air on the subject of Bones. In short, she had a Well Tabulated Brain, and Lacked Emotions.

Hattie, her Singing Partner, was a Soulful Being with Mussed Hair, who sought the Beautiful. The Beautiful had successfully evaded her for Several Years, but she did not Chuck up the Search. She was a Potent Quill Driver, ruined whole Pads of Foolscap, and caught all the Literary Germs that were Floating Round. She talked about the Essentially Lovely in a way calculated to Jar a Person, enjoyed Essay Work, sat up Nights to read Lamb, and was altogether too utterly utter.

When Hattie wrote !an Essay, she began Eight Days Ahead. She took a walk in the Wild Vaux Woods and Pondered. She bought a twenty-cent bunch of Crocuses, and sat in front of it

and Drank in the Spring (Unintentional Joke). She Neglected her Hair, read Mrs. Browning, and Assimilated Tea. On the Eighth Day she copied her Essay for the Fourth Time, on Heavy Weight, Cream Laid, Unlined Paper, with a Deep Margin all round. She yanked in Quotations from Ruskin, Pater, Lamb, Walpole, Jane Austin, Plato, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Shelley and others. When it was Done it Glided like a Stream and Sounded Great. It ended with a Paragraph of Unmitigated Literature that she had Composed Lying Awake Nights. She read it to Mamie, who said it was Better than Marie Corelli. Then she Clamped it Neatly, and entombed it in one of the tea chests in Taylor, with Lingering Regret.

When Mamie wrote her Essay, she did it, so to speak, Against the Grain. She came in late from lab. with her sleeves rolled up, and calculated on her Cuffs as to whether she had time to Feed. She then took off her collar, tied a knotted cord about her Brow, collected a Speller and a Book of Well-known Authors, and Pinched Hattie's Foolscap.

She carefully tabulated her thoughts, worked out her transitions like so many Propositions in Euclid, and Balanced her Sentences as if they were Equations. Her Spelling and Grammar were Hot from the Bat. She did not worry about Ideas, and whenever she needed a Quotation for Wadding, she Made One Up that Just Fitted. She read it over once, to strike out "&," "!" and "etc.," and to Make Sure she had Ended

Up with the Same Man she had Begun On. She then numbered the Pages, and Humped for Taylor. Half a minute before ten she Separated Herself from her Effusion and went Home to do Frog.

Hattie Wept when she found that she had pulled a Single Pass. Mamie Bucked Up against Credit, with Promise of Future Advancement. She Laughed a Metallic Laugh, and Curled Up the Essay for Lamp Lighters.

Moral.—All you need is System, whether you are doing Earthworms or Emerson.

E. T. D., 1901.

Second Lecture of M. de Regnier.

M. Régnier devoted his second lecture to giving some account of the lives and works of the most prominent members of the Ecole des Symbolistes. Paul Verlaine and Stephen Mallarmé are its chief representatives in France. They are important partly on account of their poems and partly on account of the influence which they exercised on many younger poets, who have since tried to realize the ideas of these two masters.

The poetry of Verlaine, (1844-1895) is wholly personal and therefore original in character. It exhibits successively the good and evil sides of his nature. He came to Paris at the age of twenty, in 1864. He was exiled for several years after the Franco-Prussia war and spent two of these years in prison in Belgium.

Mallarmé (1842-1888), led an uneventful life as teacher of Eng-

lish in a Parisian school. His work consists of three parts: (1) that which he wrote; (2) that which he planned to write; (3) that which he taught.

The last is the most permanent, for it lives among his followers.

The chief innovation of the symboliste school is the kind of writing best described by the phrase "theatre de fauteuil" in short dialogues in prose between several people, intended to be read or acted. The works of Maeterlinck, the great Belgian symboliste are the best illustration of this. They have been placed on the stage, but without much success.

The chief characteristics of the symboliste school are: sageness, and an excessively rhythmical versification, but the work of its members, imperfect though it be, deserves, nevertheless, a place in the history of literature.

A. R. H.

De May-Pole.

"Miss Agnes say she be down in ha'f a minute. Jes' lemme dus' off dat chair fo'e yoh, Miss, befoh yoh set down. Dat's right. Dat de chair Gen'l Lee set in, when he cum to see Miss Agnes. We keep it foh distinguished visitors, Miss.

"Wel, foh de Lawd, how yoh done heah about our May-pole? Ef dat don' beat all! I cyarn' stop jes' now to talk about it, cause I got wuk to do, but dat cert'ny was de biggest show in ole Kentuck! It was de pahson's ideah, Br'er Jackson, pahson de Methody Church. He say we



bleeged have a new steeple to de meetin'-house. De 'ole steeple wuz struck by lightenen', las' summer, an' de weather-vane knocked off -- likewise de bell damaged, so Brer Thomas' hav' to ring de dinner-bell out de back po'ch to call folks to meetin'. So dat night all de culled folks cum tergedder in de bahn loft en dey discussify how dey gwine raise de money. Wal, Sis' Jones she boun' foh a char'ty ball, but dat too much expense, 'count ob de food, and Brer Hannibal he say a barbecue, but dat ain' high-tone nuff foh a meetin'-house steeple. Dey hed it out humble --contumble, foh a while, den de pahson he ris an' he say he ben

readin' in a book about a perfo'mance dey call a May-pole. Dey get a pole wid strings tied to de top, an' de ladies an' gen'lemen handle de strings, en dey all dance ring-er-round-er-rosy. He say dat uster be all de go in Englan', in de old Bacon days. He say dey allers have a king an' queen ob de May what sits in de front row en leads in de applause.

"Wal, dey was mighty took wid dat ideah. Some say, Whar yoh gwine get yoh pole, an' some say, Whar yoh gwine get yoh strings, an' dey all wanter be in de May-pole, whurr or no.

"Good Lawd, look at dat clock. I mus' go 'long. I got wuk to do. Yas'm, de pahson he's de man to come out de big end ob a 'mergency. He line up de gals on one side, en de gen'lemen on de udder, en he say, 'My Mammy tolle me tek dis one.' down de line till he get twelve ob each. Den he say we gwine hab de perfo'mance de nex' week, 'scusin' de wedder hol's. Shore nuff, twingn't May-day nor nuffin lak it, bein' only de fust ob April, but we bleedged hab dat steeple right off. Den de pahson he 'pint Brer Thomas to cut down de pole, and Sis' Jones to get de strings fum Miss Agnes, an' de rest ob us he mek a committee to sell tickets. Ob course de pahson was King, an'—yas, Miss, dey insis' on mekin' me de Queen ob de May.

"Wal, dey fotch de pole an' dey start right off a rayhearsin'. I didn' tend on none ob it, but I reckon 'twas powerful scrumptious. Lige Saunders—mebbe you doan' know Lige? He Jedge

Harrison's coachman, least he used fer to be. He ain' so busy now, the jedge has sol' his hosses. Wal, he was right in it, en he discomvolve some mighty interraccate steps, so he say.

"De day it cum, an' de nig-gehs dey cum fum all round eberywhere. Dey punch out de cane bottom ob an ole chair, en dey stuck up de May pole in dat, en dey trim it all up wid sparry-grass. De ladies en gen'lemen dey was dressed in a real color scheme, de ladies wus orange en de gen'lemen purple. Oh, yas'm, I was right up in front, in a w'ite gownd eu a w'ite veil, wid a yaller wreath. De King ob de May, dat was de pahson, he was fixed up in a gol' crown an' Massa'r Willum's bathgownd, cuz he insis' on ca'ying out de real Bacon ideah. Black Ike strike up 'Climbin' Up de Golding Stair,' an' de dance begin. De fiddle go faster 'n faster, en de audience all stomp dey feet en jine in de chorus, when all to wunce dey cum a halt. De May-polers wus disputatin! Sis Jones she say dat de place to balance cohners, en Brer Hannibal he say dat de place to tuhn pahtners. Der 'twas! Dey couldn' go on! So dey had it back en fo' th. Dey axe de pahson what dey gwine do, but de poh ole man hed hed a hard day's wuk an' he wus fas' asleep. Lige Saunders he stroll up en say to me: 'Let's yoh 'n me go tek a walk.' So we lef' de May-polers still havin' it up and down, en we promenaded off in de wood. I'm right sorry yoh doan' know Lige. He's a real gen'leman.

"Wal, 'twas right late when

we cum back. Dey had just decided to tuhn the May-pole into a cake-walk en all wus goin' jus' lak pie.

"Foh de Lawd, I heah Miss

Agnes comin' down de staircase. Yas'm, dat wus a successful perfo'mance, shore, en yoh kin see de new steeple from dis yer winder."

A. M. K., '03.

A Pilgrimage.

(Apologies to G. C.)

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
 Hath soaked doun and muddled every boote,
 Whan gusty winds come bolting up the strete
 And everich body loketh far from nete.
 Bifel that in that seaseone at a day,
 The Chaucer Club of Philadelphia,
 A doughty lot and full of heigh corage,
 Bethoughten for to goon on pilgrimage,
 Full long they sought some martir to hir minde,
 And atte last Bryn Martirs did they finde.
 But for to tellen of this compaignye,
 Is a hard task for such an oon as meye;
 A butcher toke the part of the *Knighe*,
 An Irishman and eagre for the fighte.
 With boutonniére and gloves far from whighte,
 He strove to be a parfit gentil knighte,
 Befor him on his stede his yonge sonne,
 His face as if with chocolate all yronne,
 His lokkes crulled as they were leyd in presse
 He had a chubby freckled face, I gesse.
 And Myrtle Smith eek was the *Prioresse*,
 For she coude parlez-vous with al the beste.
 Hir equipage a dusty run-aboute.
 A driven by a lusty carl and stoute,
 A ham sandwich she nibbled on the weye,
 But oh ! the crumbs that on hir lappe laye!
E pluribus unum on hir broche y writ,
 I fear she knew the sense ne litel bit.
 The postman seyd he woude be the *persoun*
 (He was a man of lettres and renoun),
 Full solempne coude he be aud well coude teche,
 So that he ned not practise what he preche.
 A bicycle y stode him for a stede,
 And to hem as he rode he Chaucer rede,
 And too a feminyne creature
 Who meted out the ribans at the sture.
 In bloomers all bedecked out with care,
 (She loked the *Wif of Bath* full well I sware)
 On tandem rode, with hir, hir lovyer digne,
 Who was the *Clerk*, the Dry Goods Clerk, I meane.

Of all the reste I have not space to telle,
 They loked full like a circus I knew welle.
 The smale childe, I reckne, were full rude,
 Pointing hir litel fingers as they stude,
 But whan that many aventures were past,
 The Shyrne of fair Bryn Mawr they reeched at last,
 They fond yonge maydes at basket balle,
 Alack ther were ne Martirs ther at alle.

H. J. C., '02. R. A., '03.

1900 (If We May Judge from Initials).

As the time draws near for 1900 to leave Bryn Mawr, the PHILISTINE feels that it may be of interest to his readers to consider for a moment the character of the Senior Class, and her probable future.

We may as well take for granted at once that 1900 *Enjoys Much Prominence*. This is due to the fact that she is an *Extremely Wise Person*, a good *Basketball Player*, and altogether an *Efficient Female*, with *Good Business Connections*.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the class while in college is that she *Kant Stand Boys*. But to make up for this deficiency she is *Doing Something Always*. On the intellectual side, she is *Eternally Digging*, — *Ever Correcting Compositions*, and even constantly *Meditating Metaphysics*. The other side of her nature, too, is not neglected: — She is a *Musical Warbler*, *Leads Choruses Regularly*, *Skates Just Divinely*, and is even a *High Jumping Maiden* (but occasionally the *Jolly Kid* is too athletic, and temporarily becomes a *Crutch Sporting Sylph*). A favorite recreation is *Mastering Mushy Literature*, but this has to be given up at the time of the Orals, *For*

Bitter Reasons; then it is that she considers even *Classics A Joke*, — *A Mere Nothing*, and turns into a *Melancholy German Krank*, and even (I blush to state) into a *Gin Loving Jade*.

When she has graduated, since she is *Evidently Rather Reserved*, indeed an *Extremely Modest Girl*, she spends her time in *Merely Helping Mother*, and *Looking After Family*. Since she is *Ever At Home*, she tends to become *Rather Melancholy*, acquires an *Extremely Devotional Bent*, and hopes to make *Heaven Her Home*.

However, since she is *Considered Very Wonderfully Handsome*, and is *A Lady Very Refined*, it is perfectly evident that she is *Eligible But Waiting*, and *Must Eventually Wed*. Being at heart of a *Loving Joyful Nature*, she *Develops Frivolity*, ceases to be a *Jovial Spinster*, and turns into the *Janice Meredith Type*. She spends her time in *Jollifying Cadets Mightily*, *Looking After Kambridge*, and *Making Men Happy*. *She Loves Everybody*, and *Kisses Westerners*, nay, *Kisses Every Westerner*. But before long we see her *Enter New Fields*, and start out *Married, Bound For France*.

Child, How Sapient!
Literature Better Censored.

Alumnæ Note.

'97.

Mrs. Harry Hibberd Weist (Alice Longfellow Cilley) has a daughter, Helen Hutchins Weist, born April 3, 1900. She is expected to enter Bryn Mawr with the class of 1922.

The Practical Value of Psychology.

"The Practical Value of Psychology" had its wings closely clipped by Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University, when he spoke before the Philosophical Club on Friday night, March 30. Professor Münsterberg, psychologist and poet, stands before his audience as a sincere student who loves his work, and is entirely free from the attitude of didacticism which accompanies the speaker who has merely learned his subject from others. Neither does he lend himself to the temptation of bidding up his subject over every other branch of knowledge. He talks simply and easily, as a man of common sense to an equally common sense audience. Perhaps, he said, an untutored listener might consider him a psychological heretic.

He rapidly reviewed the subject-matter of comparative, physiological, and experimental psychology. In each of these he found little more than a vast heap of minute, unconnected facts. But the facts of experimental psychology have been better sifted than those of the other two. Articles on physiological psychology are at best a mass of matter decorated by pictures of nerve

cells and nerve fibres. But just because the outlook is so vast and the science undeveloped is the prospect inspiring.

This great field is valueless for practical application: and as its value in the school-room is the fiercest point at issue, his discussion was directed toward this side of the question. The few instances where it seems that psychology may be of practical value refer to abnormal individuals who belong to the physicians' province rather than to that of the psychological pedagogue.

Sympathy, enthusiasm, and tact are the chief virtues of a teacher. It is useless to draw conclusions from the scattered results of mental dissection. In order to reach a valid result, we must know all the characteristics of each individual mind, and all their subtle connections; and this sort of knowledge is impossible. When the teacher tries to teach from the standpoint of a psychological inquisitor and collector, he is supplanting the immediate, subjective, spontaneous interaction between himself and pupil for a mere subjective form, an abstraction for scientific purposes. The one attitude must always be cultivated at the expense of the other; and the objective is purely strained and artificial in the school room. But Professor Münsterberg does not wish to put a veto upon a natural zeal in observing mental manifestations. He admits that there may be a few rare souls who can gaze into the eyes of a loved one, and yet be all the while studying the psychological significance of their anatomical structure.

Psychology can tell us only of what has been. It is a mere searching out of experiences which have been presented. It can never determine what we shall do. It cannot tell us our duty. To be sure, there is no corner of creation which the psychologist may not search for his facts, nor any intellectual discipline which shuts its doors fast against him: but he is only an analyzer, never a prophet. The limit of his realm may be seen in the following illustration: The telephone can not be used without the complete mechanical adjustment of the instrument; we may have a very definite knowledge of its mechanical working; but this knowledge can never tell us what to say.

Now the pedagogue, enthused with a psychological spirit, confuses the boundary of the two provinces. He knows that interest (which is a psychological fact of good standing) is a good thing; and concludes, therefore, that every thing interesting is good. This is the principle upon which he proceeds with his pupil. Duty, which is the mainspring of life, is neglected. Kindergarten methods are run up into the college, until they blossom forth in the elective system. This is the result of the interference of the indiscreet psychologist, who tries to introduce his abstract study of interest into the camp of practical teaching.

Not only in the school room can no practical value in psychology be found. Out of about fifty monographs which have appeared within a few years on *Attention* there is nothing which

can be practically applied. Other attempts receive a similar fate. But Professor Münsterberg does not mean to deny the prospect of a time when psychology, as a science, may explain the facts of mental life.

Perhaps we feel that many members of the pedagogical school, which Professor Münsterberg opposes, would not accept his statement of their views; and they might say that if psychological principles cannot be applied in the school room the fault lies with a bad psychology. Interest is merely an attitude of the child which must be utilized in educational development. To use a child's interest as a starting point is not opposed to scholarship nor to his sense of duty. Psychological knowledge, on the other hand, may be helpful to the teacher in showing him the point of view from which his subject matter may be approached. A knowledge that the child is *not* a miniature adult would direct the teacher toward a different presentation of his subject. This, of course, requires also a spontaneous sympathy with the child, but can we therefore conclude that a psychological attitude on the part of the teacher must be excluded. Another point of practical value is that the teacher gets a method by which to interpret the particular mental phenomena in the child. What is the trouble, for instance, when the child tries to learn and gets nothing out of his lesson? The teacher knows that he is trying; he knows that he is not competent. He may seem animated and in good health. But to a teacher who has

studied the question of fatigue a way, under such circumstances, is suggested.

We may also not feel quite convinced that psychology cannot help us in determining what we shall do. But all these petty differences of opinion stand respectfully aside in the presence of the great inspiration which Professor Münsterberg brought to us—an inspiration to continue the study of psychology, even though it has no practical value.

The Achievements of Alexandria in Literature and Science.

On Saturday evening, March 24, the Graduate Club held its fourth formal meeting. The address of the evening was given by Dr. Gudeman, of the University of Pennsylvania, on the subject, "Achievements of Alexandria in Literature and Science."

In the beginning of his lecture, Dr. Gudeman gave a brief account of the reasons for the downfall of Hellas as a center of intellectual and political activity, stating the condition of the country at the death of Alexandria, Aristotle and Demosthenes, the last of the heroes to be identified with Hellenic superiority.

The transference of the intellectual centre from Athens to Alexandria was due to the perseverance of Ptolemaeus, to whom the province of Egypt had fallen upon the distribution of Alexander's empire. He invited the Greek scholars of the time to continue their investigations

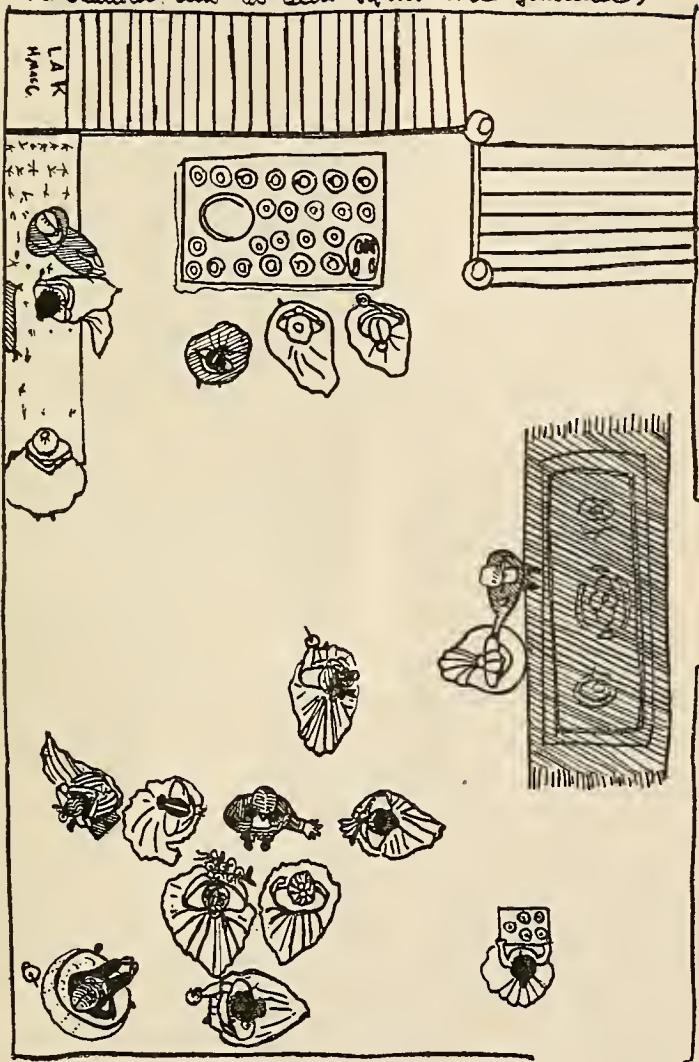
in Alexandria, and through the suggestion of an Athenian poet and historian, Demetrius Phaleus, the great library and museum were founded.

Dr. Gudeman then gave an account of the library and museum, with which the intellectual achievements of Alexandria are closely associated. The library was first placed in a building called the Brucheion. This was soon inadequate to hold the great number of papyri, and the temple of Serapis was fitted up as a library annex. From records it has been learned that the two libraries contained nearly 500,000 manuscripts. In the second century the library began to be scattered, and by the fifth century, nothing remained.

The museum was undoubtedly founded upon the Athenian models, but instead of being reserved for lectures only, was the place of residence for scholars, who could there pursue their original investigations uninterrupted. Dr. Gudeman gave an interesting description of the botanical and zoölogical gardens, of the work done by great scientists, and particularly that accomplished by the philologists and critics to whom we are largely indebted for the preservation of Greek literature. In the second century the work of the Alexandrian scholars began to decline, so that the museum and library perished together.

Dr. Gudeman is one of the foremost classical scholars in this country, and the Graduate Club were very fortunate to be able to listen to his interesting paper.

A Bird's eye view
(The Graduate Club as seen by an undergraduate)





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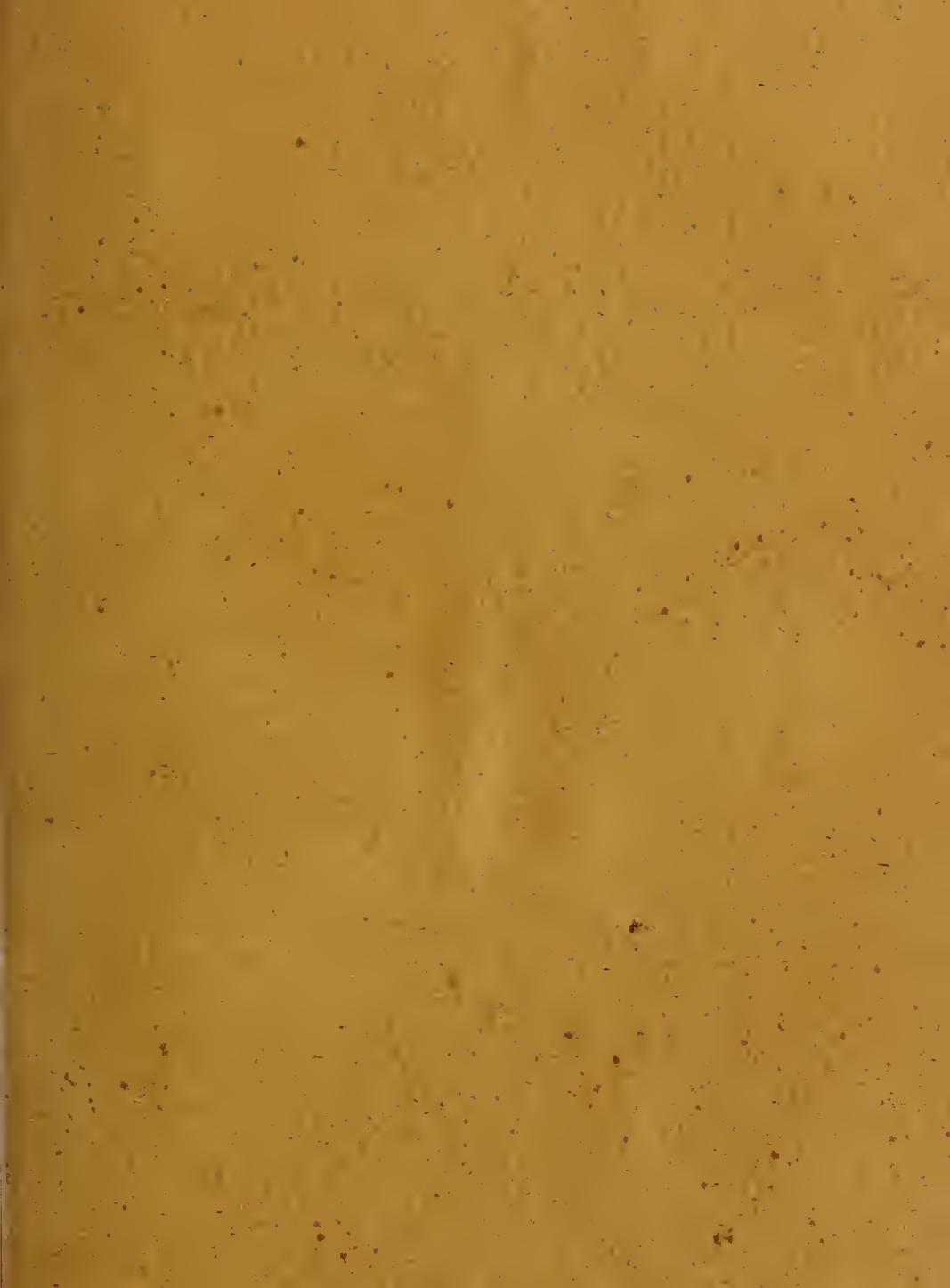
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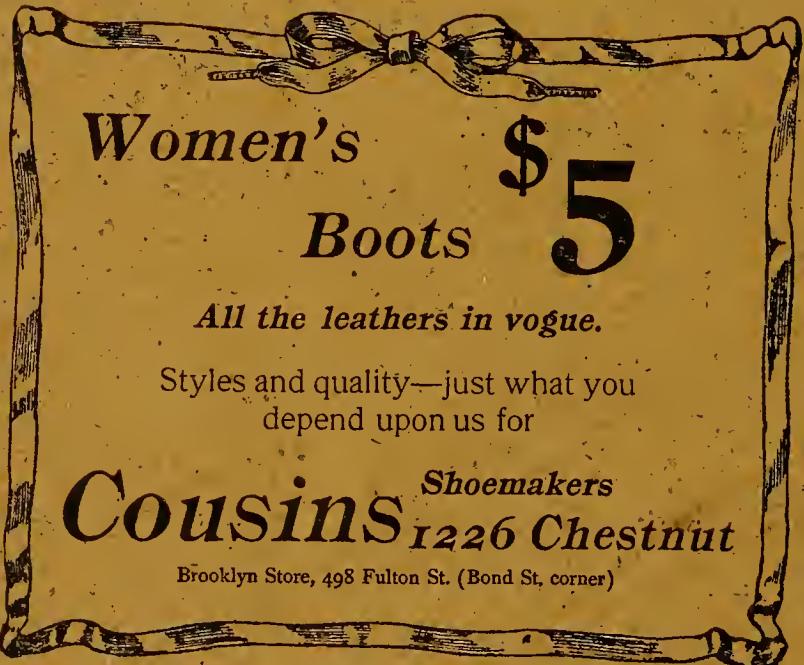


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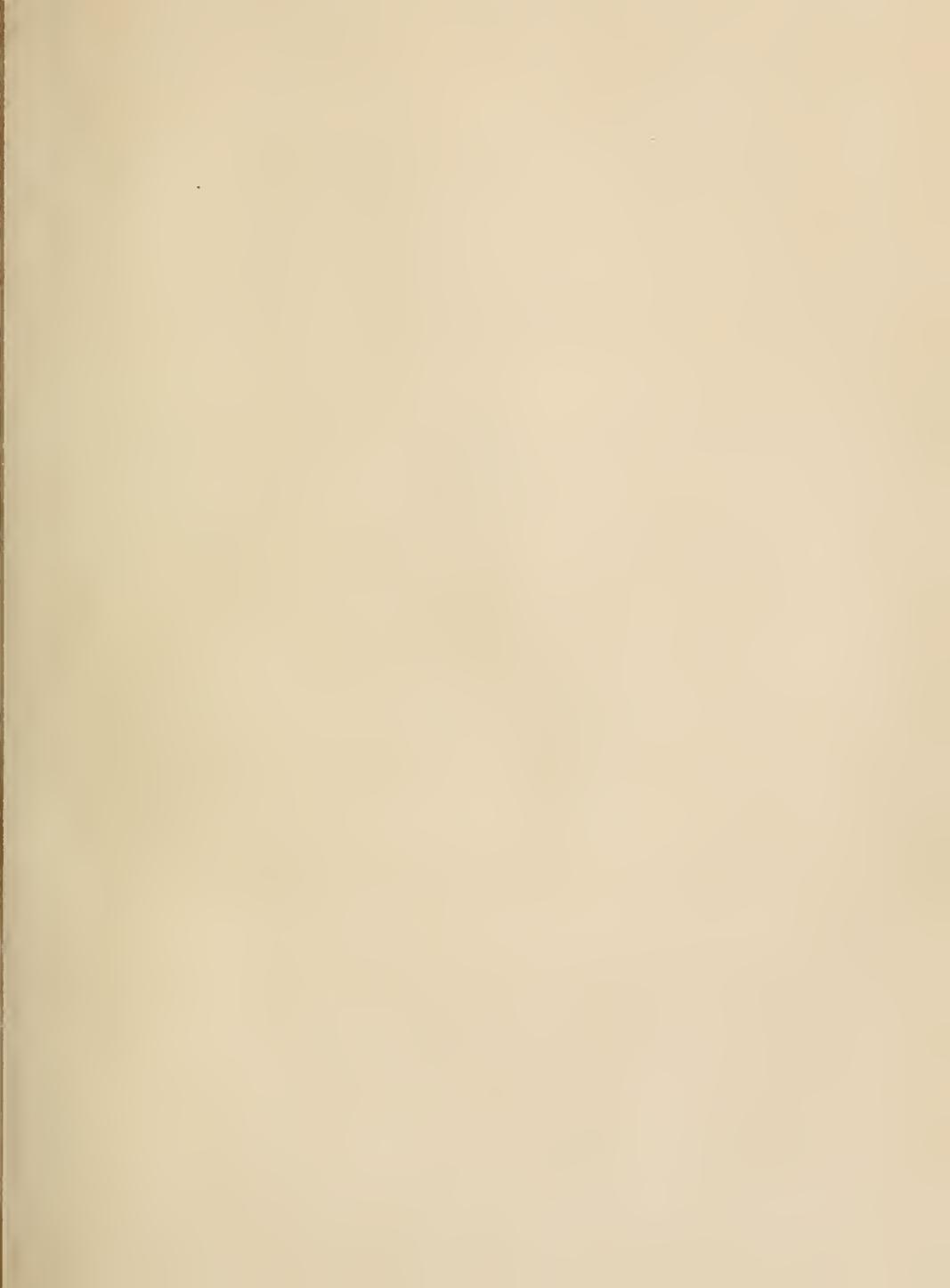
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The result of the basketball game between the Smith and Bryn Mawr Alumnae in the Lenox Lyceum, New York City, on April 14, was a great surprise to the undergraduates at Bryn Mawr. To be sure, the Bryn Mawr alumnae were under some disadvantages. They were unable to get out the team that had been practicing together and were obliged to call upon substitutes.

The game was indoors, and since even all practice at Bryn Mawr is outside, it is difficult for our players to play an indoor game; and the official basketball rules were not used, but the women's rules, which are those adopted by most women's colleges. These facts, however, would seem to be hardly sufficient to explain the score of 18 to 8 in favor of Smith. Some of the individual play was

good — also Bowman, '96, did some brilliant work — but the team play was poor, and from the Bryn Mawr point of view the game was a failure.

This game, it is to be hoped, will help to open the way to intercollegiate basketball games between the undergraduates of the women's colleges. These contests may have their disadvantages, but they have also their advantages, which must be recognized by all true lovers of sports and athletics. The game played at Bryn Mawr and elsewhere would undoubtedly be improved by the fact that a larger choice of players would be afforded to the captain of a 'varsity than is now possible to the class captains. The game itself would improve more rapidly and would arouse more enthusiasm than it now does. In short, the interest in athletics, which is now none too strong in women's colleges, would be greatly strengthened if intercollegiate basketball games could be arranged.

The PHILISTINE is deeply indebted to Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws for the sketch that is printed as a supplement to this number.

The College breakfast will be given in the morning of the fifth of June, and it is requested that all alumnae who intend to be present, will send their names, not later than the second of June, to Edith T. Orlady, 5-9 Denbigh Hall.

Basket Ball.

April 25, 1900.

1902. Forwards. 1903.

Boyd	Home	Allen
Billmeyer	R. F.	Montague
Adams	L. F.	Meigs
	Centres.	
Balch	C. C.	Fetterman
Gignoux	R. C.	Green
Cragin (Cap.)	L. C.	Lovell
	Backs.	
Spenser	G. Wattson (Cap.)	
Congdon	R. B.	White
Shearer	L. B.	Bush
E. Lyon	Coach R. Whitney	
	Referee, Ritchie.	

Umpires.

Kroeber, K. Williams, M. Miller, Emmons.

The first of the preliminary games for the basket ball championship was played by '02 and '03 on Wednesday afternoon, April 25. The game was won by '02 with a score of 6 to 1.

Adams was the first to score, making a goal from the field for '02 in the latter part of the first half. Thus the first half ended with the score 2 to 0 in '02's favor. In the beginning of the second half Allen, of '03, made a goal on a free throw. Later in the second half Boyd made a goal from the field and two goals on free throws for '02. Thus '02 won the game by a score of 6 to 1.

The playing was decidedly scrappy throughout the game. There was little individual fine play and scarcely any pretty passing. But since the ball was in her territory during almost

the whole time, the game was '02's from the beginning.

April 26, 1900.

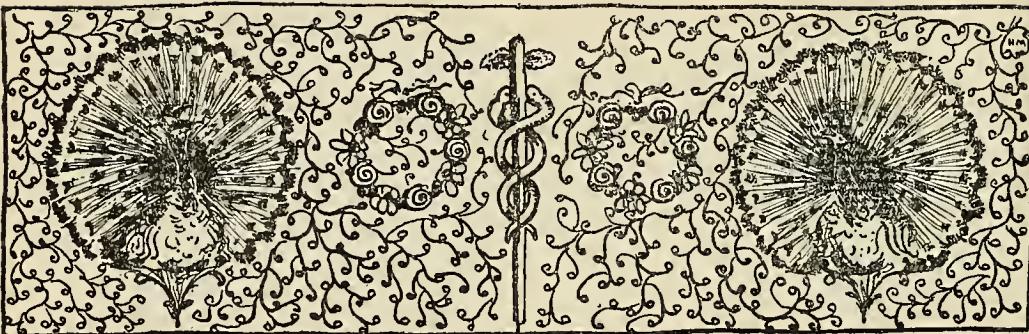
1902.	Forwards.	1903.
Boyd	Home	Allen
Billmeyer	R. F.	Montague
Adams	L. F.	Meigs
Balch	Centres.	
Gignoux } Blose }	C. C.	Fetterman
Cragin } Davis }	R. C.	Spenser
Shearer } E. Lyon	L. C.	Lovell
	Backs.	
Spenser } Cragin }	Guard.	Strong
Congdon } Gignoux }	R. B.	White
	L. B.	Bush
	Coach.	
E. Lyon	(Capt.)	R. Whitney
	Referee.	
	Hopkins.	
J. Kroeker, K. Williams, M. Miller, E. Emmons.	Umpires.	

The second game in preliminaries for the basket ball championship was played on Thursday, April 26, with a score of 5 to 4, in favor of '02. In the first half, Boyd, of '02, scored two goals on free throws, making the score at the end of the first half 2 to 0 in favor of '02.

At the beginning of the second half, Allen, of '03, made two goals on free throws, thus tying the score. There was not long to wait before Boyd made another goal on a free throw, making the score 3 to 2 in favor of '02. Soon after this, '02's guard, Spenser, was ruled off the field for fouling, and her place was taken

by Cragin. Cragin's place as left-side centre was taken by Davis. A few minutes later Allen made a goal from the field for '03, making the score 4 to 3 in favor of '03. A minute later Congdon was ruled off for fouling, and her place as right-back was taken by Gignoux, Blose taking Gignoux's place as right-side centre. With the score 4 to 3 in favor of '03, and just ten seconds left for play, Boyd made a goal from the field, thus making the score 5 to 4 in favor of '02, and winning for '02 the preliminaries in the games for the championship.

The playing was not quite as scrappy as on Wednesday. There was some pretty team work and brilliant individual play done by Spenser and Cragin, of '02, and Fetterman and Bush, of '03. The game was thrilling from the beginning, as the ball kept passing continually from one to the other of the goals, and neither side could feel certain of victory; '03's centres were especially strong, and the whole team played with vim and spirit and did splendid work, when we consider that they played without their captain and with a sub side-centre; '02 also had disadvantages to contend with, working toward the end of the game with but four of her team playing in their regular positions. But as far as good playing was concerned, and since '02 won only by the barest chance in the last minute of play, we all feel that the victory was deserved alike by '03 and '02.



The May-Day Fete.

Through Pembroke Arch, beneath gay banners, came the Heralds, resplendent as to trumpets and costumes. Thousands of spectators watched the merry procession that followed the Heralds. Each Elizabethan detail, from the wooly lambs to Jack o' the Green, was complete. Queen Elizabeth sat aloft and her maids in waiting showered rose leaves upon the moving pageant beneath. The welcome sun, for whose presence we had been apprehensive, blinked at the sight.

"Bless me," he thought, "am I dreaming, or has the world rolled back three hundred years? These merry May Pole dancers are as light of foot, Maid Marian is as fair, Robin Hood as comely, the donkeys as stubborn as they were then. I'm glad I came out to-day."

So thought the privileged crowd

who surrounded the green, who hastened down the Maple Avenue, who strolled across the campus to where the picturesque garb of Autolycus led them. Near Denbigh might be heard the applause due to the "Ladie of the Maie."

But how can I tell of all the sights and sounds of the most perfect production in the history of Bryn Mawr. To those of us whom kind Fate transported here it will be forever a pleasant memory. Whether it would be possible to repeat it is a problem for other classes to decide. Faithful work, conscientious rehearsals, unselfish co-operation, have been freely given by every one concerned. To the executive and decorating committees much honor is due; no less honor to their more humble but equally zealous assistants.

L. P., '99.



Founder's Lecture.

The first of the founder's lectures was given on Monday, April 23, by Mr. J. Rendel Harris, of Clare College, Cambridge, Eng., formerly lecturer at Bryn Mawr, on the "Doctrine of the Inward Light: Robert Barclay's Statement." There was a large and appreciative audience of students and friends of the college. Mr. Harris said:

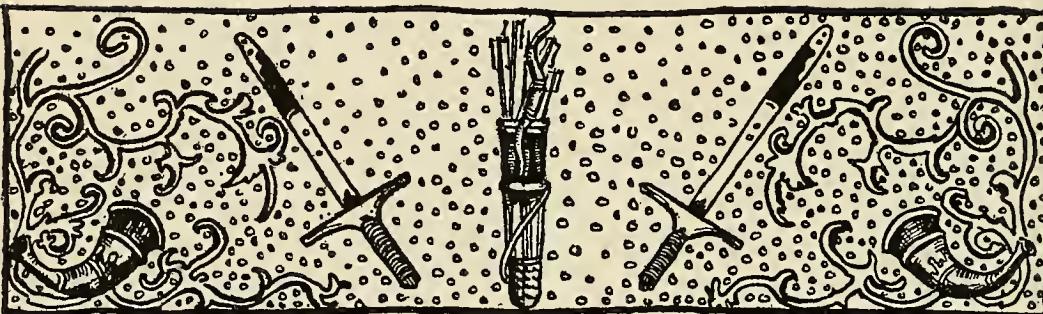
"The 'Apology' of Robert Barclay is the source to which we must turn to get a consistent view of the doctrine of the inner or universal light. Robert Barclay was neither a philosopher nor a theologian, but wrote from the heart rather than from the head, and his 'Apology' cannot be understood except as a *tenden-schrift*. The so-called Quaker text about the "light that lighteth every man coming into the world" is an answer to fatalism and predestination, and in its amazing catholicity admits to salvation all who have a knowledge of the hidden mystery, even though they be ignorant of the history. If we regard the life of God as imminent in the life of man, the death of Christ is then a cosmic process and there is no ethical goodness or natural beauty which is not to be referred to God as the source.

"A hundred years after Barclay's death, when his works were ordered republished, his allusion to Hai Ebu Hockdan was stricken out. It is an Arabic story of a mythical Robinson Crusoe and how he attained to a

knowledge of God. It runs briefly like this. There was once a beautiful island where the elements were so delicately proportioned that from the moisture and sunshine a human soul was born simultaneously. For those to whom this version is not pleasing, it relates how a beautiful princess, who wedded against her father's will, feared for the life of her child, and so put him in a box and set him afloat on a high tide, by which he was borne to this island and carried far inland. A doe, coming in search of her fawn, found him, and reared him as her own offspring. But one day the lad was astonished to find her unresponsive to his call. He examined her parts carefully and came forth wiser but sadder. He likewise examined all other beasts and birds of the island in search far what constitutes life, thus becoming a mystic and a natural scientist. A wandering hermit who found his way to this island taught him language and led him back to human society.

"It is not strange that this mystical story appealed to Robert Barclay, but the early Friends failed to grasp the fact that it was the author of the story, Ebu Tofail, Arab though he was, that Barclay recognized as kindred in spirit to Clement and Saint Augustine. The doctrine of the inner light does not mean that we can get on without the aid of other men and books, but is the action of Christ on the human soul. There is no conflict between inward light and outward revelation."

M. I. H.



Impressive Press Impressions.*

"From mid-day until near dinner time all roads led to Bryn Mawr, and they were crowded with the *crème de la crème* of Quakerdom. There has never been a more unanimous outpouring of high society in this section. At three, by the sun, the crowd had assembled in nervous expectancy on the college green.

"'Why don't they come, mamma?' queried the small boy, between each stroke of the clock. 'Oh, why don't they come?' 'They have gone back to see if their hats are on straight, my boy. Four hundred of them, and, perhaps, only a single looking glass!' A light breeze of laughter shook the assemblage as a wind shakes the leaves of the poplar tree. People took it up and repeated it to each other. No matter if they had never met before. We are all equal when the grass is over us; why not when it is trampled under foot,

and sending off wafts of drying fragrance on the sweet air of May?

For an afternoon the idyllic golden time of long, long ago was lived, danced, and caroled on the campus. The students of Bryn Mawr achieved the splendidly unique. The general effect was that of having slipped joyfully into dreamland, where femininity ruled, and the tyrant man could gain no footing. The result was worse than a three ring circus.

Slowly the cavalcade came up the drive—a masque of dead heroes of fact and fiction—the costumes more faithful to tradition than becoming to the wearers. The lumbering oxen that drew the May pole, stout and straight and white, cut and decorated that morning by the band of revellers, added just the finishing touch of picturesqueness as they stared in mild-eyed amazement at the crowd, and every now and then cast a cross-eyed glance upward at the wreaths on their horns, to see if they were on straight.

*Philadelphia dailies of May 2.

Looking as natural as possible for girls, the chimney-sweeps came next. (Just imagine Bryn Mawr girls as chimney-sweeps!) Then came a dame in plush robe, under which dainty feet peeped, much bejewelled and stately, who carried an air of court about. Bess's dress was a dream,—adorably simple, but the effect was tremendous. She flung tinselled paper and showered kisses on the marchers.

"Oh, that must be a shepherdess," guesses society. "See, the cute and coy and bleating little lamb! How interesting!"

The May dance was the prettiest sight of the day. The May pole was seized by the Freshmen, who are regarded by the upper class-men with as much attention as the chorus of a comic opera. Each dancer, taking a streamer, wound in and out, footing it flatly the while, weaving the bright hued ribbons around the poles in a living loom.

The Morris dancers proved a very entertaining bit of foolery, especially the antics of the hobby-horse who kneeled on the green with marvelous ease and grace.

The Arraignment of Paris, it is safe to say, was in all points

better presented than England's virgin queen ever saw it played.

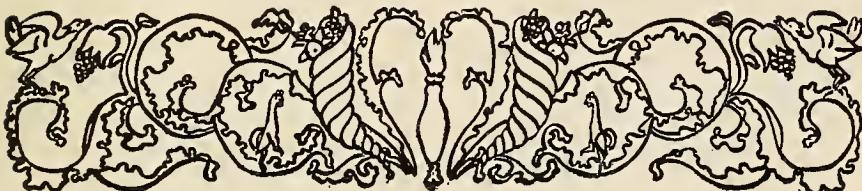
The fair Perdita, with rose-crowned hair, would have softened any number of hearts, warranted hard, had they been in the audience, but they were not.

The graduates fairly shivered with delight. The well-earned plaudits rang through the light short vistas late into the waning afternoon.

Supper was served in a hedged-in pleasance, a supper of quaintly-named, quaintly-spelled dishes, which yet proved old friends, as toothsome as when fashioned forth less gaily.

The students, tired, bright-eyed, hospitable, saw the last regretful guest to the gate at the end of the fragrant campus, where the May dusk had settled lightly down. The fund for the students had prospered in the day. The May Day revels had surprised, delighted and amused a mighty audience. What more did the students, whose guardian angels are youth and health, need to guide them happily from the dreams of the day to the dreams of the night?

Society liked it.



Applied Mathematics.

1. There are two cases to every proposition: (1) When "I" is acute, (2) when "I" is obtuse.

2. The cosine of a Bryn Mawr girl always goes off on a tangent when her room-mate appears, even though said cosine may be drawn toward said room-mate.

3. What is the best thing to do when you can't find a log. for the pot-in-use? Get a sign or an old table.

4. The contents of a mind at midyear's equals K—os.

5. Show that Y is the principal element of an Eng. Lit. Quiz.

6. The compliment of a summer man, with his body inclined 15° from the perpendicular, is equal to o.

7. A bluff is a plane surface having length and breadth, but no depth, which is stretched over an aching void. '03.

Lenox.

"Lenny, come here to speak to the ladies. No, ma'am, his name ain't Leonard; it's Lenox. After the soap, you know. Yes, Lenox Soap allus was my favorite, an' it is hard to find fancy names for the children when you've got nine. Zoe, she's real well this spring. No, Laurie ain't more'n tolerable. She stubbed her toe goin' to school th' other day an' it's ached her some ever since. You come out in the garden an' I'll get you the apples, an' Lenny'll kerry 'em down to the boat for you. You're rowing, I presume?"

Fat Mrs. Washburn waddled

along in front of us, through the untidy kitchen and across the piazza to the garden. Lenox walking beside her clung with one grimy hand to her skirt, and divided his attention between us and the spruce gum in his mouth. Adirondack children seem to find a certain satisfaction in playing with the bitter pink substance which every native chews. Lenny fixed his firmly between his front teeth, pulled it out until it threatened to break, then stuffed it back again to undergo more chewing before repeating the process.

"How are you yourself, this summer?" was the tactful question addressed to Mrs. Washburn.

"Real well, I thank you. I did get such a good tonic. Tasted just awful! 'The worst the taste the more good it does,' I sez to Frank; and Frank, he sez, sez he, 'you jest pick out the blackest tonic to the Corners,' he sez, 'an' I'll foot the bill,' he sez. But that warn't all. With every bottle comes a prize, an' I got two packages of pie plant seed, an' one package of what was marked cauliflower. They all come up redishes, jest redishes; but I tell you, I was pleased to get 'em, so to speak, for nothin'. Is that all the apples you want? Now, Lenny, run down with 'em to the boat, and shoo off the cows for the ladies. That's ma's good boy. Summer folks is gen'ally afraid o' cows. Good-bye; come in again soon. I'll be down to call on your ma some day. Tell her so."

Five-year-old Lenox strode valiantly through the cow pasture, and we followed meekly in the rear, thankful for masculine protection against the horned creatures on either side. In the absence of his mother Lenox found his tongue.

"Folks is awful foolish to be 'fraid o' cows. They ain't no harm. Get out thar', Daisy." (Thwack went his stick on a cow's broad flank.) "I ain't afraid o' nothin'. There's a b'ar lives up in the back field. I'm goin' to take pa's gun an' shoot him some day. Where'll you hev these apples, in the bow o' the boat?" He plumped down the pail, and even pushed off the boat for us after we had taken our seats. I thanked him humbly and gratefully, adding:

"Now, Lenox, run off home. Your mother will want you."

"Ain't going home yet. Guess I'll go wading."

"I'm afraid you'll fall in the water. Its very deep here."

"Seems to me you're 'fraid of lots of things," was the unsatisfactory answer.

I started to row away in indignation, but I was really anxious lest he should fall in, so I tried to over-awe him. "Lenox, ascend the declivity at once. Your mother is becoming solicitous as to your safety." Lenny pulled his gum from his mouth and stuck out a red tongue at me. That was too much. I would leave him to drown. But down the hillside floated a faint call from Mrs. Washburn:

"On, Lenny! you come up directly or ma 'll come down an' lick you."

And by the way the bare feet twinkled up the path, I concluded that at least Lenox was "'fraid" of his mother.

Unprinted Literature.

Showing the Trials of an Editor.

It was a month ago that he had said good-bye to her at the ferry in New York, and he wondered if she would seem the same. All the way out on the train for Bryn Mawr memories of her as he had last seen her, flitted through his mind. He saw her in the gay restaurant of the Waldorf-Astoria, smiling across the table at him in that indescribable way of hers or toying with the stem of her (censored). How would she greet him, he wondered? His heart beat nervously as he rode up to Pembroke in the rattling station wagon. But the minute he saw her his fears were dispelled, for she was so gracious and sweet that he could not but feel sure that she was glad to see him. Could he have read her thoughts and known all that she was feeling, his joy would have been too great for words. Never before had he seemed so delightful to her as now, never, she thought, had he looked so handsome as at this moment in that becoming blue suit and red

(censored; might not a reference to ties be considered a trifle personal?).

Laurella suggested a walk, and Barnes was well satisfied with this long denied opportunity to see her alone.

As they started down the velvety lawn between the maple trees, he thought he had never seen a more lovely place than this, or a more winsome maid than Laurella. Her brown hair shone in the sunlight, and her much beruffled pink gown brought out the dainty pink of her cheeks. She was charmingly feminine; there was nothing of the "typical college girl" about her, the kind that wears

(censored) or rides horseback
(censored) Barnes was carried away by his admiration for her.

"Laurella," he cried, "I beg your pardon, Miss Verney," and paused, alarmed at his temerity for having addressed her by her first name.

But he need not have feared for she had not heard him. She was looking at a young man who was approaching and who lifted his hat with a pleasant smile as he passed them.

"Who is that?" Barnes demanded, somewhat abruptly.

"Why, that is one of the
(censored); he has a course in
" (censored—too personal) she answered sweetly, surprised at his brusque manner.

"Come," she added, seeing he was vexed, "let us go into the woods and sit on the graveyard wall, and you shall light a
(censored—this might give out-

siders a bad impression) and we can have a nice talk."

* * * *

Late in the evening two very happy young people wandered slowly back from the woods. The ten o'clock bell was ringing, but they were sublimely unconscious of time and of the fact that they had had no dinner. The parting at the Pembroke door was long, and as Barnes turned to go he imprinted a (censored) on Laurella's lovely cheek and murmured, "My own." Laurella did not reply. There was no need for words.

The Basket Ball Chantey.

Thus spoke the coach from the depths of the athletic field,
Calling to the captains and the teams and trainers all,
"Lo! the May-day Fête is here,
And exams are rather near,
That we may escape prostration
shall we give up basket ball?"

Loud sang the teams and the jolly, jolly substitutes,
"Plague upon the circumstance
that doth so ill befall!
But we've got no time to play—
We must celebrate the May;
Pull in your floating banners—
we are done with basket ball."

Then said the voice of the captain of the champions,
("She that bounceth merrily
whene'er she takes a fall,) I have watch and ward to keep
Lest this College go to sleep,
And ye make the place a graveyard if ye give up basket ball."

Loud sang the teams and the
jolly, jolly substitutes,
“ Nay, but we were hasty, and
we meant it not at all;
We have played the same to-
gether
In most distressing weather;
Are we babes that we should
weary, and abolish basket
ball?”

Then said the voices of the subs
the teams threw overboard,
“ Practising, and nothing else,
began to drag and pall;
But we find we’re simply wild
For a game serenely mild,
Since we drouse the long days
idle with no signs of basket
ball.”

Then spake aloud the back you
cannot score against,
“ O for one opponent just to step
upon and maul !
If I might again but feel
Someone’s neck beneath my heel,
While I sent a hummer forward !
—I’m for blood and basket
ball.”

Then said the voices of the for-
wards who are lady-like,
“ Giving up the sport like this
seems something of a crawl;
We will make for you a goal
If we have to climb the pole !
Only dress us up in corduroys and
hit us with the ball.”

Loud sang the teams and the
jolly, jolly substitutes,
Crying, “ our existence is most
pitiful and small;
Must we always smirk and prance
In a foolish May-pole dance ?

Take back your bows and arrows,
and we’ll strike for basket
ball.”

Then yelled the coach in a voice
that beats the megaphone,
Then came the classes from each
flag-bedizened hall;
And from sub to referee,
All was heart disease and glee,
And cheers arose to heaven for
the teams and basket ball.

Mad, fierce delight shall reign on
the athletic field,
(Hear the umpire’s whistle and
the rooters shriek and call,)
For the Fête shall pass away,
Aye, vanish in a day,
But the silly teams and substi-
tutes shall have their basket
ball !

E. T. D., 1901.

The Peterkins and the May Day Fête.

Every one was going to the May-Day Fête out at Bryn Mawr. So the Peterkins, feeling that they could not be behind the times, bought seven tickets. But as \$1.50 seemed quite enough to pay without the extra fifty cents for supper, they decided to take their lunch. Elizabeth Eliza had been out to the college to take tea with a girl and had noticed a lot of trees down in the hollow. She thought they might combine the fête with a picnic. Every one considered the idea delightful, and so poetical, too, eating one's supper under spreading oaks. The little boys jumped up and down for joy when they heard

the plan, and suggested ham sandwiches and pickles for supper. Mrs. Peterkins thought hard-boiled eggs would relish. Solomon John rushed to the encyclopedia to find the correct definition of a May-Day fête. Elizabeth Eliza could not make up her mind about wearing her good dress and her new hat with pink rose-buds. She thought her brown from last year plenty good enough, and besides, it might rain. Agamemnon had gloomy forebodings about the weather.

But the first of May arrived at last and all were seated in the Bryn Mawr train; the little boys in their new India-rubber boots, with clean pocket-handkerchiefs and their hair neatly brushed; Elizabeth Eliza in her good dress and pink-rose-bud hat (one never knows whom one may meet at such a place). Agamemnon and Solomon John wearing white waistcoats and carrying canes. Yes, all were there, even to Mr. and Mrs. Peterkins, beaming and congratulating themselves on their handsome children. The little boys running backwards and forwards from the water-cooler and writing the names of the stations on their pocket-handkerchiefs, thoroughly enjoyed the ride in the train. But they were wild with excitement when they saw the crowd of people at the College and instantly scampered off to find the peanut-man and the man with the pink lemonade. However, seeing the parade forming out in the road, they gave up the hunt and decided upon a

coin d'avantage in a maple tree just beyond Taylor. They got very good places on an over-hanging bough but unfortunately their boots had been bought to grow into, and in the excitement of the moment one dropped off and created consternation on the "Arraignment of Paris," float.

Elizabeth Eliza spent most of the afternoon hunting up her friend. She wanted to tell her how much she had enjoyed the tea. Mr. Peterkins, Solomon John and Agamemnon went in quest of a camp-stool for Mrs. Peterkins. But they got caught in a Maypole dance and lost a lot of time. When they finally extricated themselves and went to look up Mrs. Peterkins she had vanished (and she had the basket containing the root-beer, too). How to find her was a question. They all sat down on their camp-stools to think. Mr. Peterkins remarked that it was like hunting a needle in a haystack. The suggestion was so droll that Agamemnon and Solomon John laughed in spite of their misery. As they were sitting bemoaning their fate along came the lady from Philadelphia. Yes, and there was Mrs. Peterkins, too, waddling along and beaming, as was her way. The lady from Philadelphia had found her resting under a lilac bush down by the deanery. Mr. Peterkins explained about the picnic and asked the lady from Philadelphia to join them at supper. She thought the plan delightful and most naive, but unfortunately she

had supper tickets. Elizabeth Eliza made a mental note of the word "naïve." It sounded so literary.

But the May-Day Fête was over at last, and when all were safely at home they voted the afternoon a great success, but were thankful that real Elizabethan May-day festivals only occurred once in a lifetime.

Hack Work.

I turn homeward with a sigh—within forty-five minutes I must stand again at the editor's door, holding in my hand a neatly-folded paper containing three hundred words, arranged in coherent sentences. The editor sarcastically suggested that, in addition to coherence, it would be well to have a faint flavor of originality about them. Hack work! Oh, hateful term, how many wretches dost thou not condemn to misery! On reaching my room I note with some nervousness that five minutes of my allotted time has gone. Feverishly I grope about my brain for a subject. I glance about me for an inspiration; my eye falls on that stimulative volume, "The Apostolic Age," the work of the esteemed Dr. McGiffert. Why could he write so much, and about one subject, when I, with the whole field of literature before me from which to choose a subject, can't even combine the original and the sensible in ten words. I have it! I am like Gray, when I am gone they will say "she never spoke out." An edition of "Hamlet" stands

next McGiffert. "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" I groan. After a glance at the clock it dawns upon me with depressing force that half an hour has proved inadequate to evolve a subject. A creeping horror enwebs my faculties, then in my extremity I remember that local color always takes—judge, proctors, the campus dogs, the 'bus, gym. I might as well compose a profound treatise on the "Infinite Ramifications of the Ideal" as rake up something original about these mossy antiquities. Again I glance at Taylor. My time is up! Pity me, oh, gentle reader. Even now I slink forth to meet the wrath of the editor!

In Moore-ish Meter.

If you were I, and I were you,
I'd never ask you questions;
I'd only ask you to take down,
As notes, my own suggestions.

I would require, in my exams,
(Because I know you'd hate
'em
As much as I) a page or two
Of your note-book verbatim.

I'd never seek your mind to probe,
Your inmost thoughts to fathom,
I'd never try ideas to find,
But trust to luck you had 'em.

But I am I, and you are you,
And 'neath the circumstances,
The game of bluff must still go on,
And I must take my chances.

Verses.

Two little Quaker ladies
Grew in the sunny grass
And modestly swayed in the
breezes
That softly come and pass.

One day their gentle voices
Were raised in a cry of fear,
"Oh, come quickly, Pussy Wil-
low,
Mouse-ears are growing here."

A Game.

After "Austin Dobson" (a long
way)
They beat us to-day.
Will they beat us to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
They beat us to-day.
But we didn't half play,
As I know to my sorrow--
They beat us to-day,
Will they beat us to-morrow?

C. H. S., '00.

A Woe.

Who made me lift my sleepy
head
Out of my dear, delightful bed,
Who paid no heed to what I said ?
My trainer.

Who met me as I upstairs tore,
Who quite severely slammed my
door
And said: " You've just eight
minutes more?"
My trainer.

Who said: " No jelly with your
meat;
No candy, cake, and nothing
sweet,
I really can permit no treat?"
My trainer.

Who makes my life a burden
sore,
From whose régime I'll gladly
soar
When days of basket ball are
o'er?
My trainer.

R. A., '03.







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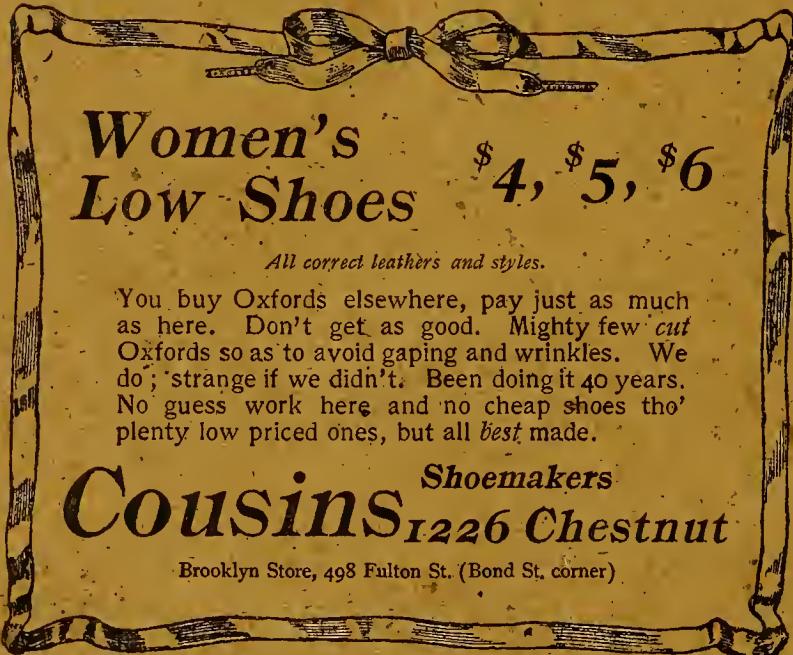
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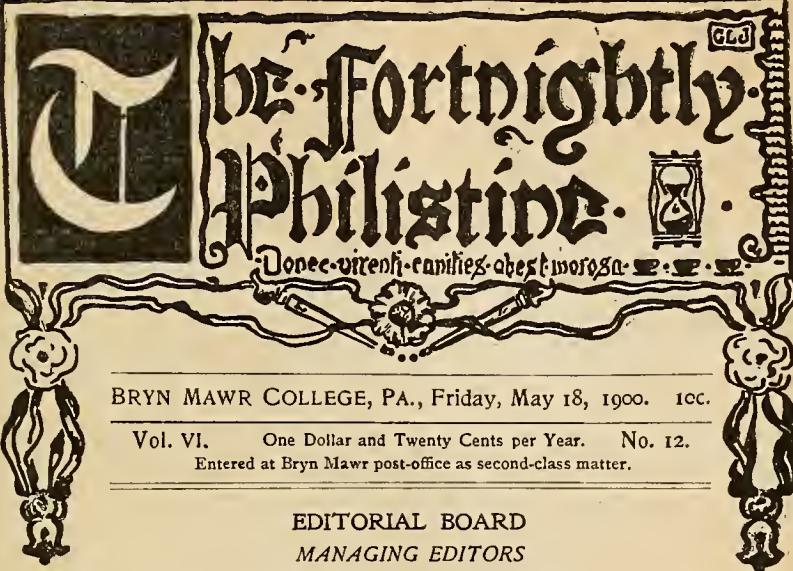
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"Here comes a man with a bill," observed a courtier.

"He must be a bird," responded the king, knowing how difficult it was for collectors to penetrate to the royal presence.

The joke is funny, but it strikes a pang to the presumably irresponsible young person in pink sitting under the cherry tree. "How can people joke about such things?" she wonders, closing the "*Life*," in

which she had been seeking respite from various disagreeable springtime visions. In the short time that remains to her and her colleagues everything happens at once: dinners and clubs, garden parties and new hats, millions of gym. walks, measles, reunions, elections, cramming *ad lib.*, and, to contribute the last strain, the pile of blue and yellow envelopes on her desk grows higher and higher, some of them duplicates,

some of them violent demands. She has, among other things, a skeleton in her closet, and such reminders as the above misquoted jest from "*Life*" result in a loud rattling of bones. She recalls long drives, exotics laid at the shrines in her Pantheon, suppers and breakfasts arranged for those of her elected blessed with healthy appetites, dainty creations in the way of summer gowns from various parts of the Pike, the latter accompanied by bills that bring as dread a terror to the soul of this pathetic Becky Sharp as to others of her sex who try to live much more grandly upon nothing a year. Hard times, these pleasant spring days, when it is too hot to take the only recreation one can afford—a country walk. And even that would inevitably end in the Red Rose, and there would be all of a quarter gone! and every economic resolution of a Rational Human Being shattered and dispersed for the sake of bread, butter and tea.

The College breakfast will be given on the morning of the sixth of June, and it is requested that all alumnae who intend to be present, will send their names, not later than the second of June, to Edith T. Orlady, 5-9 Denbigh Hall.

The O'Hara-McGinnis Feud.

Mrs. McGinnis lived next door to Mrs. O'Hara, both houses being situated on the top of a clay hill, where the McGinnis

goat and tomato-cans flourished, and where Bridget and Andy and Patrick O'Hara played hopscotch and wild Indians. The houses were exactly alike in architecture, each doorstep was adorned by a wooden bench, where Mrs. McGinnis or Mrs. O'Hara, as the case might be, sat, of a fine evening, her day's work over and her curl papers removed, to enjoy the air. The kitchen window was next to the door, two windows looked out from the story above, and on the roof was a tin smokestack ever pouring out a thread of smoke. Only Mrs. O'Hara's front door had been repainted green and in Mrs. McGinnis' window stood a pot of red geraniums. Along the slope behind the houses a wilderness of clotheslines mingled their intricate web, and flaunted their many colored banners, at all hours of the day.

Here you have a picture of the McGinnis-O'Hara domain, a picture scarcely complete, however, unless you add the portly forms of two lordly roosters, one marshaling the O'Hara doorway, and the other perched on the McGinnis window-sill. At the time of which I write, these roosters were by far the most important members of the two households. If there were not potatoes enough for a second help, or if Andy had to stay home from school because he had no shoes—two sources of deep thanksgiving to Andy—it was because each rooster had to be fed on the fat of the land. If it began to rain the roosters were

brought in by the kitchen fire ; if the night was a cold one they spent it in Mrs. McGinnis' and Mrs. O'Hara's bedrooms. Never were two fowls more pampered, and under the treatment they waxed fat and lusty, till their size and plumage was the admiration of the town. The reason for all this solicitude was a prize offered by the County Fair, of a table-set of twenty-four dishes, for the finest rooster exhibited. Now you can well understand why Mrs. McGinnis viewed her rooster with anxious pride, and why Mrs. O'Hara mentally rearranged her sideboard, also why neither lady addressed the other as they hung out clothes on neighboring lines, for the McGinnis and O'Hara roosters were rivals.

As the day of the fair approached, the feud waxed hotter. The children on their way home from school, threw stones at each other. One Sunday morning, as Mrs. O'Hara, wearing her Sunday bonnet, with purple cherries, was passing by the McGinnis household, on her way home from mass, Andy meditatively tipped a bowl of dish-water out of the second-story window. One night, an O'Hara boy, grown desperate, fed dark and dreadful things to a rooster on the McGinnis fence, but hearing next day that a Shaughnessy rooster on the next lot, had sickened and died, he realized regretfully that he had got hold of the wrong one.

Still the roosters continued to flourish, and a practiced eye could not have detected a shade of ad-

vantage in either. Each family was confident of success.

" Bridget McGinnis," said her mother, " when we get them dishes, we'll give a lawn-fête to the neighbors."

" Without invitashin' the O'Hara's, nayther," suggested Bridget.

" Niver hide nor hair of thim," replied Mrs. McGinnis, cheerfully.

And Mrs. O'Hara taking an evening stroll with a friend, remarked, " Arrah, but he's a fine burrd, that ! It's mesilf will have him stuffed in a glass cage as the prize burrd of the country."

" Shure, twenty-four plates will be an ornimint to th' house," replied her friend. " They will that ! It's mesilf says to Tim O'Hara, ' Tim,' says I, ' ye'll have to git yesilf on the poleese force,' says I, ' so as I can have the front room papered to match the chiny.' An' he says, I'll be wantin' him Prisident yet, but I says ' no, I don't like the electioning,' I says, ' it's that worritive,' I says."

The momentous day came. The sun rising behind the tenement house, was picking out sparkling jewels in the O'Hara dust heap, and making the tin roof shine in the city below. Mrs. O'Hara's slumbers were suddenly and rudely broken by sounds of cackling and sputtering under her window. She arose in her wrath and peered out. Then with a shriek of dismay she seized the broom and fled, careless of her purple wrapper

and uncurled bangs, to the front yard where a ghastly scene was being enacted. With angry combs erect, tearing at each others' eyes amid a cloud of flying feathers, the prize roosters were looked in deadly combat.

"Stop them, in the name of the saints!" cried the agonized voice of Mrs. McGinnis from her doorway. Mrs. O'Hara with sobs and imprecations, rushed into the fray, but too late! One rooster suddenly rolled over and lay quite still, and the other, after a few turns about the yard, and a feeble squawk, tumbled on his back, with his claws sticking up in the air.

Mrs. O'Hara wiped her eyes and glanced sideways at Mrs. McGinnis.

"I'm thinkin' they're dead," she remarked.

"It's only a rooster or so the less," replied Mrs. McGinnis, bravely.

"True for yez, Mary McGinnis," said Mrs. O'Hara, 'an' its glad I am they're dead, after all, else they might have had dissension between two self-respectin' families."

A. K. '03.

Basket Ball.

May 4, 1900.

	1900	Forwards	1901		1901
Congdon	Home	Emmons (Capt.)		Congdon	Home
McKean	R. F.	Sinclair		Kroeber (Capt.)	R. F.
Seymour	L. F.	Cross		Seymour	L. F.
	Centres				Centres
Philips	C. C.	Miller		Philips	C. C.
G. Campbell	R. C.	E. Campbell		G. Campbell	R. C.
Knowles	L. C.	Fowler		Knowles	L. C.
	Backs			Barton	Guard
				Fischel	R. B.
				Dean	L. B.
				K. Williams	Coach
					Referee
				M. Hopkins	Umpires
				Nields	Stonghton
					Crazin
					Wattoon.

The first game in the second set of preliminaries for the Basket Ball Championship was played by 'oo and 'or ou Friday afternoon, May 4. The game was won by 'oo with a score of 2 to 1.

Emmons, of 'or, was the first to score, making a goal on a free throw in the end of the first half. 'oo failed to score in the first part of the game, thus the first half ended with the score of 1 to 0 in favor of 'or. Towards the end of the second half McKean, of 'oo, threw a goal from the field, and as 'or had failed to score again, won the game for 'oo by a score of 2 to 1.

May 7, 1900.

	1900	Forwards	1901		1901
Congdon	Home	Emmons (Capt.)		Congdon	Home
Kroeber (Capt.)				Kroeber (Capt.)	R. F.
Seymour	L. F.	Cross		Seymour	L. F.
	Centres				Centres
Philips	C. C.	Miller		Philips	C. C.
G. Campbell	R. C.	E. Campbell		G. Campbell	R. C.
Knowles	L. C.	Fowler		Knowles	L. C.
	Backs			Barton	Guard
				Fischel	R. B.
				Dean	L. B.
				K. Williams	Coach

Referee		May 8, 1900.	
Ritchie	1900	Forwards	1902
Umpires	Cogdon	Home	Boyd
Nields	Stoughton	Cragin	Kroeber(Cap)
Wattson			R. F. Adams
		Seymour	L. F. Billmeyer
			Centres

The final game in the second set of preliminaries for the Basket Ball championship was played on Monday afternoon, May 7, between 'oo and 'o1. The game was won by 'oo with a score of 16 to 3.

Neither side scored in the first half. But the ice was broken in the second half, when Emmons of 'o1 scored a goal on a free throw. There was not long to wait before Kroeber made a goal from the field for 'oo, and in so doing made the score 2 in favor of 'oo. Soon after this Emmons of 'o1 made a goal from the field making the score 3 to 2 in favor of 'o1. But 'o1 was not permitted to remain long in the lead, Kroeber scored a second goal from the field making the score 4 to 3 in favor of 'oo. Here 'o1 seems to have lost heart, for 'oo's forwards began to pile up the score, Kroeber making four more goals from the field and Congdon two. So that when time was at last called 'oo had now the final game in the second set of preliminary games for the Basket Ball Championship by a score of 16 to 3.

The playing in the second set of preliminaries was rapid, full of good interference, pretty passing and free from all ugly massing. Miller, Emmons and Houghton of 'o1 played their usual star games, while Kroeber, Barton and Knowles did most effective work for 'oo.

Philips	C. C.	C. Campbell
G. Campbell	R. C.(Cap)	Cragin
Knowles	L. C.	Yeatts
	Backs	
Dean	Guard	Spenser
Fishel	R. B.	Shearer
Barton	L. B.	Crane
K. Williams	Coach	E. Lyon
	Referee	
Hopkins		
	Umpires	
Stoughton.	Williams,	Emmons,
		Wattson.

The first of the final games in the contest for the basket ball championship was played on Tuesday afternoon, May 8, between 'oo and 'o2. The game was won by 'oo with a score of 4 to 0.

There was no scoring at all in the first half, and it was only towards the middle of the second half that Kroeber of 'oo made two goals from the field, the second following almost immediately on the first. No more scoring was done on either side, so that the game was won with a score of 4 to 0 in favor of 'oo.

May 10, 1900.			
1900	Forwards	1902	
Kroeber	Home	Boyd	
(Capt.)			
Seymour	R. F.	Adams	
McCoy	L. F.	Billmeyer	
	Centres		
Philips	C. C.	C. Campbell	
G. Campbell	R. C.	Cragin	
	(Capt.)		

Knowles	L. C.	Yeatts	
	Backs		
Dean	Guard	Crane	
Fischel	R. B.	Speuser	
Barton	L. B.	Shearer	
K. Williams	Coach	E. Lyon	
	Referee, Ritchie.		
	Umpires,		
Williams,	Emmons, Stoughton		
	Wattson.		

The final game in the contest for the basket-ball championship was played on Thursday afternoon, May 10, between '00 and '02, and won by '00, with a score of 2 to 1.

Boyd, of '02, was the first to score, making a goal on a free throw. '00 failed to make any goals in the first part of the game, thus the half ended with the score 1 to 0 in favor of '02. But in the middle of the second half Kroeber made a goal from the field for '00, and since neither side scored again, '00 won the final game in the contest for the basket-ball championship by a score of 2 to 1.

Though '02 surprised everyone by the good game she put up, and really gave '00 quite a hard tussle for the victory, yet I think we all feel that '00, because of the even, steady and reliable play she has shown throughout the contest, deserves the basket-ball championship. And I think we feel, too, that considering all points of view, the contest has turned out in a most satisfactory manner.

Crane, Billmeyer and Cragin did especially good work for '02 in the finals, and Kroeber, Barton, Knowles—in fact, everyone, did brilliant work for '00.

Sophomore Supper.

It would be hard to say which enjoyed 1902's Class supper last Friday night, more, the Sophomores or the spectators. The one door that was open was filled from floor to ceiling with faces, and to judge from the expression of these, there was something well worth looking at going on in the dining room.

1902's taste in decorations is greatly to be commended. The Press found itself wondering, occasionally, where so much dogwood could have been found and when found how it could have been conveyed to the campus.

But beside the dogwood there were masses of violets and apple-blossoms. Pink candles, through pink shades, shed a pretty light over a scene so charming that the Press can remember but one other occasion in Pembroke that can compare with it and—well, the Press thinks perhaps it would better not say where that was, because somebody's feelings might be hurt.

A new idea was to have a toast from each of the seven tables, but before speaking of the toasts we must condole with '02 on the loss of their toast-mistress, whom that fell disease, the measles, had carried to the Infirmary the day before. However, Miss Frances H. Morris, on whom the office fell, acquitted herself very ably and she deserves much credit for doing so, when one considers the short time she had in which to prepare her speeches.

The Deau's health having been

drunk, according to the time honored custom, the next toast on the program, "The Students' Building" was responded to by Miss Wood, who opened an enchanting vista to us of a time when we "decrepit and reminiscing alumnae" shall come back to experience the joys and the comforts of that noble edifice. Great and hilarious applause greeted Miss Wood's amusing sketch.

"The College Men," was responded to by Miss Haines, who told several amusing anecdotes about these worthy persons.

Next came Miss Day, who said that after strenuous effort, she had in despair given up the attempt to find or to evolve a new joke about "College Animals," taken in the usual sense of the word. Very successfully, however, she demonstrated this difficulty by some amusing remarks about her subject taken in a broader sense, and only a morbid fear of the censor's blue pencil prevents my quoting from her toast.

Miss Spenser next responded gracefully to "Red Tape." Miss Spenser told a very funny story about a goat—the Press wishes it could remember this anecdote well enough to repeat it, but a fear of misquoting prevents its appearing.

"Basket-ball" was responded to by Miss Cragin, the captain of the Sophomore team, "humorously and successfully," as some one was heard to say.

Miss Douglass, the President of 1902, came last with "The

Class," a serious and awe inspiring toast, the best of the evening. In this speech Miss Douglass became truly eloquent, and the great applause at its conclusion showed that everybody enjoyed and appreciated it. The Press's one regret is that it will not be able to be present nor have the pleasure of writing up the Senior Class Supper in 1902.

"Point Lace and Diamonds."

Times change, and tastes change, and with every year, a new, or at least renovated, fad makes its way into our academic midst. Lang, lang syne, it was Shelley and that lot; not so far back Rossetti's inscrutable Shes peered darkly forth from every college wall; lately, it has been all English prints, and chintz, and distinguished simplicity, and one reads Fannie Burney, and her kind, with relish more or less acquired. At present, *that* phase is going; and so, what next?

Why not a revival of that very cheerful form of literature, *Vers de Societe?* Chignons and the Grecian Bend are far enough off to be antique; the Croquet Girl isn't a bad substitute for Aubrey Beardsley's Darwinian golf girl, or Gibson's unvarying Venus-in-a-shirtwaist. Why not *Vers de Societe?* They are simple, clear, laboriously witty, too awfully clever, very metrical, and usually most ornamentally bound.

There is a certain collection of this sort of verse which merits more attention than students give

it now-a-days. I allude to "*Point Lace and Diamonds*," a work once very popular and very fashionable. I have been familiar with it from infancy, and on the assurance that it was funny, have read it repeatedly all my life. The style is distinct, light, easy, colloquial. Vide:

"Come right in. How are you, Fred?

Find a chair, and get a light."

"Well, old man, recovered yet
From the Mather's jam last
night?"

"(Good social color—high-toned,
elegant.)

"Didn't dance—the German's
old."

"Didn't you? I had to lead—
Awful bore. Did you go home?"

"No. Sat out with Molly
Meade."

Rather world-weary and languid, but in the true grand style. The story is of great interest, but as this specimen is rather simple in metre and theme, perhaps I had better try something more intricate:—

"A pink is a beautiful flower,
But rose buds and violets are
charming.

Men don't wear the same boutonnière every day,

Taste changes. Flirtation's
alarming?

If e'er we complain,

You then may refrain,

Your eyes from their arrows
disarming."

Rather a cynical dog, our author, but so clever! Beneath all this glitter, however, one sees the *welt schmerz*.

"Twould be pleasant to be
loved

Like you read about in books;
Mingling souls, and tender
eyes—

Love, and that, in all their
looks:

Thoughts of you and no one
else;

Voice that has a tender ring;
Sacrifices made, and—well—
You know—all that sort of
thing.

"That's all worn-out talk, they
say;

Don't see any of it now—
Spooning on your fiancée
Isn't good style, anyhow."

We hope our author witnessed the romantic movement lead by Anthony Hope and R. H. Davis, and lost his pessimism. However, one can see that he has suffered,

He has created a Society girl type, one of his own; a creature of gossamere and mist; an incipient Dodo; the heroine of a premature *Dolly Dialogue*. She speaks at her wedding:

"I hope I look timid and shrinking,—

The church must be perfectly full!

Good gracious! please don't walk so fast, Pa!

He don't seem to think that trains pull.

The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa!

I don't feel embarrassed at all.

But, my! what's the minister saying?

Oh, I know! That part 'bout St. Paul," etc.

Flippant? yes; but with the flippancy of a serious soul trying to hide its perplexities from a world of chignons and paniers. One of the poems is tragedy,—tragedy pure and simple. It is about a man proposing and the girl telling him she is engaged to another. There is no Ibsen, no destructive subtleties about this crisis; it is Wordsworthian:—

“ Oh ! please don’t—I don’t want to hear it,—
 A boy like you talking of love—
 My answer? well, sir, you shall have it,
 Just wait till I get off my glove.
 See that? Well you needn’t look tragic—
 It’s only a solitaire ring;
 Of course I am proud of it—very—
 It’s rather an elegant thing.
 Ah, Charley, you’ve found me !
 A galop?
 The ‘Bann rei?’ Yes; take my bouquet—
 And my fan, if you will--now I’m ready—
 You’ll excuse me, of course, Mr. Gray.”

Poor Mr. Gray! Poor fellow! His story has been sung and told for nearly a hundred years, but never more pathetically than here in “*Point Lace and Diamonds*. ” He was well out of it. “ Ah, Charley, you’ve found me!” Heavens!

Here she is again, ingenious, this time, and not wholly irclaimable: “ I don’t think he looked at me, even, though just

to please him I wore green, and I’d saved him three elegant dances. I wouldn’t have acted so mean!”

Our author has a loyalty to woman, which even his hard experience with them couldn’t shake; and he expresses his tender appreciation with a metropolitan *haut ton* and *chic* which I never saw equaled:—

“ We know their expenses are awful,
 That horror unspeakable fills
 The souls of unfortunate fathers
 Who foot up their dressmaker’s bills.
 That they’ll barter their souls for
 French candy,
 That diamonds ruiu their
 peace,
 That they rave over middle-aged
 actors,
 And in other respects are—
 well, geese.

“ We laugh at them, boys, but
 we love them,
 For under their nonsense we
 know
 They’ve hearts that are honest
 and loving,
 And souls that are whiter than
 snow.
 So out with that bottle of Roe-
 derer.
 Large glasses, boys! Up goes
 the cork!
 All charged? To the belles of
 creation,
 The glorious girls of New
 York!”

A man who can feel and write a thing like the above deserves

all one can say of him, and fully exhibits the extent of his poetic power and gift. You can see those girls that he writes of, and you can see those men—the extinct heroes and heroines of *Vers de Société*—the butterfly personages of “*Point Lace and Diamonds*. E. T. D. 1901.

The Peterkins at a Basket-ball Game.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, having heard of the famous Bryn Mawr Basket-ball, thought it would be an education for Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, Agamemnon and the little boys to see a game. So after much deliberation they proceeded to Broad Street Station, where Mr. Peterkin, hearing that it was cheaper, purchased a hundred-trip ticket. (There was no telling how many games he might like to go to.) But great was their consternation when they learned from the conductor that though they had a hundred trips only one person could ride. Having arrived at Bryn Mawr, they sedately walked two and two, Agamemnon being left over, down to the Athletic Field. Mrs. Peterkin was clutching a bottle of lemon-juice mixed with sugar. It might be very useful in case they were thirsty. Mr. Peterkin was rather disgusted because there were no chairs. But fortunately the little boys were warm and took off their coats, so

Mrs. Peterkin was not forced to sit upon the bare ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin did not appear much interested in the game, but spent their time conversing and congratulating themselves on the fact that Elizabeth Eliza did not have new-fangled ideas about a college education. Elizabeth Eliza was glad she didn't play. (The suits were so unbecoming.) Agamemnon and Solomon John, always anxious to improve their minds, but not having been introduced to any of the girls, followed the referee about all during the game and strove to learn the fine points of the play by aptly placed questions. (How stupid that they should have forgotten to provide themselves with handbooks on basket-ball.) The little boys, in their new India-rubber hoods, were in their element, and both astonished and delighted their mother by their unusual politeness in getting the ball and handing it to the different players.

At the end of the game the Lady from Philadelphia joined them, and Mrs. Peterkin remarked wearily to her: “It does seem a pity that they don't take the trouble to sew up that bag so that they wouldn't have the trouble of putting the ball in all over again.” It took the Lady from Philadelphia some time to explain that the score had been 6 to 0.

H. J. C., '02.
R. A., '03.

The Class Supper.

I.

High sounds of mirth and laughter blest,
 And cheers both loud and clear,
 The weary traveler going west
 Can most distinctly hear,
 While we hold revel long and late
 (But let me hasten now to state
 Our cup does not inebriate,
 It does not even cheer).

II.

Amid the noise and merry din
 That makes the hall a Babel,
 The waiters bring the good things in
 To deck the festive table;
 But yet, whatever they may bring,
 You cannot eat a single thing,
 Because you always have to sing
 As loud as you are able.

III.

Then rises one, and midst a pause,
 Becomes the perpetrator
 Of jests that bring the loud applause,
 And you begin to hate her,
 As, 'twixt the salad and the roast,
 You hear the jokes you cherished most,
 And planned to use to grace the toast
 You must respond to later.

IV.

To college, class and basket-ball
 To drain the cup we're told;
 "The Team, the Trainer, one and all"—
 A toast still good, though old—
 "The Present," "Future" and "the Past,"
 "Self-government," come thick and fast,
 We reach "the Faculty" at last,
 (If I may be so bold).

V.

Expressions, sayings, often heard,
 Some chosen wit can ape
 A well-known gesture, favorite word,—
 And no one can escape,—
 Until the mighty echoes roll
 Of laughter that would cheer the soul,
 And freely flows the merry bowl
 Of unfermented grape.

VI.

And now the hour is growing late,
 And all have drunken deep,
 Quite empty now is every plate;
 So we join hands and weep
 With sentiment, as in a ring
 For sake of Auld Lang Syne we sing.
 Then with slow steps away we bring
 Our weary limbs to sleep.

L. A. K., 1900.

Freshman Supper.

No inhospitably closed doors greeted the eager spectators who thronged to the Pembroke dining-room Friday night to see how 1903 should conduct herself at her first class supper. Not that there was any doubt as to the result, for every one felt sure that the same happy spirit which characterizes all of 1903's entertainments would rule as well over this important event of her college year. And the assurance was perfectly justified, for from the forming of the procession the Freshman supper was in every respect completely successful.

The dining-room was simply but effectively decorated with the class colors, the green and white appearing in the dog-wood on the walls and the smilax and white roses on the tables. To accom-

modate so large a class with a view to their all hearing the toasts must have been rather a difficult matter, but the cross in which the tables were arranged with the speakers at the ends, seemed to solve the problem for almost all the responses could be plainly heard.

In choosing Miss Montague as the toastniress of the evening, the class made a particularly fortunate selection.

Miss Green, who delivered the first toast, was very original in her remarks on the Freshman class. Miss Dabney gave a very amusing response on "Marriage" and the probable "Seventeen" and the stage was treated humorously by Miss Allen, whose toast was perhaps the best of the evening. "Gym. Kate" and "May Day" were not forgot-

ten and the toast on the ever-important "Athletics," responded to by Miss Whitney, was greeted with deserved enthusiasm. Miss Kidder, Miss Sherwin, Miss Norton, Miss Morton, Miss Cheney and Miss Boucher made the other responses. More characteristic than anything else was the spirit in which the Freshmen entered into the enjoyment of the evening.

The last toast of the evening was of course that of the class, and Miss Phillips, chosing rather the serious side of college life, tried to impress upon the class the responsibilities that rest upon it and the duty each member owes to her class and her Alma Mater. Then in the same spirit of loyalty which their President's speech had roused, the class arose, and crossing hands walked slowly around the dining-room to end the one memorable occasion with "Auld Lang Syne" and the College Hymn.

The Meanest Girl in College.

To appreciate just how mean she is is a hard matter. No one who has good sense and discrimination has ever remained long enough in her company to find out (except her room mate and she won't tell).

She never has time to be on any class or college committees for fear of letting slip a chance of doing something for herself although she would not object to an honorary office with no duties attached.

She drives her neighbors to distraction by sweetly singing

when she is in her room and when she takes her exercise, that she may lose no opportunity of getting an all-round education.

She has figured out—on her room mate's foolscap—that she pays twenty-seven and one-ninth cents for each lecture, so she never risks leaving the room before three-quarters of an hour has elapsed for fear her professor *might* put in an appearance. Thus she gains the love of both class and professor.

She asks to be made proctor.

When she knocks people down in coming around a corner she never has time to stop and apologize for fear of missing something that may be going on.

If by any chance you leave a tub that you have with difficulty secured, she thinks you aren't coming back and takes it.

She has scruples against lending but will borrow.

If you want enough condensed milk for one cup of chocolate, and incautiously ask her for it, she has never more than a dozen cans and these are not open.

The only thing she ever gave to anybody was the measles.

I wonder if she will ever improve? She must if she changes at all.

C. V. W. H., 'oo.
G. L. J., 'oo.

Graduate Club.

The informal meeting of the Graduate Club held in the club rooms on Saturday evening, April 23, proved one of the most

enjoyable of the year. Miss Scott gave an address on "Mathematics as a Form of Fiction." Emphasis was laid on the purely intellectual quality of mathematics, and the necessity to the mathematical student of a vivid imagination.

The non-mathematical mind is prone to confound true mathematics with the process of calculation which is only its apparatus.

Mathematics works with no material outside of that defined by its own laws, and by this reason breaks away from the observational sciences in which the conditions are not so rigorously defined.

A brief sketch of the history of Geometry showed that the early Greeks possessed a very good conception of the infinitely great and infinitely small, and that they made the first great step in advance by saving the science from being purely logistic.

The elimination of measurement, and the perfecting of geometry by its liberation from dependence on the physical universe followed.

In pure mathematics, the domain, and the laws valid in the domain, are postulated, and therefore it is a form of fiction.

There is no forcing of the theory to harmonize with facts outside the postulated domain.

After defining the elements and some of the fundamental laws of Projective Geometry, Miss Scott exhibited clearly the short-comings of the physical universe to picture accurately the

results. In the purely intellectual domain of mathematics everything is harmonious and homogeneous.

Imperfections and distinctions such as that between real and imaginary elements arise only when the attempt is made to picture the intellectual domain on the physical.

In mathematics a prior proof is necessary, and a descent to argument would mean a condemnation.

There exists in the subject no indisputable authority, proof only is essential, and therefore the theory of mathematics approaches perfection.

L. C.

Alumnæ Notes.

'97.

Lydia Mitchel Albertson, on April 15, announced her engagement to Mr. G. Wilbur Tierney, of Philadelphia.

The Class of '97 will have a triennial reunion this spring. The supper will be in the Pembroke dining-room, on Tuesday, June 5. The class is publishing a Triennial Book, containing letters from all the members, photographs and articles of interest to the class. The committee in charge is: Clara Vail, Elizabeth Caldwell Fountaine. This is the first class book to appear in Bryn Mawr. The reunion will be an unusually large one.

'99.

The class of '99 will have a small reunion on Tuesday, June

5. The supper will be on the campus, and after the supper, a tree will be planted in the place of the one planted last year, which has died. The managing committee of the reunion are: Madeline Palmer Bakewell, Caroline Brown Lewis and Frances Keay.

B. M. C. Puzzles.

(With apologies to L. C.)

A Senior and a Graduate

Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of land;
"If it were all built up," they
said,
"I think it would be grand."

"If seven Mays and seven days
Were feted one each year,
Do you suppose," the Senior
said,

"Our building would appear?"
"I doubt it," said the Graduate,
And shed a bitter tear.

"If measles spread o'er every
head
And each defenceless foe,
Where do you think," the Senior
said,

"The poor things ought to
go?"
"Now, really," said the Gradu-
ate,
"I'm sure I don't quite know."

M. C. G. 1903.



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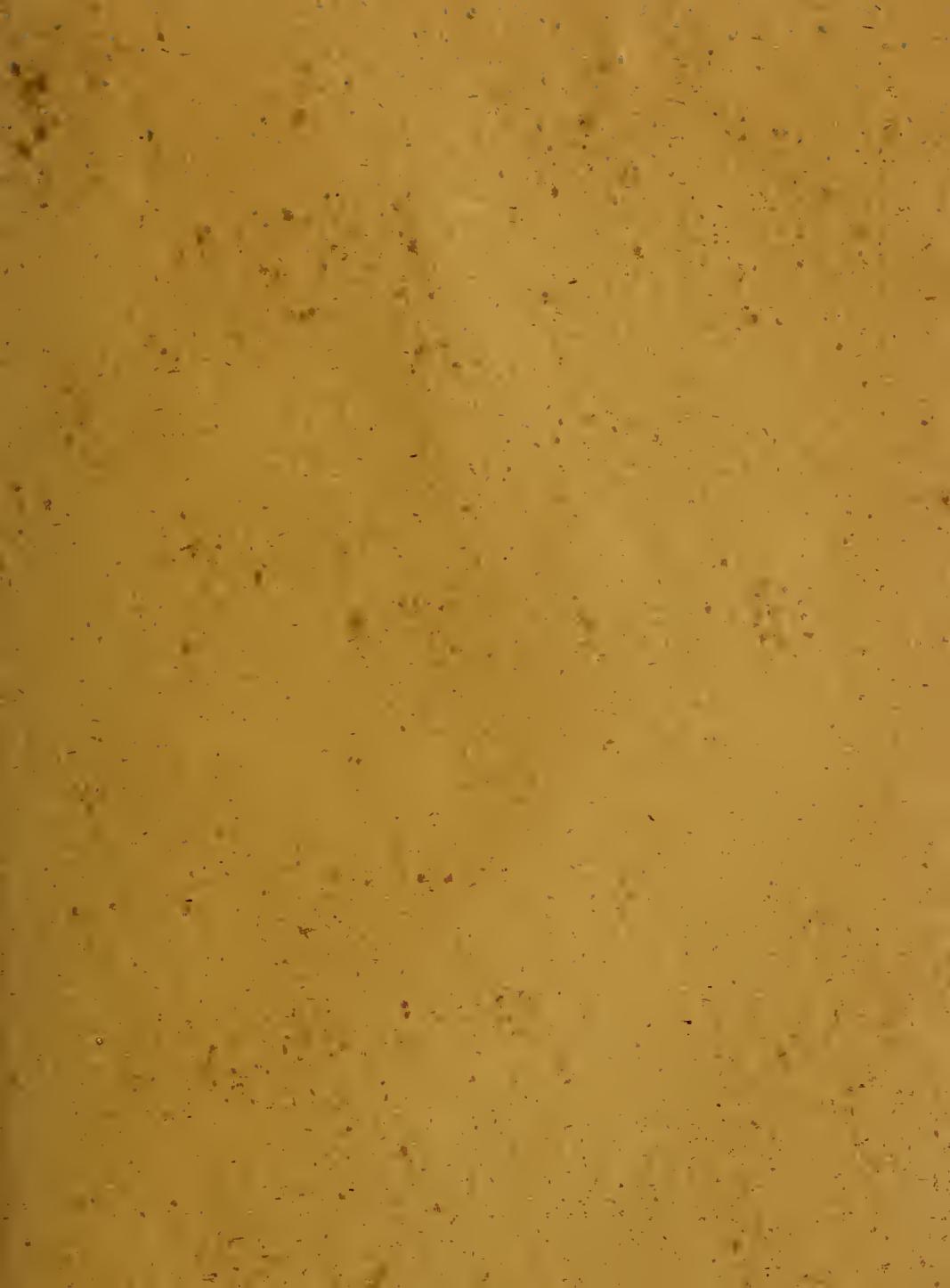
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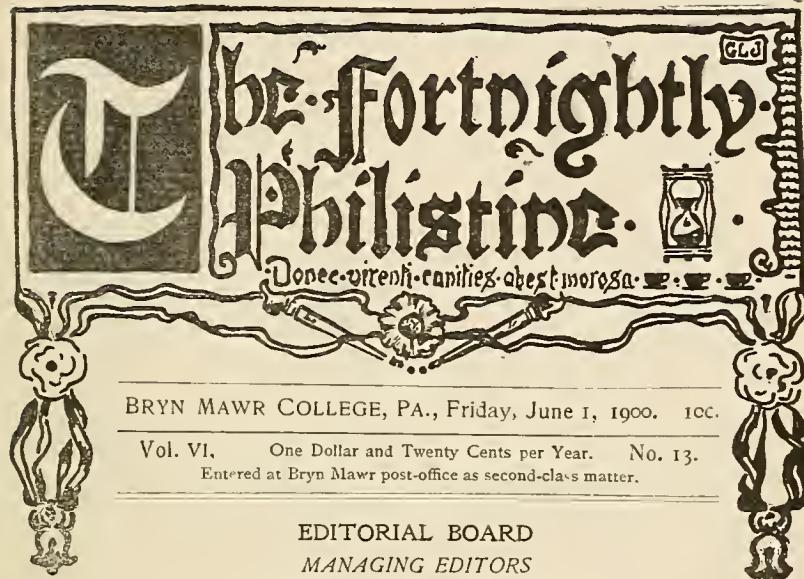




From "The Fortnightly Philistine"
Bryn Mawr, June 1, 1900

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Published Fortnightly at Bryn Mawr



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Goodbye, 1900! We cannot think that you are going, any more than you can think it; any more than we can picture our own visionary departure from the most beautiful campus, to us, in the world. They always tell us that our Commencement Day marks only a beginning, not an end: the old familiar dogma that we have heard politely, and never, perhaps, believed. We know that the finish to our col-

lege life is an end indeed, and of so many things that the mere idea of them bewilders us.

Granted, if you will, that Commencement Day is a beginning, and granted, too, that "only beginnings are of interest." You, 1900, start in life with an enviable past and a happy prospect. Your individual diplomas are interlined with so many more honors than the academic recognizes, that it must be henceforth

more our desire to follow in your footsteps than our hope to surpass you. If it is sentimental in us to end the year with a shade of solemnity, let us be sentimental together. We cannot pretend to much hilarity, even at so propitious a "beginning" as yours. One hears "Auld Lang Syne" nowadays, though it isn't very gay, and somehow the old comic Freshman ditties lose their absurdity when they are sung for the last time—I mean, when one "begins" not to hear them.

Here's a pledge to you, 1900 !
Bon voyage through this world.

The June-bug and the Junior.

I am a Bryn Mawr June-bug. I went through the College in one evening, and I found it very unlike the reports I had heard of it. I had no difficulty in getting in—that part of it is greatly exaggerated. I found far more trouble in getting out. My course was most erratic, and the only degree I found in the place was an unusual degree of enthusiastic disfavor. I had a date with a friend to meet him by Aspasia's bust for a little fly in the moonlight, and I waited there till I thought he had forgotten all about it. He has always been flighty, especially since the time he partly lost his head when someone stepped on him. So I went outside, by myself, and through one of the windows I saw a flood of light pouring out into the darkness. Inside I saw a lot of girls seated around a long table, in the middle of which was

a most enticing lamp. It was a warm, accessible sun in miniature—that lamp—the very place for a June-bug to take an evening nap. I made for it, full tilt, and struck the wrong half of the window so hard that I felt the pain in my left wing. If you ever have occasion to come through a window I advise you to be careful. Certain June-bugs of my acquaintance have been seriously disabled in this way, so much so that when they start to fly in one direction they always land somewhere else, like a girl and a tennis ball. I found the right hole, at last, and went straight for the lamp. I flew round and round it, doing some preliminary buzzing, and conscious that every eye in the room was fixed upon me. I found a great deal of diversion in flying straight across the room and coming up bang against the wall, then flying across again and tumbling on the floor. You can make a great deal of noise that way. At last I came up against somebody's eye, and there was a loud shriek as she clutched at me. I dropped under the table and pretended I was dead, until I saw her absorbed in her writing; then I flew up again and hit her on the arm. She brushed me down on top of her note-book, which was all covered with fine lines in wet ink. I had great fun in circling round her head to the accompaniment of a low buzzing which seemed to annoy her. She kept her handkerchief over her hair with one hand, and with the other she went on writing. I

couldn't help thinking how much she probably wished she were a June-bug, and did not have to bother with books and notes. At last I carelessly dropped on to her hand, which instantly closed over me. I kicked as hard as I could, but she carried me ruthlessly over to a drawer and dropped me in. Imagine my delight when I found myself among a dozen companions, all dancing a Virginia reel. My friend himself was in one corner, providing the music. He has always been noted for his singing. I have known his voice to be taken for a mosquito's. I taxed him with forgetting our engagement, but he apologized like a June-bug, and explained that there was a bat on Aspasia when he came there, so he had been afraid to wait.

"Nonsense," I said superciliously. "You will tell me next that Aspasia was on a bat." Then as it was growing late, we crept out through a crack and attached ourselves to the Junior's skirt. She was just going home, so we got a free ride to the door.

I have learned one thing, at any rate, from my stay in Bryn Mawr. A June-bug can create more excitement in Taylor in half an hour than a Junior could in a month.

The "Last Feeling."

A Senior sat under the maple trees and stared up at the rustling green above her, through which she caught glimpses of

the blue cloud-specked sky, as the restless branches swung in the wind. Then across the smooth grass loaded with lengthening shadows, she looked to where Denbigh, with its grey walls almost hidden by their rippling vine-curtain, faced the warm western sunlight. After contemplating the hall with grave care, as of a critical architect unfamiliar with it, she turned about, letting her thoughts wander with her glance down the campus, where the ground fell away into a tangle of shrubbery, and rose green and fair on the other side of the hollow, to stretch away to the dark horizon line of woods.

She knew very well every detail of this landscape, far off and close at hand, which she had been learning better and better for four years. She could have closed her eyes and told you where the deepest shadows lay; from what point the best view of a distant sunny field framed in trees closer at hand was to be had; or where the curve of a hillside was most graceful; for she loved it all heartily. But what she cared for so greatly was not merely that it was wonderfully beautiful—many a bit of country could have matched it in this—but that it was the scene of a full, free, vigorous life in which she had long had part. Then she realized suddenly with poignant pain, what she had hitherto fully accepted, that no power could ever give her a moment of such life again; and though dragged down by a feeling of impotence to conquer it,

she fought fiercely against the thought.

She knew of several people, who, if she had told them her thoughts then, would have scoffed at such a mood; but she cared nothing, for she knew too that her sadness was sincere and right and natural. When she had made this clear to herself, she rose and went away, lest for sentiment, which is good, she should put sentimentality, which is not.

E. C. C. 1900.

The Roll of Fame.



Two self-appointed, entirely incompetent and prejudiced judges, for personal reasons not here to be explained, respectfully nominate to the college on the ground of *merit* in their academic career, the following members of 1900, as candidates for honorable mention (*medaille d'or*):

Cornelia Van Wyck Halsey—As weighing more than any member of the faculty.

Elizabeth Mary Perkins—As having once answered “Unprepared in Latin.”

Leslie Appleton Knowles—As the only member of the class who objected to the motto “*Vis unita fortior*.”

Katharine Sayles Barton—As having been the incumbent of the office of the President of

Bryn Mawr Golf Club. (Words speak louder than actions.)

Clara Hitchcock Seymour—As being “Our Youngest.”

Johanna Kroeber—As being the only member of the class of 1900 known to have thus far failed to attain the necessary grade in Biblical Literature.

Alletha Louise Van Reypen—As being the girl who was never known to retire later than 9 p. m.

Edith Campbell Crane—As being the author of 1900's Freshman play.

Myra B. Faith Frank—As being the “class curiosity.”*

Edna Fischel—As being the distributor of *creme de minthe* to the Seniors.

Emily Waterman Palmer—As being the girl with so voluminous a correspondence that she cannot even give up lecture hours to lectures.

Kate Williams—As having entered every athletic event for four years, winning two of those in which there was but one entry.

Margareta Morris—As being the basket ball prodigy, and as being able to influence the votes of twenty men in Philadelphia.

Grace Latimer Jones—As being the meanest girl in the class.

(1) The last 1900 President to call a meeting for the election of her successor. (2) The borrower of M. G. K.'s liberty scarf to save her own. (3) Though the possessor of a

* Mrs. Milton J. Roseman. July, 1900.

whole paper of pins she could not lend one to L. A. K. (4) Though the possessor of several boxes of matches, she would not lend one to J. K., in a basket-ball suit at 6.40 p. m. Helen Josephine McKeen—As the author of the famous speech, "Just as if my father should say, 'This child shall be called McKeen.' "

Julia Streeter—As the girl who took by permission photographs of both Jeffries, the prize fighter, and a member of the faculty.

Mary Grace Kilpatrick—As the girl who passed her German Oral.

May Day Fête.

At the mass meeting called on May 20, to hear the final report of the Executive Committee of the May Day Fête, the following report of Miss Elizabeth Congdon, Business Manager of the Program committee, was read and accepted:

Money turned in by students selling tickets	\$4,502 43
Money turned in by alumnae selling tickets	1,850 85
	—————
	\$6,353 28
Expenses	1,306 79
	—————
	\$5,046 49
Contributions	203 00
	—————
Total gain	\$5,249 49

The meeting appointed Mrs. Andrews chairman of a commit-

tee of five, to consist of two undergraduates, one other alumna and one graduate not an alumna of Bryn Mawr College, to be appointed by Mrs. Andrews, which committee shall hereafter be in charge of the fund thus started for a Students' Building.

Notices.

Photographs of the May Day Fête will be on exhibition until after Commencement in Pembroke East. These may be ordered by dropping a slip with the number of photographs desired into the order box. The proceeds will be given to the fund for the Students' Building.

All those Seniors or students not expecting to return next year who wish to renew their subscription to the PHILISTINE for the coming year, or who wish to become permanent subscribers, are requested to leave their names with Miss Elizabeth Congdon before June 7.

The Junior-Senior Supper.

Judging from the entertainments that 1901 has given in the past, everyone expected the Junior-Senior supper this year to be something original and charming. And we were not disappointed. A few days before the great event the Seniors were aroused to the highest pitch of anticipated pleasure by hearing that the supper was to be given on the campus. Friday, the eighteenth of May, brought weather of a sort to





give nervous prostration to Juniors and Seniors alike. First it rained and then the sun came out, and then it rained and then the sun came out, and finally by four o'clock it settled down to a steady pour. Before the final shower it had seemed that the supper really could be out of doors. And the Juniors are to be greatly congratulated on the quickness and cleverness with which they prepared an indoor festivity. By nine o'clock Pembroke Dining Room was transformed into a veritable forest, beautifully overarched with boughs and lighted with Japanese lanterns.

The setting was ideal, and the entertainment itself unique. Real Sevres figures come to life rendered Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain" in a way to delight all lovers of that poet. It is hard to imagine how the effect could have been more beautiful out-of-doors. The costumes were well carried out and enchantingly becoming, and their wearers

so pretty that it was a pure pleasure to look at them. The Prologue and Epilogues were most gracefully spoken by Madge Miller. The acting was all so good that it is hard to tell what was best. Perhaps the most affective, and undoubtedly the most difficult, was the "Good Night, Babette," impressively given by Sadie Towle and Elizabeth White. The song in this, most suitably set to music, was sung just as it should have been, simply and sympathetically. At the end there was a moment of appreciative hush before the stormy applause. Elizabeth Daly, as



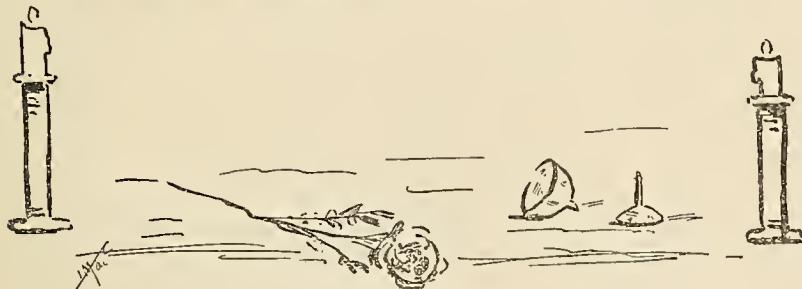
usual, did herself credit in acting as well as in stage managing. What was most delightful and unusual was having the acting between the courses. It made the whole supper eventful, for at every moment there was some-

thing going on. During the courses the songs were sung that 1900 and 1901 had written for one another on various occasions, 1900's song to 1901, and to crown all 1901's song to 1900. And Madge Miller was finally prevailed upon to sing her fascinating Robin Hood song of "The Bailiff's Daughter." But under all the fun and jollity, there was a tone of seriousness, a seriousness that was not all sadness. There was a feeling of affectionate friendliness and good fellowship, all this more intense in the thought of a near parting. And this feeling was

brought to a climax by Helen Converse's splendid toast to 1900. At twelve o'clock the banquet formally ended, but no one could bear to leave. So the repertoires of both classes as well as of the college in general were called upon for songs to fill another hour.

You have given us a glorious send-off, 1901, and made us regret more than ever that we must leave you. But your class and your Junior-Senior banquet, will always be among our brightest memories of Auld Lang Syne.

M. M., 1900.



In Arcady.

(In remembrance of the eighteenth of May.)

In Arcady this night were we,
Those silken lovers fain to see,
That brought us back its golden
prime,
In mocking phrase and tender
rhyme,
With pathos sweet or sparkling
glee.

No more in shadowy lines shall
be

The gracious forms and dear, to
me,
Whose silver voices ever chime
In Arcady.

Not phantoms dim but daintily
And kind and young the figures
flee
From out the songs of that sweet
clime,
Once more, as in the ancient
time,
To trip and sing so fair and free
In Arcady.

E. M. P., 1900.

To the Editor of the PHILISTINE:

It was with the greatest interest that the Bryn Mawr College Alumnae Basket Ball Team of the City of New York read the sympathetic and discriminating editorial that did us the honor of appearing in one of the last FORTNIGHTLY'S. We feel, however, able as the criticism was, that it erred on the side of leniency, that full possession of the facts would have enabled the PHILISTINE to voice with even more eloquence the "great surprise" that the total "failure of the game from a Bryn Mawr point of view" is undoubtedly still causing to the undergraduates.

In the interest of justice, then, and in order to heighten and give point to the emotion of "great surprise," so unanimously felt by the college on such slight grounds as the score 18-8 (which, by the way, threatens to become as famous a ratio as 16-1), we beg to furnish the PHILISTINE with the details.

The B. M. C. A. B. B. T. of N. Y. C. (we seldom abbreviate this title, feeling that its singular appropriateness lends it and us dignity, but consent to do so now as a token of our friendly feeling for the PHILISTINE), the B. M. C. A., etc., then, lined up as follows: Of the forwards two had made their class teams, one had left Bryn Mawr in the dark ages, when tennis matches alone drew cheering crowds and golf was attempted as a sacred mystery by two graduates and an emulous Freshman. This last for-

ward had played in all as many as five games. The practice this winter was, Home, five games; Right Forward, four games; Left Forward, no games. Of the centres two again had made their class teams. One had only tried to do so. They had each had one practice game, and so were well fitted to play as one, that essential in good team work. They had also succeeded with considerable ingenuity in choosing three separate occasions for their one practice game, and it goes without saying that this fortunate circumstance put them in excellent trim for star plays.

The backs, however, were one strong point. Here we had one sub-substitute, ably reinforced by two fresh, sturdy school-girls, who brought to their first experience of the game that vigor, enthusiasm and prompt independence of action so helpful to steady team play. All these had had pretty regular practice, four, five and three games respectively. In extenuation of the Smith nine it should be said that they had all made their class teams.

We are glad to give the PHILISTINE and its readers this opportunity for turning surprise to wonder, wonder to amaze and so on in ever ascending scale. We remember that the PHILISTINE considered "the facts hardly sufficient"—may we suggest that the PHILISTINE has hardly sufficiently considered the facts?

TWO OF THE B. M. C. A. B. B.

T. OF N. Y. C.

May 29, 1900.

Our Twentieth Anniversary.

(For 1900 only.)

Back in the Broad Street Station! How familiar it all seemed. As I stood waiting for the 6.15 train to Bryn Mawr, I saw a woman standing not far away from me talking loudly to a little crowd which she had collected about her, on the subject of the latest bill that had been introduced in Congress. She seemed strangely familiar to me, but I did not recognize my old classmate, Lois Farnham, until she, stopping abruptly hurried up to me, saying, "So glad to see you again! Of course you are going out to the reunion—our twentieth. What have you been doing with yourself? I have been so busy that I thought I should never get here. You know, I am giving a series of lectures on 'The Synthesis of Economics and Philanthropy.' I am starting an absolutely new system, and I am spending most of my time in Washington—why, there is Clara Seymour!" And through the crowd dashed a horsey looking woman, in a riding habit, frantically waving her cap at us. She had just come from the horse show, where she had won the blue ribbon for her husband's horse. Ever since her graduation Clara has had horses to burn.

On the way out we talked over our old friends. Constance Rulison, they told me, would not be at the supper, as pressing business (it was always pressing) kept her at her Utopian mill in

the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. And, as usual, "The Family" were keeping Ruth Rockwood at home. Lois then pulled from her pocket a German letter from Evelyn Hills, written from her castle on the Rhine. She said that it would be useless for her to come to the reunion. She had forgotten all her English and regretted that she had wasted as many years as she had in America.

At the station we found Ellen Baltz and Helen MacCoy, seeing to their trunks. Ellen, after having been a deaconess for fifteen years, was now the dignified wife of an elderly Bishop. Helen had just arrived from Paoli (we always knew our Helen would never wander far from home). She had come on a late train, in order not to be away from "the children" any longer than possible.

We took the college automobiles up to the Students' Building—now exclusively used by the alumnae—where we were greeted by Edna Fishel, worn thin from her duties as president of the Confederate Women's Clubs of the State of Missouri. Standing near was Sue Dewees, her arms filled with flowers for the supper. Plain Kate, Dr. Smith's successor, and Johnny, now Professor of Biology at Harvard, shook us warmly by the hand. Dorothea Farquhar, mistress of Merion, the adored of all the Freshmen, was bustling about; Maud Lowrey and Reggie Wright were sitting on the step seriously discussing Maud's new play,

"Queenie; or, Loved But Lost; After the Duchess," which Reggie was to bring out the following week at the Walnut Street Theatre.

We recognized Louie Congdon in a dignified handsomely-dressed woman with something inexplicably sad in her face. Jessie Tatlock, her constant companion, whispered to us that she had been crossed in love. Grace Campbell sat in a rocking-chair, very indignant because her little Mary had failed in her entrance English examination; she thought Edith Crane, the English reader, might have considered the child's youth.

As Cornelia Halsey and I dressed for dinner she poured into my ears a strange mixture of church and golf. Mary Kill came in, very graceful in her lace gown, and told us about her Florentine villa, of how she had met Lotta—now Countess Espanola—on the steamer, and of the mystery that hung over that lady's life.

I found myself seated at the supper with Fancy Kate on my left. She dropped hints of a Persian geological excursion, and of plans for distributing Warner's Universal Library amongst the submerged tenth of the great West. She herself, reading fifteen minutes every day, had reached page 555 of Vol. XXVII. She had directed her husband to await for her outside the door with her wraps. Bertha Phillips, next her, was enthusiastically telling of her designs for burnt-

wood panels for the new ball room. Marion Hickman was still unmarried, since she could not decide to which one of her classmates she would be a sister. Myra Frank was talking gaily of the charms of a navy life to a neatly-dressed little woman who sat next her, whom it took me some time to recognize as my old friend Hodgie. I was much surprised when Caroline Sloane (now so well known by her literary talents) spoke of Hodgie's husband, for in the many letters that I had received from her there had been no mention of him. Mary Wood and Catherine James were both there—both doing "the society act," and nothing else.

I looked eagerly down the table to find the other familiar faces. Could this be Helen McKeen—this energetic business woman, discussing legal methods with Edith Fell, whose devotion to her brothers had been the only thing to prevent from being admitted to the bar. Margaretta Morris, who was still improving her mind, was in deep discussion with Alleta Van Reypen, now Mrs. Yvanovitchysrnt, well known in diplomatic service. I recognized her immediately by her languid and reposeful manner.

Bessie Griffith, who had been separated from her husband, and was now bringing up her children on "laissez faire" principles, was having a heated discussion with Delia Avery, a lecturer on Domestic Economy at the

Pratt Institute. Near her Renée Mitchell, an æsthetic maiden lady with a Past, was sadly telling Elsie Dean that Louise Norcross had not been able to be present on account of taking an overdose of belladonna. But Elsie paid little attention. She was thinking of a concert long ago. Bessie White found a more sympathetic listener in Alberta Newton. Alberta herself was happily married, and she could not help contrasting her own peaceful life with that of her classmate, whose chief interest had centered in the Philippines. At the end of the table was Elizabeth Perkins. She had just published a work on the encritic δε, a most erudite production, which was soon to be translated into German by Frances Rush. Emily Palmer, on her right hand, discoursed on Chinese Missions, College Settlements, Ruskin and law to support a family of seven on two dollars a week. Jessie McBride listened impatiently, waiting to get in a word about her husband's iron manufactory in Western Pennsylvania.

At the very end of the dinner Leslie Knowles hurried in. She had been delayed by a most disagreeable railroad accident, and arrived just in time to respond to a toast to "Our Husbands." Katherine Barton, a gay widow, wiped away a tear with her scented lace handkerchief.

Every one was present or accounted for except Julia Streeter. Mrs. Yvanovitchysrnt said that she had a studio in New York;

that she wore a green velvet jacket and a collar, not too stiff. She arrived in Bryn Mawr at six o'clock the next day—just twenty-four hours late.

The reunion was an undeniable success. Before we parted we gave a cheer of which we need not have been ashamed twenty years ago. But why should I write more? An account far surpassing the greatest ambitions even of my early editorial days has appeared in the columns of the "Daily Philistine."

G. L. JONES, Ph. D.

בְּרוּ סִילְוָה אַמְכָּר

Der Wissenheit, die Quelle.
Louons ta clarté devenue.
Piú brillante delle stelle.
Πλοσσιαὶ γλωσσαι βρόβαροι
Cunque muy variadas.
Suas docent tui magistri.
Make me a learned lass.

M. G. K., 1900.
C. V. W. H., 1900.

A Word of Advice.

Before leaving Bryn Mawr Nineteen Hundred feels it her duty to give a word of advice to the Juniors in view of the great ordeal of their senior year. With a summer of hard and faithful study abroad and the added assistance of reading several hours a day with a tutor during the autumn and winter, any girl who is a naturally good student ought

to be able to pass either French or German without many trials. We would recommend also the memorizing of important words. The following has been found of great service:

- Cornac—An elephant driver.
 Echenilloir—An instrument used for ridding trees of caterpillars.
 Baobab—A baobab tree.
 Calebassier—A calabash tree.
 Nokal—A nokal tree.
 Cotte—The property which a monk leaves behind after his death.
 Raffle } Brake stock stripped of
 Rafle } all its fruit.
 Râfle }
 Portor—Black marble with thick yellow veins.
 Postel—The kind of thistle used in cloth manufactories.
 Ploquer—To apply sheathing hair to a ship's bottom.
 Kabin—Indemnification payed by a Turk to the wife he repudiates.
 Schub—Conveying of vagabonds to their homes.
 Flügel—Wing of a bird, horse, army, tail of a coat; grand piano.
 Oral—A veil. Used by the Pope and formerly by women; also by the Jewesses out of doors.
-

Some say, "There's no light,"
 When the lantern is out.
 They say there's no light,
 Yet we know it's all right,
 That's because it's so bright,
 As there can be no doubt.
 We say, "There's new light,"
 When the *Lantern* is out.

L'Envoi.

(With acknowledgments to R. K.)

I.

When the last exams are over,
 and we have received our degrees,
 And Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen have left for a summer's ease,
 We shall linger awhile together, with the friends that are tried and true,
 Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew.

II.

And when the halls are deserted
 and the sun sinks low in the west,
 We shall wander over the campus to the places we love the best.
 And we shall be filled with memories of the happy days now past,
 And we shall be filled with sorrow at the thought that this is the last.

III.

And when we have left it forever,
 and each follows her own aim,
 Some play, some work for money,
 and some of us work for fame,
 We shall carry with us forever,
 as our beautiful guiding star,
 The hope, the trust and the friendship taught to us by Bryn Mawr.

G. B. C., 1900.

Gardner and "the Volce."

It was in the drawing-room of a city house where a dinner party was in progress. The dinner itself was over, but the faint clouds of cigar smoke which floated into the drawing-room told the tell-tale story that man when he talks politics with his "co-mates" must always indulge in the weed.

Probably giving an equal amount of seriousness and attention to their affairs the ladies sat gossipping among themselves over their crème de minthe which they were sipping out of small glasses decorated with illuminated coats of arms. Surely, if an inkling of a man's character may be gained from the books and pictures with which he surrounds himself, the owner of this home could not be dubbed mediocre, nor even by the very trite term, commonplace. The furnishing of the room really formed a charming setting for the group, and while this background lent a certain charm to some of the ladies there was one among them who needed no such beautifier. At least it appeared so in the kindly evening light—a light which adds slight beauty even to the plainest face. What a happy world if madame would take her coffee at the breakfast table by candle light!

She was sweeter and more lovely than ever to-night and every one noticed it. Perhaps it was the strain of excitement which gave her that faint flush so becoming to her generally

colorless face. Could it be because Gardner was there and she had not seen him since twenty years before. They had been good friends in those days. After that he was graduated and fully launched on his naval career, setting off immediately on his first two years' cruise. It was not long before she was married and went to live in W—. But her's is another story and to-day I can only tell about Gardner and "The Volce."

A few years after Gardner left the Academy he was stationed at the Navy Yard in New York. It was not very long before the commandant noticed that the young man seemed troubled. The day finally came when he walked soberly into the Head's office and asked for a leave of absence. The officer asked "for what reason," but Gardner was mute and the chief leniently granted him his permission with an amused smile, shrewdly suspecting a woman in the case. And before he left Gardner did own up and confess there was a pretty girl down in Virginia who was responsible for his trouble and whom he wanted to marry.

"The Volce" had dawned upon Gardner's existence at even this stage. Her name by the way was Miss Volks and it had been abbreviated by the neighborhood into "The Volce." She was a dark scrawny woman of less than forty and more than thirty, ugly, but, like Beckey Sharpe, clever, and her wits worked quickly within that sharp featured, frizzled head of hers.

When Gardner, being a single man, sought board and a room for hire somewhere "The Volce" laid her nets and drew him in and, presto, Gardner was trapped as one of her tenants.

The game was not so easily won, and it was hardly to be believed that the scrawny old maid was ever to be compared in his eyes with the pretty Virginia girl whom he had known in his cadet days.

The day came when Gardner left the house, with his bag checked to Virginia. The weeks afterward—the weeks which grew into months and years—were passed by "The Volce" in vain surmisings. She feared, and she feared rightly, that her trap was broken, and great was the desolation of her mind in consequence.

What happened to Gardner in Virginia we do not know. That his journey was not a successful one seems probable, for we next hear of him as ordered to Yokohama, and with this notice came no mention of his marriage. The commandant read the news in the morning paper, and the only notice he gave to it was a raising of his eyebrows. When "The Volce" read the paper she smiled a wicked smile and there was the veritable look of the devil in her eyes. She was not to be downed yet. Her evil face betrayed a look of understanding at the news that Gardner had sailed for the East unattended. She never divulged her secret, but she felt that her endeavors had been in a measure successful.

Still the obstacles which she placed in his path brought him no nearer to her. He was passing from her grasp. She would not lose him; she would trap him yet! Like an ill-omened bird bringing misfortune in her train, she appeared in Gardner's life; more like a fiend she pursued him.

Not a year passed while Gardner was at Yokohama—and he stayed there fifteen years—but that letters from "The Volce" reached him. At the end of this time he was recalled to W—, that Mecca of every naval officer's hope.

* * * * *

There was a general pause in the conversation of the dinner guests, so that the conversation over on one side of the room was heard involuntarily by the others. The men had come in from the dining-room and joined the group and among them Gardner. "By the way, did you see Miss Volks' name in the list of hotel arrivals to-day?" said one. "They say Miss Volks, you know her, 'The Volce,' has come to town and is staying at the A—. Don't you know her?" said with a tone of surprise.

Gardner, sitting across the room in deep conversation with his hostess, became strangely abstracted, and, with one ear listening to all that was being said, talked only in monosyllables. "Don't you know 'The Volce.' Ask Gardner. He will tell you about her. Gardner, old boy, will be pretty badly broken up when he hears she's down here.

She is a game one. She is tracking him down. It's hard straits for the old man."

When Gardner left for home that night he went by the side streets and alleys. He trembled at the dancing shadows falling from the street lamps. He started with fright when his foot started in motion a stray pebble and set it rolling into the gutter.

Gardner still holds his position in W—, and now and then he takes dinner with the wife of the chief of the department, and perhaps he wonders on these occasions what his life would have been if she, the friend of his boyhood and the girl whom he went to woo in Virginia, had consented to cast her lot with his. These glimpses of her gave him some consolation. He would have been happy but for the vigilant watch of "The Volce," who haunted his life. Do you want to know more about "The Volce?" Go and ask Gardner. He will tell you.

J. S., 1900.

A Question.

There is a remote spot which, at this time of year, has a mysterious charm for all of us. Why I cannot say; the way is long and steep, the atmosphere is musty and dusty; there is an absolutely common-place look about the neighborhood. And yet the migration to this region, at all hours, is amazing; feverish, enthusiastic. Seniors leaving their dinners untasted, stampede in the magic direction. Juniors forsake the delights of canned peaches at luncheon, to get there early. Sophomores, irresistibly drawn to the spot, can be seen in multitudes at the dining-room door, before breakfast, waiting to get in, that they may be among the first to reach the enchanting place; and the Freshmen—well, from indications one might say their abode there was permanent. Even the austere graduate may occasionally be detected amid the hordes of undergraduates. Measles has made no impression on the innumerable frequenters of the region; the attractions of tennis and basket ball are nil compared to it. Exams tear us away but for an hour or two, when we return with renewed zest. You are growing anxious, I perceive; you have racked your brain in vain. I am far more inquisitive even than you. I will enlighten you, if you will do your part—if you will satisfy me—wherefore, why, whence the unaccountable enchantment of the third floor of Taylor?

There is a small canine named
Bacchus
Whose yelps, in exams, do much
wracchus;
He's clever at tricks
(He'll run after sticks),
And his diet is dew and cow
cracchus.

1900 Class Song.

We stand side by side together,
 'Neath the walls whose stamp
 we bear,
 Alma Mater our inspiration,
 Ever brave to endure and to
 dare.

Chorus—

Then stand by your glasses
 steady,
 Drink deep to the days that
 are,
 Whatever the years may bring
 us,
 Drink deep once again to Bryn
 Mawr.

Here's a health to our Class
 Nineteen Hundred,
 Here's a health to the law we
 make,
 Give a cheer once more ere we're
 sundered,
 For the friendships that never
 will break.

D. F.
 J. K.
 M. G. K.

1901 Class Song.

Come classmates all and raise
 your song
 To the class and the college
 where we belong.
 Sing to the campus green and
 fair,
 Sing to the gray halls standing
 there,
 Sing to the hill where the fresh
 winds blow,
 Sing to the classes that come and
 go,

Sing of the spirit of 1901.
 Sing of the race she is set to run.

Chorus—

Join hands and sing together,
 Good comrades that we are,
 Join hands and sing to the class
 —our class—
 1901, Bryn Mawr.

This is the spirit of 1901,
 She will ne'er turn back till the
 goal be won.
 She stands for what's honest, and
 what is true,
 And sticks to the work she has
 to do.
 And though we fail in what we
 would,
 We are not cast down, and our
 will is good.
 We know Bryn Mawr shall yet
 be proud
 Of the class whose chorus we
 raise aloud.

Chorus.

This is the work for 1901,
 To further the spirit that's been
 begun
 By classes that all their mark
 here laid
 Use the Bryn Mawr stamp already
 made,
 Hand down to the classes yet un-
 told
 That spirit more fervent than
 era of old,
 Because we have worked with
 main and might
 That the flame of her lantern
 may shine more bright.

Chorus.

1902 Class Song.

Hail, Bryn Mawr, our source of learning,
E'er to thee our thoughts are turning,
While from thee degrees we're earning,
Bearing honors due.
Loving Bryn Mawr ever, even when we sever;
Always true we bring to you the fruit of each endeavor.

Chorus—

To our self-government sing praises
Which Bryn Mawr o'er others raises,
And toward perfection gazes.
Bryn Mawr, 1902.

When college days are left behind us
May our Alma Mater find us True to the ideals that bind us.
Whatsoe'er we do.
From matriculation, e'en to graduation,
Our aims, tho' high, we still will try to bring to consummation.

*Chorus.***1903 Class Song.**

Mistress pure, oh, fair Bryn Mawr, to thee
The class of Nineteen Three Now lifts its chorus strong,
Bryn Mawr, we've come to thee, Bryn Mawr, our guidance be,
All we have is thine, to thee we raise our song.
Now thou art our inspiration, Our beacon light and guide,
To us, that shines before,

Bryn Mawr through all our days, Bryn Mawr we sing thy praise. Truth, and faith and honor pure are thine Bryn Mawr.

Chorus—

Pay her allegiance, .
Oh Class of Nineteen three;
Her to defend
Our strength we lend
Till every people offer reverence to her name.
Thus shall we praise her Bryn Mawr,
And all shall join us to sound her fame,
And sing, " All hail, Bryn Mawr!"

Alumnæ Notes.

The Graduate Club has placed its room in Denbigh Hall at the disposal of the Alumnæ for headquarters at commencement time. It is requested that all of the Alumnæ, on arrival, will register their names and where they are staying, so that they may be found by their friends.

The Alumnæ supper will be held in Pembroke Hall on Thursday evening, June 7, at seven-thirty o'clock.

Miss Martha G. Thomas, '89, gave a large tea for the Senior Class to meet the Alumnæ on Saturday, May 26. Miss Thomas was unable to be present on account of illness. Miss Linn, Miss Evelyn Walker, Miss Hillis, Miss Anna Thomas and Miss Patterson received. A number of Alumnæ were present.

Miss Lucy Martin Donnelly, '93, and Miss Edith Pettit, '95, gave a tea to the Senior Class on Thursday, May 31.

The Class of '90 will have their decennial reunion this year.

The Class of '90 will hold their reunion on Tuesday, June 6.

'95 will have a reunion during commencement week. The supper will be in Denbigh, '93's hall, at eight o'clock on Wednesday. About half the class will be present.

The engagement of Helen Hopkins, '94, to Mr. Hunt Thorn, of Baltimore, has been announced.

Mary Peckham, '97, has announced her engagement to Mr. Josiah Tubby, a New York architect.

The Alumnæ-Undergraduate basket-ball game will be called at five o'clock on Tuesday, June 5. The following are the lists of the teams:

ALUMNAE.

Forwards—Frost, '97; Ritchie, '96; Bowman, '96. Alternative, Peckham, '99.

Centres—Campbell, '97; Emerson, '96; Clarke, '99. Alternatives, Hall, '99; Arnold, '97.

Backs—Wields, '98; Hopkins, '96; Baldwin, '98. Alternatives, Goldmark, '96; Ogilvie, '96.

VARSITY.

Home Emmons, '91
Left Forward . . . Sinclair, '91
Right Forward . . . Kraeber, '90

Centre	Centre	Miller, '91
Right	Centre	Green, '93
Left	Centre	Knowles, '90
Guard		Houghton, '91
Right	Back	Dean, '90
Left	Back	Barton, '90

The Night Before Embryology.

The clock strikes three, the incipient chick
And the infant frog refuse to stick
In my tired brain

My head drops down and I dream
a dream,
And all things embryological
seem
To rise again.

I dine off a mesoblastic plate,
And I fall asleep, I blush to relate,
Between mesodermal sheets.

A man of a loose epithelial air
With a choroid coat and gelatinous hair
Is sitting on several seats.

He picks up a glass and throws
it at me.
And "This is true vitreous humor," quoth he,
As he curled his dorsal lip.

I wake with a start, the clock
strikes four,
The chick and the frog and a
great many more
Now hold me in their grip.

M. C. '03.



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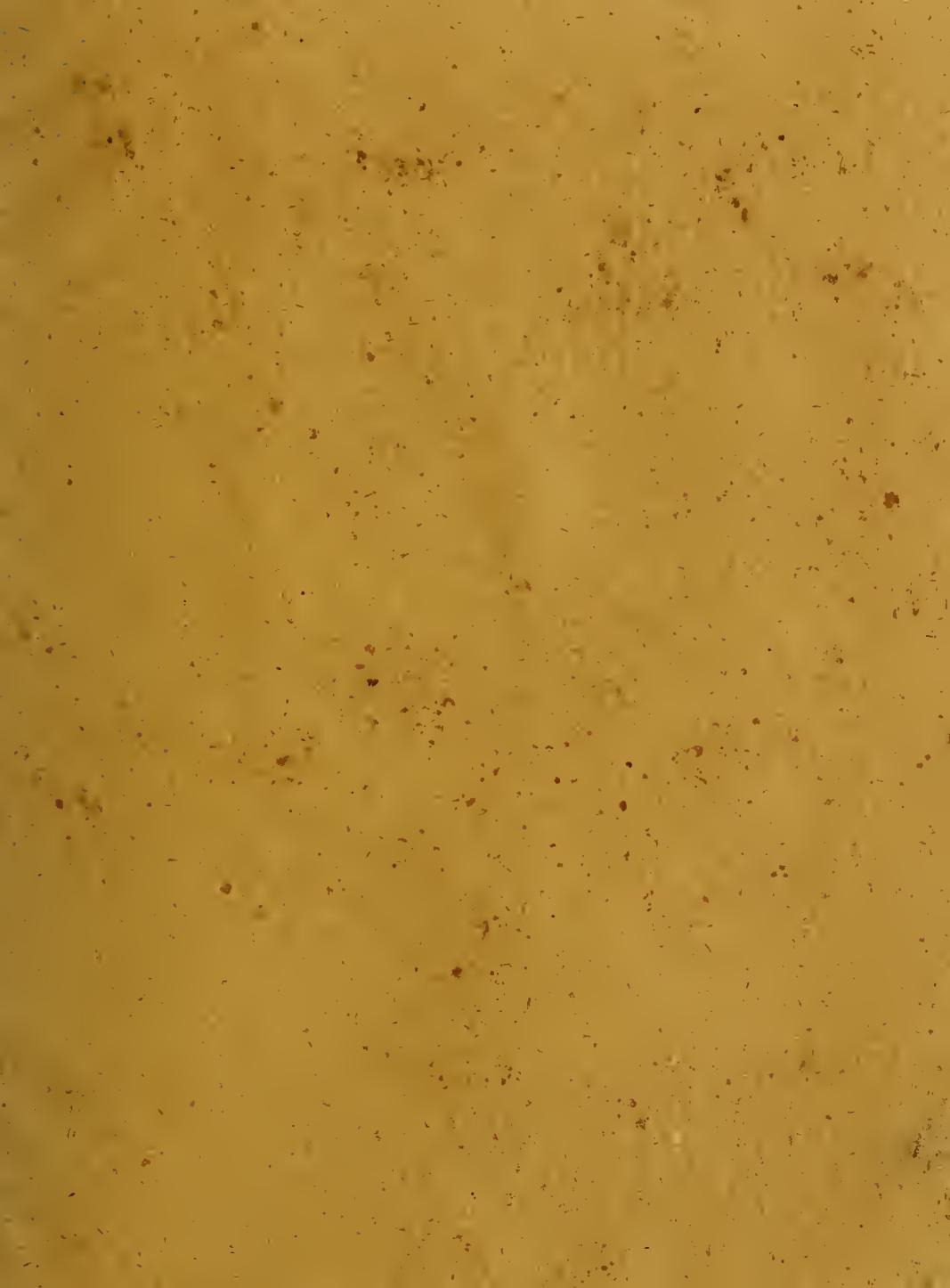
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